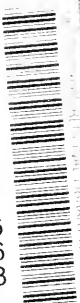


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MEMOIRS  
OF  
ANNA MARIA WILHELMINA PICKERING.

EDITED BY HER SON,  
SPENCER PICKERING.

TOGETHER WITH EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS  
OF HER FATHER,  
JOHN SPENCER STANHOPE,  
DESCRIBING HIS TRAVELS ON THE CONTINENT,  
AND  
HIS IMPRISONMENT UNDER NAPOLEON.

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VOL. I.

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IN the first bitter moments of a return to a widowed home, my mother devoted all that remained to her of life to the good of her children. How steadfastly and bravely she laboured for them, they only can know. It was for her children, and for them alone, that the following pages were written: written during her last two years of feebleness and suffering; her frail body prostrate on a bed of sickness, and her hand scarce able to hold the pen. But, strong in her resolve, she struggled fearlessly and cheerfully, even to the end: true to herself and to her own high sense of duty; true as a woman rarely is, and true as, perhaps, a woman alone can be.

Let thy children rise up and bless thee.

S. P.





MEMOIRS  
OF  
A. M. W. PICKERING.

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CHAPTER I.

My grandfather, Walter Spencer Stanhope, united the names, and inherited the estates, of his paternal and maternal uncles, Mr. Stanhope of Horsforth Hall, and Mr. Spencer of Cannon Hall.\*

Mr. Spencer kept a pack of hounds at Cannon Hall, and hunted the country regularly.

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\* There is a fine portrait of Walter Spencer Stanhope by Reynolds, in a group of members of the Society of Dilettanti. The date of the picture is 1776, and the other figures in it are Sir W. W. Wynne, Sir J. Taylor, Mr. Payne Galway, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Richard Thompson, and Mr. Smith of Heath. They are sitting and standing round a table, on which there is an ancient vase, apparently under discussion. The picture is the property of the Society, and is, at present, in their rooms at the Grafton Gallery. It has been engraved.

For the following particulars as to his parents and children, I am indebted chiefly to notes made by the Maria A. Spencer Stanhope mentioned below.—S. P.

WALTER STANHOPE succeeded his brother John to the estate of Horsforth: married, 1st, Mary, daughter of

Besides being a good sportsman, he must also have been a man of great taste, for not only did he plant and lay out the

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Patience Ward; 2nd, Anne, daughter of William Spencer of Cannon Hall. Their son,

WALTER SPENCER STANHOPE, born 1749, married Mary Winifred, daughter and heiress of Thomas Babbington Pulleine, of Carleton Hall, Yorks, heiress to Dissington and Roddam, Northumberland. He died April 10th, 1821. She died December 16th, 1850, aged 87. Their children were—

1. WALTER SPENCER, born August 24th, 1784; died December 26th, 1832.
2. MARIANNE, born May 23rd, 1786; died September 14th, 1862; married March 11th, 1828, Robert Hudson, of Tadworth Court, Epsom. He died March 22nd, 1835, s.p.
3. JOHN, born May 27th, 1787; died November 7th, 1873; married December 5th, 1822, Elizabeth Wilhelmina, daughter of Thomas William Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester. She died October 30th, 1873. They had six children, for whom see below (p. 232).
4. ANNE WINIFRED, born September 7th, 1788; died unmarried March 17th, 1860.
5. CATHERINE, born September 14th, 1789; died November 20th, 1794.
6. ELIZA, born November 5th, 1790; died April 15th, 1801.
7. EDWARD, born October 30th, 1791; died August 4th, 1866. He took the name of Collingwood, and married September 9th, 1820, Arabella, daughter of General John Calcraft, of Cholder-ton, Hants. She died May 31st, 1840. They had one son and two daughters; Arabella, Edward, and Cecil.

grounds round the house, but all the books in the library were collected by him, and many of these are of considerable value.

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8. WILLIAM, born January 4th, 1793; died November 26th, 1864. He took the name of Roddam, and married, 1st, September 17th, 1835, Charlotte, daughter of Col. Henry Percy Pulleine, of Crake Hall, Yorks, by whom he had a daughter, Charlotte Pulleine, whose mother died July 4th, 1837; and, 2nd, July 12th, 1849, Selina Henrietta, daughter of John Cotes, of Woodcote, Shropshire, by whom he had a daughter, Mary Selina. Selina Henrietta died January 24th, 1893.
9. THOMAS HENRY, born May 14th, 1794; died April 3rd, 1808.
10. CHARLES, born October 14th, 1795; died October 29th, 1874; married July 8th, 1840, Frederica Mary Goodenough, who died May 30th, 1875. They had seven children, of whom Charles William and Frederic Walter alone survived them.
11. ISABELLA, born October 20th, 1797; died unmarried May 10th, 1857.
12. PHILIP, born January 25th, 1799; died February 21st, 1880; married May 2nd, 1865, Mary Katherine, widow of Edward R. Strickland, daughter of — Harrison. She died July 25th, 1865.
13. FRANCES MARY, born January 27th, 1800; died unmarried February 5th, 1885.
14. MARIA ALICIA, born September 4th, 1802; died unmarried December 30th, 1884.
15. HUGH, born September 30th, 1804; died December 24th, 1871; married May 11th, 1848, Amy Anne Pulleine, daughter of Col. Henry Percy Pulleine. She died November 7th, 1854, s.p.

There is a very good portrait of him at Cannon Hall.

His establishment was original: it contained—

Beet, the huntsman ;  
Spur, the whipper-in ;  
Peach, the gardener ;  
Pickle, the housekeeper ;  
Driver, the coachman ;  
Fisher, the gamekeeper.

There is at Cannon Hall a portrait of one of Mr. Spencer's hounds, a curious old picture illustrative of a still more curious story, which is thus recorded by the artist in the corner of the canvas :—

“ ROVER,”

“ A hound, the property of John Spencer, Esq., in the year 1753, being very mangy and suspected of madness, he was condemned to the gallows, when on the 15th day of August he was hanged for the space of a quarter of an hour by Thomas Beet, the huntsman. Being let down, and some small symptoms of life appearing, he was tucked up for the space of another quarter of an hour, and then thrown



into a coal pit thirty yards deep, from which he was extracted on the 13th day of November by Thomas Beet, alive and in perfect health. He was twelve weeks and five days in the coal pit.—GEORGE FLEMING, *pinxit*, 1759.”\*

There is another curious relic at Cannon Hall, which was brought there about this time—the bow of Little John. This was taken out of Hathersage Church in Derbyshire. Hathersage belonged to the Shuttleworths, one of whom married Miss Spencer. Little John was buried in the church, and his bow and armour were hung above his tomb: when this was opened, a thigh bone of enormous size was taken out of it.

The armour, which was chain armour, was also at Cannon Hall; but, unfortunately, when the family were absent, there were some workmen doing repairs in the house, and they carried off a few links at a time, till, gradually, the whole of it disappeared.

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\* A prosaic posterity has suggested that a donkey, which the hound had previously killed, had also been thrown down the pit: but, even with this for explanation, the occurrence is a very remarkable one. The field where the pit is, is still known as “The Hound Field.”—S. P.

My grandfather's paternal uncle, "Lawyer" Stanhope, settled at Horsforth. He was a man of very remarkable ability, but he preferred the country and his hunting, to glory, and more than once refused a Judgeship, because he did not wish to live in London. Nor, perhaps, would he have gained much by accepting such promotion ; for, as it was, he was well known from one end of the county to the other, and swept the West Riding of briefs. The county men all preferred taking their business to "t'ould lawyer," rather than intrusting anyone else with it : all family disputes were referred to him, and people deposited their money with him in preference to putting it into the bank. I was struck by coming across his name in some book I was reading lately, where he was mentioned as being one of the cleverest and most distinguished lawyers of his day. There is a portrait of him at Cannon Hall, in his full-bottomed wig and robes, representing a fine and intellectual face. He died long before I was born.

My grandfather brought with him once from Ireland a clerk called Hardy, who settled at Horsforth, and was followed by

so many of his relations that the place became quite peopled with Hardys.

Hardy's son, who became my grandfather's steward, used often to be asked to come into the drawing-room at Cannon Hall, but he would never do so; he kept entirely to the steward's room, and would never even sit down in my grandmother's presence.

One day he said to my grandfather, "Mr. Stanhope, I don't know what you think, but it seems to me that, as I have been to London on a deputation to Mr. Pitt, I ought to have a carriage." "By all means, Hardy," said my grandfather; and the carriage was got accordingly: but it was very seldom used.

He proposed to my grandfather that he should put money in the Low Moor Iron Works. He said there was a large fortune to be made in them, and that it would be a very great mistake, and a great pity, if he did not invest in them. But my grandfather positively refused. Then Hardy went to my grandmother, and urged her to exert her influence to persuade her husband to do so. She said, "No, Hardy, Mr. Stanhope has twelve children; I can say nothing in favour

of it." "Then," said Hardy, "Mr. Stanhope, if you positively refuse to go into it yourself, should you object to my doing so?" My grandfather answered, "Certainly not, Hardy; I am very glad you have the money for the purpose." And that is how the fortune of the Hardys was made.

When Hardy had become a rich man, and had a good house in London, if he wanted a frank, he used to send round to Grosvenor Square with, "Mr. Hardy's *duty* to Mr. Stanhope, and he would be much obliged if he would give him a frank."

I well remember his son, who was an attorney. Soon after I married he asked us to dinner, and I made a point of our going. He was so delighted, took me into dinner, and told me many stories of the life in former days at Horsforth. This was the father of Gathorne Hardy, now the Earl of Cranbrook, whose brother is Lord Medway.

The day my father was born (May 27th, 1787) my grandfather was sitting in his study in Grosvenor Square; there was a ring at the hall door; he asked who it was, and was told, "Mr. Pitt, the minister." He

went immediately into the library to receive Pitt, with, no doubt, visions of a peerage, or at least of some good appointment; but, instead of finding the great Mr. Pitt, the minister of the crown, he found only a certain little Mr. Pitt, a minister of religion, who had come to baptise the weakly infant.

My grandfather was forty years in the House of Commons. He was popular, and very witty. Once at some election, going with Lord Effingham from one town to another in a post-chaise, they wrote a very clever squib on all the well-known people on the other side. I have heard it, but can only remember the first verse:—

“Fitzwilliam, Fitzwilliam,  
Your true friend I still am,  
In advising you'd quit this dispute :  
What Yorkshire man true  
Can bear to see you  
Leagued with Fox, North, Burke and Lord Bute ? ”

My grandfather used to drive his four-in-hand up and down the Yorkshire hills; and very rough and steep hills some of them were in those days. He, of course, knew many people, and kept regular open house both at Cannon Hall and in Grosvenor



Square. My father, then a young man, used to be sent out by his mother to bring someone back to dinner, and he said that he used often to walk up and down the street, not liking to go back without having "captured his man."

Once, when the bills were complained of as being high, the chef said, "Does Mr. Stanhope know how many people dined in his house last week?—a hundred."

Lord Rosebery, and his brother, Frank Primrose, used regularly to ring the bell every Saturday, and say to the hall-porter, "Does Mr. Stanhope dine at home to-morrow?" The porter used, consequently, to call them "Roast Beef and Plum Pudding."

In a letter to one of his sisters, dated 1832, Hugh Spencer Stanhope (one of the sons) says:—

"I dined with Baron Vaughan last Sunday *en famille*, there being only Lady St. John, Miss —— (I know not what to call her, but she called Vaughan, 'Papa'), another lady visitor, the Baron, and your humble servant. I found it very pleasant. Among other subjects, they were ardent

in praise of the grey horses, and evidently thought the family at No. 8 the gayest and most dissipated people in London. They said they conceived that there must be a party every night at Mrs. Stanhope's, and whenever their coachman complained that his horses were knocked up, they held up to his wondering imagination the greys next door. If they had been black, I am sure they would exclaim with Lewis [?Scott],\* 'Whence those sable coursers came, well might I guess, but dare not tell.' Having taken you to so pretty a place, I must leave you to get out of it as well as you can.

"Ever yours,

"HUGH S. S."

The same thing went on at Cannon Hall. Nothing pleased my grandfather better than to hear it called Roast Beef Hall. My uncles said that whenever they returned there, after having been away, they always

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\* In the "Wild Huntsman," or "The Chase," Scott has—

"Who was each stranger, left and right,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell."

also—

"What ghastly huntsman next arose,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell."—S. P.

said, "I wonder whom we shall find there?" it being so very unlikely that there should be no guests present.

Wilberforce was constantly at Cannon Hall. He was a very agreeable person, with the most cheerful, sunny temper. One day he was singing in the joyousness of his heart, when my father, who was then a little boy, said, "Singing on Sunday, Mr. Wilberforce; I thought you were such a *good* man!"

My father told me that when he was a young man, he used to keep a list of "wivables," and ran his pen through those who would not do. One day he went with his father to see Holkham, and while walking in the park, they met Mr. Coke and his daughter—my mother that was to be. When they had passed, his father turned round to him, and said, "There, John, there's the wife for you, you could not do better." This was curious, because he was then quite a young man, and it was not till years afterwards that he became acquainted with my mother.

In those days at the drawing-room and levee, the King and Queen always walked about the room and spoke to

those whom they knew. Once, at the levee, George III. said to my grandfather, "I suppose you are going back to Yorkshire, Mr. Stanhope? A very ugly county, Yorkshire!"

This was too much for a Yorkshireman to stand. "Oh, Sir!" said my grandfather, "we always consider Yorkshire a very picturesque county."

"What, what, what!" said the King, "a coalpit a picturesque object! What, what, what! Yorkshire coalpits picturesque! Yorkshire a picturesque county!"

At the time when the question of the Regent's debts was under discussion in Parliament, my grandfather made a very powerful and telling speech, strongly protesting against the nation paying these debts. The Regent was furious, and swore that "nothing of the name of Spencer Stanhope should ever darken his doors." Accordingly, when his family went to Brighton, as they did every winter, they enjoyed the distinction of being the only family in the town who were never asked to the Pavilion.

The following letter, which I have found, was written by my grandfather to his uncle,

Mr. Spencer, and gives an interesting account of his having been present at the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette :—

“ Paris,

“ May 29th, 1770.

“ DEAR UNCLE,

“ I am much obliged to you for your letter of y<sup>e</sup> 16th, y<sup>e</sup> more so as it was so early an answer to mine. I am just going to sup with Sir Michael Fleming, and from thence shall go at midnight to a Masqued Ball which y<sup>e</sup> Imperial Ambassador gives on the occasion of y<sup>e</sup> marriage ; but I hope to have time to finish this letter first, and to give you some account of what has been already. Early on y<sup>e</sup> morning of y<sup>e</sup> 16th, I sett off to Versailles, and got there time enough to dress and get a good seat in y<sup>e</sup> Chapel in order to see y<sup>e</sup> ceremony. About one, y<sup>e</sup> Dauphin entered y<sup>e</sup> Chapel, with y<sup>e</sup> Dauphiness in his hand on y<sup>e</sup> right side: y<sup>e</sup> King followed him, and, when they were arrived at y<sup>e</sup> Altar, took her hand and led her with great gracefulness to



y<sup>e</sup> other side of y<sup>e</sup> Dauphin, and then joined their hands, retiring afterwards through two double rows of Bishops, all on their knees, to his own chair, about twelve yards off y<sup>e</sup> altar. Then began y<sup>e</sup> ceremony, which was performed with all y<sup>e</sup> pomp of Romish superstition, y<sup>e</sup> Archbishop being arrayed in his mitre, crozier, etc., etc. It was upon y<sup>e</sup> whole very striking, and often very absurd, according to y<sup>e</sup> spirit of that religion. In y<sup>e</sup> evening we assembled in y<sup>e</sup> great gallery of y<sup>e</sup> palace, where y<sup>e</sup> King played at cards in public: I forget at what games. Then it was that when y<sup>e</sup> Court were sat down to play, a man might boast of seeing a gayer spectacle than y<sup>e</sup> western world had ever seen before, even in y<sup>e</sup> time of y<sup>e</sup> Romans. I believe I told you something in my last, as I remember, about y<sup>e</sup> Dauphin's coat. It was most astonishingly rich: y<sup>e</sup> buttons all single diamonds, y<sup>e</sup> seams studded with diamonds, and all over embroidered with spangles of different colours. It may be fairly allowed him to boast of y<sup>e</sup> finery of his coat for two reasons: first, I believe there never was a finer, and besides, it is

y<sup>e</sup> only thing he has to boast of. He is a tall, awkward, ungainly figure, very thin, and stoops not a little. He has a dark, dead eye, and y<sup>e</sup> colour of his complexion is like that of y<sup>e</sup> peel of a decaying walnut. Y<sup>e</sup> Dauphiness is almost y<sup>e</sup> reverse of her spouse. She is rather under y<sup>e</sup> middle size, fair, has lively blue eyes, agreeable features, and a very tolerable person. Some time or other it is probable she will have great influence in this country. Not that I prophesy this from any appearance of a remarkable fondness in y<sup>e</sup> Bridegroom; for at y<sup>e</sup> Chapel, instead of showing any tender regards or fond attention towards his wife, he seemed to me to be only anxious of saying his part *true*; and in y<sup>e</sup> gallery, when he sat next to her, if ever he endeavoured to look at her tenderly, he put me in mind of Cymon, who gasped, but said nothing.

“I am quite at a loss how to give you any tolerable idea of y<sup>e</sup> magnificence of y<sup>e</sup> dresses, which were more grand this evening than ever after. Y<sup>e</sup> men wore, in general, gold or silver stuffs, with broad different-coloured embroideries, most of

them down y<sup>e</sup> seams likewise. Y<sup>e</sup> women were still finer, not reckoning their diamonds, and I dare say there were some tenths of all y<sup>e</sup> diamonds in France here in y<sup>e</sup> gallery. I had y<sup>e</sup> King's hat in my hand, with y<sup>e</sup> Pitt diamond in it, by way of button ; it is full as big as a common sized walnut.

“From thence we went to y<sup>e</sup> theatre, where y<sup>e</sup> Royal Family supped in public. It is much bigger than y<sup>e</sup> Opera House in London, and, in y<sup>e</sup> grandeur of its decorations, excells it twice as much as that does y<sup>e</sup> little theatre. I have since seen at Versailles a Bal Paré, Bal Masqué, and Opera, and a Play, all equally superb in their kind. Y<sup>e</sup> Play was y<sup>e</sup> *Athalie* of Racine ; Mlle. Clairon in y<sup>e</sup> character of *Athalie*. I am rather inclined to prefer Mrs. Pritchard to her, but, nevertheless, y<sup>e</sup> Play was nobly supported in every character.

“Y<sup>e</sup> Opera was *Persée* ; it gives room for great display of scenery, but is in itself a heavy performance. Those who love to pun say y<sup>e</sup> only reason for having that there was y<sup>e</sup> conformity of its name to the occasion, and remark

that it should be called y<sup>e</sup> Opera de la Percée.

“My paper fails me, else I should have wrote you to death.

“Believe me, dear Sir,

“Your dutiful Nephew,

“WALTER STANHOPE.”

The letter is directed to John Spencer, Esq., Tom’s Coffee House, Devereux Court, Temple Bar, London, Angleterre.

The chief potentate in our part of the West Riding at that time was Mrs. Beaumont, of Bretton, known by the people throughout the country as Madame Beaumont. She was the illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Blacket, her mother being the daughter of his gamekeeper.

My grandmother used to say that, when she first married, she remembered this girl always riding every market-day to Penistone to sell butter and eggs.

She used to be allowed to run wild in the kitchen, until Sir Edward had his attention called to her. He took a fancy to her, and, being lonely and dull, he adopted her.

She eventually married Colonel Beaumont.

But the Colonel drank, and had to be placed in his butler's care, so there was nothing to interfere with Madame Beaumont's rule.

She was a vulgar, purse-proud woman, very ambitious and very ostentatious. She was particularly jealous of Cannon Hall, and used to drive over in her carriage-and-four to find out who was staying there; and, if she thought it was worth while, she used to leave nothing untried to decoy them away to Bretton.

As there was no line of demarcation of the properties between the lodge at Bretton and that at Cannon Hall, she always gave out to her guests that the land was all hers up to the park at Cannon Hall.

When she had a party in the house, she used to ring a bell and say, "Order round some more carriages."

It was fabulous what she spent on her conservatories and the building of her stables.

One day she wrote to beg, as a very great favour, that some grapes should be sent to her from Cannon Hall. My uncle Charles,

knowing that she would display them as her own, wrote back,—

“DEAR MRS. BEAUMONT,

“Grapes is sour.

“Yours truly,

“CHARLES SPENCER STANHOPE.”

She and my grandfather had a dispute as to whom a particular tree belonged: the next morning the tree was gone: Mrs. Beaumont had had it cut down in the night.

Mr. G. W. Russell, who has lately published his reminiscences, tells the following story about her:—

“A by-election was impending in Yorkshire, and Mr. Pitt, paying a social visit to the famous Mrs. B., one of the Whig Queens of the West Riding, said banteringly, ‘Well, the election is all right for us. Ten thousand pounds, for the use of our side, go down to Yorkshire by a safe hand.’

“‘The Devil they do!’ responded Mrs. B.: and that night the bearer of the precious burden was stopped by a highwayman on the great North road,

and the ten thousand guineas were used to procure the return of the Whig candidate."

She was very anxious to get a peerage. One day she thought to impress Pitt, who was staying at Bretton, with her riches: she had the most splendid service of plate at dinner, and, waving her hand, she said, "There, Mr. Pitt, that's all from the mines" (the Beaumonts having considerable *lead* mines in Northumberland). "Indeed," answered Pitt, "if you had not told me, Mrs. Beaumont, I should have thought it was *silver*."

Mrs. Beaumont always went to Court, and this was not considered etiquette by Queen Charlotte. At the drawing-room, the Queen would go up to my grandmother, when Mrs. Beaumont was near at hand, and say to her in a loud voice, "Mrs. Stanhope, pray can you tell me who that woman is?" This was repeated more than once.

My mother said that, when she married, a grand dinner was given in her honour at Bretton. Wearied out with the ostentation and length of it, she fell fast asleep before it was over, and woke up hearing herself

say, "What would I give to make a smash of all these things!"

My grandfather took a great interest in the Yeomanry question, and for many years commanded the local Yeomanry Cavalry, and led the celebrated march of the Staincross troop in 1805.

He was one of the first promoters of the volunteer force, and attended a county meeting, held at York, convened for that purpose in 1802, and, as a newspaper of the time says, "he delivered on that occasion an eloquent speech in support of the proposal to raise volunteers in all parts of the country." An extract is given in the paper in question, which I will transcribe here :—

"SIR,

"Upon your summons to call us together on this day, to consider on the conduct which it becomes this great country to hold in the present perilous crisis, I had not the least doubt but you would be attended by a very numerous and respectable meeting. But one so unanimous, so highly respectable as the present, has



as much exceeded my expectations as it gives comfort and satisfaction to my heart. When I signed my name to the requisition that was sent to you from Leeds, I did it under the impression that the feelings of the country were not sufficiently awakened, that they were not enough apprized of the danger, the immediate, pressing, actual, and hourly danger, of the invasion of this Island, with such a force as was never before drawn up against it. What has since passed in the Houses of Parliament, in the metropolis, and in almost every part of the Kingdom, must have awakened and aroused it, as with the shrill call of the Trumpet, when it sounds, ‘Every man to arms!’

“It is, therefore, the more satisfactory to see so large a meeting, because I am sure that there is not a man that hears me, who thinks that, in holding up his hand for the address which has been so ably moved and seconded, he is holding up his hand for a common address at the beginning of a common war; that he will have nothing further to do than to meet a room full of his neighbours at

dinner, to drink the King's health, and the 'Wooden Walls of Old England,' with three times three; to join in the chorus of 'Rule, Britannia,' and to pay his taxes with as little grumbling as may be. No, Sir; we, by this address, publicly and solemnly, before God and our Country, pledge our fortunes, persons, and lives in defence of our Sovereign, and all the blessings of our glorious Constitution. There is not a man that hears me, I am persuaded, who is not prompt and eager to redeem that pledge. There is not, there *cannot* be, a man here who would leave undefended our good, our tried, and brave old King, in the hour of danger. No, Sir; we need now no warning voice, no stirring of eloquence, no thoughts that heat, nor words that burn, to raise a host of hardy men, when the King, the Parliament, and the Country are in distress. Call out to Yorkshire, 'Come forth to battle'; our answer will be, one and all, 'We are ready; shew us the enemy!'

"Sir, that enemy is not far off. A very numerous, well-appointed, ably-commanded army, to whom is promised the

plunder of England, are now hovering round, and part of them in daily sight of the promised land. They view it as so many famished wolves, cruel as death, and hungry as the grave, panting for an opportunity at any risk to come into our sheepfold. But, an if they should, is it not our business to have such a guard of faithful English mastiffs of the old breed, as shall make them quickly repent of their temerity?

“The Chief Consul of France tells us that we are but a nation of shopkeepers. Let us, then, as shopkeepers, melt our weights and our scales, and return him the compliment with bullets. Sir, we have a firm reliance on the exertions of as gallant a fleet as ever sailed; but that fleet cannot perform impossibilities; it cannot be in all places at once; it cannot conquer the winds or subdue the storms. Though our old tars can do much, they cannot do everything; and it would be unfair and dastardly to be skulking behind them. With the blessing of God, and a good cause, we can do wonders; but if we depend upon our naval prowess alone, we have much to fear. No, Sir;

England will never be perfectly safe until she can defend herself by land as well as by sea ; until she can defy the haughty foe, even if there was ever a bridge between Calais and Dover, and that bridge in the possession of the enemy ; until she can say, in the words of a good old English boxing match, ‘a fair field and no favour,’ or, in the language of Macduff in the play, ‘Within our sword’s length set him ; if he escape, then Heaven forgive him all his lies, his blasphemies, and his murders.’ ”

The paper, from which I have copied this extract, goes on to say :—

“ Although the speech of Mr. Stanhope was printed in the London papers, as well as by the Yorkshire press, it was thought worthy of more popular circulation (for in those days newspapers were a rather expensive luxury), and extracts were printed on placards, and posted on the walls, both in London and throughout the country ; and from that meeting every regiment of Volunteer Cavalry in Yorkshire may be said to have taken its rise. Shortly after that time, many corps of

Infantry were also enrolled, the number of volunteers raised in Barnsley and the neighbourhood being, in proportion to the population, remarkable ; which was attributable in a great measure to the zeal with which Mr. Stanhope used his influence."

My father told me that he was very much amused with the excitement of the volunteers, when he was drilling them on behalf of his father : they used to come to him, and say, "Mr. Stanhope, do let us fix bayonets."

One day the beacons were fired. This was a sign that the French had landed. In a marvellously short space of time, the whole of the six hundred men comprising the Staincross Volunteers, under the command of my grandfather, had mustered, and marched to the meeting place.

When they arrived they found it was a false alarm.

To commemorate the event an urn was presented to my grandfather, with an inscription upon it recording what had happened, and containing inside a list of the names of the Staincross Volunteers.

It is now in the drawing-room at Cannon Hall.\*

My uncle Charles sent the following letter to the paper which recorded the event :—

“It was with the greatest pleasure that I read in your paper of the 1st, the names of those six hundred men, who, leaving their homes, their wives and families, on the morning of the 15th of August, 1805, expecting to cross bayonets with the victorious soldiers of France, returned again to their homes, with no other injury than being a little footsore, from a bloodless march to Hemsworth.

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\* The inscription is as follows :—

“In the night of the 15th August, 1805, the beacon at Woolley Edge was fired, and the order issued soon after midnight for calling out the Staincross Volunteers.

“Dispersed and remote as they lay, covering the whole Wapentake, and dwelling in every town and village in it, so promptly did they obey the call, that in about 14 hours they were not only all assembled to their complement of 600 except only nine, who were absent from their homes, but had actually marched upwards of twelve miles on an average. To record this event and testify their regard and attachment to their Commandant, the non-commissioned Officers and Privates of the Staincross Corps of Volunteers present this vase

“To Walter Spencer Stanhope, Esq.,

“Lt.-Col. Commandant of the

“Staincross Vol. Infantry. 1805.”

“I well remember the day, for I was returning with my brothers for their holidays from Westminster School, when a crowd closed round our postchaise on changing horses, telling us, ‘Thy feyther’s goin’ to fight the French,’ which we found to be the case on nearing Cannon Hall. It was an exceedingly hot day, and the farmers and others regaled the returning troops so hospitably, that, in the evening, as waggon after waggon poured into the stable-yard at Cannon Hall, its freight of men were seen to be not *quite* in marching order.”

The following was the song of the Volunteers :—

“Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,  
Fill the mighty joram:  
The Staineross Volunteers are come  
To drive the French before ’em.”

## CHAPTER II.

My grandmother was Miss Pulleine,\* and was a great heiress. She had fifteen children, three of whom died when they were young. She had a very fine and powerful mind, and was superior in every respect; wrote remarkably well, in a terse Johnsonian style, and read a great deal. She was very agreeable and extremely fond of society, to which she had always been accustomed, and would willingly go out to a party every night, though she always got up the next morning at eight o'clock. Everything in the house was done by her, and she did not encourage her children to give her any assistance in domestic matters.

She was remarkably dignified in her manner, with, at the same time, the greatest

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\* The Pulleines had the right of burial in the vault at Alnwick. I believe my grandmother's father, Thomas Babington Pulleine, was the last buried there. The Duke of Northumberland then signified that this right must cease.—A. M. W. P.



consideration for others. She was small, and I have heard that she was very pretty when she was young.

Besides her father's property, she inherited the estates of Dissington and Roddam in Northumberland, which were to revert to her second and third sons respectively, on their attaining the age of twenty-five.

Her second son, Edward, consequently inherited the property of Dissington, about ten miles from Newcastle, and took the name of Collingwood. He was good-looking, with dark curly hair, a cold grey eye, and a somewhat stern expression; he was satirical, and concentrated in manner, but had the unmistakable air of a gentleman and a man of position. There was no humbug about him, and he was very much respected and looked up to in Northumberland. One could not look at his spare, closely-knit frame and iron-looking figure, without thinking that nature had meant him for a splendid soldier. In the *Field* of that date he is mentioned with great admiration as a fine specimen of a man, and they said he had the reputation of being the best

rider in two counties, Yorkshire and North-  
umberland.

The third son, William, was in the Navy. He was rather a character, very short and sturdy-looking. He had not had much education, having gone to sea when quite young, but he was very shrewd and observant, and, as my mother often said, he had great refinement of feeling. He was very fond of making a long stay at Cannon Hall, which he always called his "Rest and be thankful," and he used to follow my father about like a faithful dog, while my father delighted in having what he called the "Commodore" to go about with him. The "Commodore's" every sentence began with, "I say, J.," John being my father's name.

He was on the ship commanded by Lord Collingwood, who, as a relation,\* took a great interest in him, and treated him quite

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\* The relationship was somewhat remote, the connecting link being Ralph Collingwood of the days of the civil wars. Lord Collingwood was his great-great-grandson and heir; Miss Pulleine was the daughter of Thomas Babbington Pulleine and Winifred Collingwood, the latter being the great-great-granddaughter of the same Ralph, through his second son. Winifred Collingwood inherited Dissington

like his own son ; indeed, they said, it was Lord Collingwood's wish that he should marry one of his two daughters.

He was at Algiers on the flag-ship, which suffered more than any other, being riddled with shot, and the deck strewn with the dead and dying. He was employed on that occasion in burying the dead, and they said that he went through it all with great coolness and bravery. Though he, certainly, did not look like a warrior, I have always heard that in action he was as bold as a lion.

When he was twenty-five he took the name, and inherited the estates of Roddam. Roddam was in a fine wild position, nearly at the foot of the Cheviots, with a number of hills rising in all directions around it. The great beauty of the place, and its most striking feature, was the Dene,—a very deep, picturesque glen, about a mile in length, watered by the Roddam burn, which was a wild mountain stream, washing over the rocks, the water as dark as porter, with

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from her father, and Roddam from her mother, Mary Roddam. The Palleine property was Carleton (or Carlton, or Charlton) Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire. Some letters which I have found to Miss Palleine from her grandfather, Edward Collingwood, are dated from "Cherton" in 1777, which is probably, yet another way of spelling Carleton.—S. P.

an abundance of white foam. The Dene is filled with fine ash and sycamore trees. There are many walks cut through it, and, in one part, a path shelves down to the burn round the face of an almost perpendicular rock.

It was altogether a most lovely spot, and I remember Lady Ravensworth saying to me that she would rather have the Dene at Roddam than anything else in Northumberland.

Behind the Dene rises the wild moorland, backed by the Cheviots. Grouse, black-cock, and other game are in abundance on the moor.

Roddam is built upon land granted by King Athelstan. A mound on the south of the house is still called "Athelstan's Mount," and was an ancient burial place. When it was opened, some years ago, a number of large human bones and some urns were discovered.

The family of Roddam was one of the oldest in England, but the direct line came to an end with the brave Robert Roddam, Admiral of the White. He died in 1808, and my grandmother succeeded to the property.

In olden days a large tract of land in Northumberland belonged to the Pulleines and Roddams, and the grant of Roddam is the oldest grant extant in England. When Robert Stuart, Earl of Fife, made an irruption into England, in the reign of Richard the Second, an ancient charter was brought to him, in which was written,—

“ I, König Athelstan,  
giffis heir to Paulain,  
Odam, and Roddam  
als gud, and als fair,  
as evir tha myne ware,  
and yair to witness Mald,  
my Wyffe.”\*

On the pedigree of the Roddams the grant is written in Saxon characters as follows :—

“ I, König Athelstan, give unto thee Roddam  
From me and mine, unto thee and thine,  
Before my wyff Maude, my daughter Maudlin,  
And my eldest son Henry;  
And for a certain truth,  
I bite this wax with my gang tooth :  
As lang as muir bears moss, and knout grows hare,  
A Roddam of Roddam for ever mare.”

My uncle Roddam was, like most sailors, a somewhat indifferent shot, and on one

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\* In the different copies of this which I have seen, the spelling differs considerably.—S. P.

12th of August his bad luck was more conspicuous than usual, and, as he missed bird after bird, he kept exclaiming, "It is all that thundering big melon that there was at dinner last night." From this it came to be the custom on every 11th of August to have at dessert the biggest melon the garden would produce, to serve as an excuse for all failures on the twelfth.

Grouse driving was first instituted on my father's moors, holes on the hillside being used to hide the sportsmen, while the grouse were driven over them. My mother told me that, when she first married, the uncles used to go up to the moors (which are twelve miles from Cannon Hall) the night before, so as to be ready for an early shot in the morning, and a cart used to accompany them, laden with the best china, linen, and every luxury. This she soon put a stop to. The ladies used to go up to the moors on the twelfth; and the order of the day was a high tea at about five, and a very late dinner, as the sportsmen did not get home till nine, and then the grouse had to be cooked.

My uncle Roddam told me the following story:—He was dining out in London, and

sat by a lady whom he did not know : their conversation turned upon early resolutions, and how very seldom they were kept, and the lady said, "Well, when I was a girl, I made three resolutions. First, I determined that I would never marry a soldier ; secondly, that I would never marry an Irishman ; and thirdly, that I would not be long engaged. And all those three resolutions I broke. Whom do you think I did marry ? The Duke of Wellington ! He was a soldier and an Irishman, and I was engaged to him for twelve years."

When the Duke of Wellington was Sir Arthur Wellesley, and a very young man, he fell in love with Lady Katherine Pakenham, who was extremely handsome ; but he had not the means to marry. He was appointed to go out to India, and they parted, but considered themselves engaged. When the campaign was over, and he was returning, Lady Katherine wrote to him to release him from his promise ; she said that years had passed and he would no longer find her the pretty Kitty Pakenham he had left. He considered himself bound in honour, and stuck to his engagement, whatever he may have thought of the change

that had taken place in her. This was, perhaps, unfortunate for both of them, as they did not suit each other, and it was not a happy marriage ; indeed, they lived mostly apart : but when she was ill and dying, the Duke was very kind and attentive to her.

A young man once told me (though I have no recollection who it was) that he had been staying at Strathfieldsay with the Duke, and had gone out hunting with him. Having lost the hounds, the Duke rode to the top of a hill to have a look for them. He saw them in a wood in front, where they had not yet found ; but, instead of riding down to the wood, as any other man would have done, he turned his horse round, and made for a spot in exactly the opposite direction. They had not been there long, when, sure enough, the hunt came up, with the hounds in full cry ; the Duke had calculated exactly which way they would come. It was the tactician true to himself.\*

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\* The editor, and not the author, must be blamed for such diffusiveness as may appear in these pages. Not only were they written without any idea of their ever being printed, but what was written was never completed. About one-third of the whole was left in the form of disjointed



I remember my first thought on seeing the statue of the Duke of Wellington after its erection at the top of Constitution Hill: "That man (the sculptor) can never have seen Wellington! It is purely an imaginary likeness!" I had often seen him at balls, and when riding; but there was not a line in that form, nor an expression in the whole figure, which recalled to me for one moment the Duke as I remembered him. Once seen, you could never forget him; there was something about him so unlike other people; it was the Iron Duke, and no one else. I felt quite annoyed that such a likeness should be allowed to stand in the capital of the country, to give a wrong impression to foreigners and to future generations. That horrid thing at the top of the Arch at Hyde Park Corner, though a gross caricature, was far more like him, and did actually recall him to one's mind.

Once when the Duke was riding in Hyde Park, and the crowd was vociferously cheer-

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notes, which were to have been fitted into their proper places, or amplified so as to form a connected memoir. This could only have been done satisfactorily by the writer; an editor, who has no personal knowledge of the incidents described, can but imperfectly succeed in such a task.—S.P.

ing him, he grimly pointed to the iron shutters at Apsley House, which had been put up to protect his windows in the days of his unpopularity. So much for the *vox populi*!

The last time that I saw the Duke was at the Queen's ball, where he appeared as her first subject, looking like a silver penny, the very essence of spotless neatness; with his blue coat, red ribbon, and splendid diamond orders, and his silver hair most carefully brushed, he looked a perfect picture.

Not very long afterwards he gave some of these diamond orders to Lady Douro, of whom he was very fond, and for whom he was very sorry. She had, I think, one of the finest and most classical faces I ever saw. I remember her arresting my attention at one of the balls. She was dancing with Prince Albert in the "uncrowded" quadrille, looking more like a magnificent Greek statue than a being of flesh and blood; but after you had seen and worshipped her for some time, you became aware that her expression was perfectly unchangeable: it was a beautiful body, but there was no soul.

I remember being shown over Walmer Castle, which was a very interesting place. The old housekeeper took us into the Duke's bedroom and showed us the narrow camp bedstead on which he always slept, and she opened the door of a sort of wardrobe, flush with the wall, and there was his washing apparatus, all of the simplest description. She told us that, when the house was full of visitors, he used to say to her, "Make them as comfortable as you can, and get anything for them that they want; but leave me alone."

I have mentioned Lord Collingwood's name in connection with my uncle Roddam, and I may make that an excuse, if excuse be needed, for inserting the following interesting letter which I have found. It was written by Lord Collingwood to my grandfather, four days after the battle of Trafalgar. It is interesting in many respects, not the least notable of which is that, in spite of the warm and heartfelt tribute which the writer pays to Nelson, he seems to take to himself the entire credit of the victory.

“ *Euryalus*, off the Straits,  
“ October 25th, 1805.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ As I am sure that none rejoice more at any good fortune that befalls me than you do, so I lose no time to inform you that I have had a most glorious battle with the combined fleet, and have beat them out of the sea, at least, for the present. Though you will see it fully detailed in my letters in the *Gazette*, I must tell you myself that on the 21st we met, each party seeming well disposed to try their strength. They had 26, we 27 large ships. They received us handsomely, and I began the battle at the head of my column exactly at noon. Lord Nelson led the other, but the *Sovereign*, being an excellent sailer, I had got a little before him.

“ The combat was hot and long, but soon after three, all that were in a state to go off, fled.

“ My dear friend received his mortal wound about the middle of the fight, and sent an officer to tell me that he should see me no more.

“His loss was the greatest grief to me. There is nothing like him left for gallantry and conduct in battle. It was not a foolish passion for fighting, for he was the most gentle of human creatures, and often lamented the cruel necessity of it; but it was a principle of duty, which all men owed their country in defence of their laws and liberty. He valued life only as it enabled him to do good, and would not preserve it by any act he thought unworthy. He wore four stars upon his breast, and could not be prevailed upon to put on a plain coat, scorning what he thought a shabby precaution: but that, perhaps, cost him his life, for his dress made him the general mark. He is gone, and I shall lament him as long as I remain.

“My ship suffered so much in the action, and I had so much to do, that I was under a necessity of shifting Flag into an active ship, and brought Ville-neuve, the Commander-in-chief of the combined fleet, with me. We have taken nineteen of his ships, and three other Admirals, and the General commanding the troops, with about twenty thousand

prisoners; and yet I do not think I can get a ship into port: they are so shattered, and the weather has been so boisterous, that I think they must all sink or be driven on shore, which is lamentable. But there is an end to the great combined fleet.

“The fatigue which I have undergone lately, both of body and mind, has worn me out. Would that we had peace, that I might get to my garden again, and all the comforts of my own house. I hope, my dear Sir, that you have quite recovered your health, and that I shall see you next spring.

“I am ever, my dear Sir,

“Your faithful and affectionate servant,

“CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD.

“To W. S. Stanhope, Esq.”

The last paragraph of this letter is very pathetic, now when we know that the writer was never again to see his home, nor those for whom he so eagerly yearned.

My father was at Cadiz in April 1810, and had been expecting from day to day the appearance of the *Ville de Paris*, on board of which was Lord Collingwood and

my uncle Roddam. At last the ship appeared, and my father was just starting to meet her on board Admiral Purvis' flagship, which was then in harbour, when the signal came that Lord Collingwood was no more. My father says in his journal:—

“Lord Collingwood has sacrificed his life to his country, and to the full as much as had done his friend and commander, Lord Nelson. But Nelson's death was glorious; he fell in the hour of victory amidst a nation's tears. Poor Collingwood resigned his life to his country, because she required his services: he yielded himself as a victim to a painful disease, solely occasioned by his incessant and anxious attention to his duties, when he knew from his physician that his life might be spared if he were allowed to return to the quiet of a domestic life. Must not his mind have sometimes recurred to his home; to his two daughters, now grown to the age of womanhood, but whom he remembered only as little children: so long had he been estranged from his country! Must not he have felt how delightfully he could

spend his old age in the society of his family, at his own house of Charlton, the ancient possession of his ancestors, which had been left to him by my uncle, and in the enjoyment of a large fortune, which he had gained during his professional career! What a contrast did the reverse of the picture show! A lingering disease; a certain death. He repeatedly represented the state of his health to the Admiralty, but in vain; the country demanded his services; he gave her his life, and without even the consolation of thinking that the sacrifice he was making would be appreciated. ‘If Lord Mulgrave knew me,’ said he, in one of his letters to my father, ‘he would know that I did not complain without cause!’ ”

I have spoken of my uncles Edward and William as being the second and third sons, respectively; and, according to the same reckoning, my father would be called the eldest son. He was not so in reality, for my uncle Spencer was older than he. As a child this uncle was a beautiful boy of much promise, but when he was three



or four years old, or even younger, he developed fits, which became so constant, being, even, of daily occurrence, that, as he grew older, they completely destroyed his intellect, and reduced him to the state of a harmless idiot.\* He was, however, a finely formed, and rather handsome man. He lived at Cannon Hall, and the greatest care was taken of him, being attended by a couple, Joseph and Rebecca, who had a cottage in the village.

He was very fond of music, and had a barrel-organ in his room. He used to walk about the pleasure-grounds with his two attendants, and I was told that he used to take great notice of me when I was quite a little child, and liked to see me feeding the robins in the wood, and I used to walk home holding uncle Spencer's hand.

My mother, who would not allow anything to interfere with what she considered her duty, never omitted seeing him every day; but this, when she first married, was a great strain upon her nerves, and affected her

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\* I have heard it stated that my grandmother, being at Horsforth at the time of his birth, was attended by the village blacksmith, and that an injury to the child's head was the consequence.—A. M. W. P.

health. She told me that she was firmly impressed with the notion that all her children would be idiots, and that, when I was born, and was brought to be introduced to her, she noticed that my head was drawn into a point, and, in a state of horror, she exclaimed, "Oh! Dr. Branson, she is an idiot!" He quietly replied, "She could not be an idiot with those eyes"; and that reassured her.

When my father married, his own father had not long been dead, and they were obliged to take out a commission in lunacy, to enable him to administer the estate for his brother. It was an uncomfortable state of things, as the property was not really my father's, but belonged to another, and he had not even the right to cut down a tree upon it.

I well remember when we were children in the schoolroom, our parents being at Holkham, one cold winter's day near Christmas, there was a great commotion and running about the house; the big bell in the stables rang with a muffled sound, and then the church bell began to toll, and we were told that uncle Spencer had died in a fit. I also remember seeing all the ser-

vants walking to church in their deep crape, and the men with hatbands and scarves.

And so ended that innocent life!

I will defer saying anything about my father, till I have mentioned the rest of his brothers and sisters.

My uncle Charles was in the Church. He was ugly, but quick and clever, and very amusing: all life, impulse, and excitement; and always turning up when least expected. His appearance was a jubilee to us in the schoolroom, for he was the Lord of Misrule, and our favourite uncle.

He used to delight us by telling us stories of his Westminster school-days. On his first day there, when he made his appearance in the big school-room full of boys, he saw, at the end of the room, a large armchair, in which sat, with his back turned to the school, Dr. Vincent, the Dean of Westminster, and head-master of the School. He was dressed, as he appears in the prints of him, in a voluminous black silk gown, with a broad ribbon carrying some order round his neck, and a full-bottomed wig. My uncle promptly shot a paper spill into the Doctor's wig, where it stuck, and re-

mained wobbling about all the rest of the morning, to the delight of all the assembled Westminster. The next day he repeated the operation with a spill, previously anointed with cheese, and was soon rewarded by hearing the Doctor exclaim in his nasal voice, "I smell cheese."

I remember him describing to us a contrivance of his by which the illicit suppers, which they used to have in their rooms, were drawn up on to the top of the bed on the approach of a master, to reappear again as soon as the danger was past.

All Westminster were allowed seats in the House of Commons. One day, when my grandfather was going to make a speech, my uncle claimed his right to go into the House to hear him. He was answered by the janitor that *he* was not going to believe such a story, and was told to pass on. "Do you dare to doubt my word, Sir," said my uncle, tearing open his jacket, and pointing to the name "Spencer Stanhope" marked inside. A member who was passing was so struck with the spirit of the boy, that he took him with him into the House, and got him a very good place, from which he could hear his father speak.

My uncle Charles married Miss Frederica Goodenough, whose mother was a granddaughter of Archbishop Markham. My father used to tell me that when he was a young man the witty sayings of Cecilia Markham (Mrs. Goodenough) were in everybody's mouth.

Mrs. Goodenough's sister, to whom she was very devoted, married Lord Mansfield, and her daughters, the Ladies Murray, inherited much of the family wit. They were certainly very clever and accomplished, but perhaps, as I heard a man once say, "they were a little too fond of the scalping knife." When in London, they lived at Langham House, where now the Langham Hotel stands. There was a very large garden with fine trees in front of it, making a cool and shady termination to Langham Place: it was to save that house that Regent Street was diverted, instead of being carried in a perfectly straight line to Carlton House, which would have made it a more handsome street. In Langham House, I remember, there were some splendid mahogany doors with gilding.

As my grandmother's house was the next largest house in Langham Place, and had,

like Langham House, great gates and a large garden to it, there was a constant confusion between the two. To make matters worse, James Stanhope, of Revesley Abbey (or, as he used to call it, "My Fen Hut in Lincolnshire"), lived, when in London, at Langham House, with his grandmother, Lady Mansfield, his mother, who was one of the Murrays, being dead: so, as may be imagined, a number of incongruous things belonging to Jemmy Stanhope were continually finding their way into my grandmother's hands. I was dancing with him one evening, I remember, and told him that I had just been dining in Langham Place, where, in the middle of dinner, and just at the proper moment, a splendid cheese, addressed to him, was brought in, and that we had had serious thoughts of making it pay toll. He said, "Well, will you tell your grandmother that she is quite welcome to make all and everything of mine pay toll, provided she will make my bills pay toll too." James Stanhope always treated us *en cousines*. He had the most coal-black hair, and used to make horrible grimaces. He was always called in London, "Black Stanhope";

Scudamore Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's father, being "White Stanhope."

Lady Mansfield had, somehow or other, acquired the right of living at Scone, the ancient royal palace where the Kings of Scotland used to be crowned. The Queen went to stay there once, but was not at all gracious. Lady Mansfield had done everything in her power to honour her, and was, naturally, much annoyed at the result. For instance, some fine old sheets, with the most beautiful lace, had been put on the Queen's bed; but they were taken off, and the Queen's own sheets put on instead. In the evening there was a large party assembled in the gallery, but the Queen remained all the time at one end of it, and would not walk down it to receive the greetings of those present.

To return to my uncle Charles. He had a very good living at Weaverham, in Cheshire, and also held the family living of Cawthorne. He was quite devoted to the Yorkshire people, amongst whom he had been brought up; and they were equally fond of him. He was always comparing their cleverness with the dulness of the Cheshire louts. Once when catechising the

children at Cawthorne, he read out, “ ‘Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I unto thee.’ What had he then?” he asked. A little boy at the bottom of the class looked most anxious to answer, and when it came to his turn, he called out, “Coppers, Sir.”

Poor uncle Charles, if he *could* make a mistake at prayers he always did so, and when we were all present, and on the lookout for his mistakes, he used to get so nervous that he finally declared he must give up reading the service before us. One day, I remember, he wanted to buy a certain horse, and at the church-door he had a long talk with the farmer who possessed the coveted animal. When he got to the tenth commandment, “nor his ox nor his ass,” he gave out in a loud voice, “nor his *horse* nor his ass”; then, thinking that it did not sound altogether right, he corrected himself, and, with a still stronger emphasis, came out with, “Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s *oss* nor his ass.”

He had not improved in after years, for when he was christening my daughter Evelyn, in the parish church at Cawthorne, throughout the service he called her “*he*,”



and finally, turning to the proxies of the two godmothers, he asked them, "Do you in the name of this child promise to *remember* the devil and all his works?" After a moment's hesitation, they unflinchingly said, "We do." \*

Two or three weeks before his marriage to Miss Goodenough, he was preaching at Cawthorne, and wound up his sermon with, "The truth is, we are not half good enough."

Many of my uncle Charles' letters are amusing, and are good specimens of epistles of that date, before letter-writing had become a lost art. The following may be quoted as a sample:—

"Cannon Hall,

"December 11th, 1818.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Once more returned to the calm natal bowers, from sojourning amongst the Hyperborean fogs of that vile Northumbrian

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\* I heard a somewhat similar mistake in a London church, when a shy young clergyman gave out with great unction, "Abhor that which is good, cleave to that which is evil."—A. M. W. P.

district about Newcastle, with a huskiness that the genius of the burr has stuck in my throat, as claiming me for her own, but which the politer air of a Yorkshire winter will speedily dispel, I hasten to give you an account of my trip.

“We started in a chaise of Mr. Fawkes, drawn by pairs of post-horses that relieved each other successively; slept at Northallerton, and arrived at Newcastle about 6 o'clock the next evening. I immediately went to pay the vicar a visit, having previously disguised myself in a nose and spectacles, something in this form. [Here follows a clever sketch of himself as he appeared in his disguise.] I introduced myself as a cousin of Mr. Webber's, having settled on that name to ensure an admittance at so unseasonable an hour. I informed him that I was just come from Coldstream, having a letter of introduction from Mr. Webber, which, however, I had lost; but that the purport thereof was to introduce me as an eccentric meenister who had conceived the project of preaching in every kirk in England: that he would not have

taken the liberty of presenting me to his friend, Mr. Smith, for that purpose, if he could not assure him that I was a strictly good man, and could perform the kirk service most admirably, of which, if he would permit me, I would give him a specimen. The vicar, in preparing his answer to this curious preface of mine, looked so very ridiculous and quiddish that I could not forbear bursting out a laughing, and, to relieve his embarrassment, I pulled off my nose and eyes, appearing before him in *propriâ personâ*. Conceive the vicar's surprise and consternation at being made the dupe of a masquerading youngster; he verily took up the poker against me. After growing calm, he enjoyed the joke excessively; he could not help (he said) thinking to himself all the time of my peroration, 'Zounds, what a nose the fellow has.' I had difficulty in extricating myself from the long, tedious parentheses and disjointed clauses of the vicar's entertaining conversation, to join the party I had left at the Queen's Head, who were waiting dinner for me. The vicar is the greatest bore and bully I ever saw. His maid

brought in a note begging the loan of the *Tyne Mercury*. The vicar bade her wait, and bring the paper, which he lifted up to the candle, and pored over for at least one half-hour; and then turning to the maid, who stood stiff as a poker (my draught [another clever sketch] does not represent the thing exactly, but you can conceive him), he said, 'Of a truth, there is matter of importance: say, I will send the paper in the course of the evening. You may go.' In the evening we went to the ball, under the names of Captain Fortescue, Colonel Montgomery, and Dr. Syms, which appellative my companions, modest in the assumption of their own, chose to assign to me. Mr. Fawkes was in great uneasiness about Hawksworth, the news of whose fall had reached him in a letter from F. Hawksworth, who had exaggerated the account so heavily, that he hardly knew whether he might not hourly receive a letter to require his attendance at his son's death bed. You may conceive he was astonished to see the patient enter boldly under the assumed name of Colonel Montgomery. The sensation we produced was great.

The ball went off with great *éclat*; very few quadrilles, very severe service in country dances under the inspiration of Edinburgh Gov. The names of the company need not be mentioned; you may guess how many Greys, Bells, Lorraines, Brandlings, *cum pluribus aliis*, might, without running into highways and hedges, make up the number of 130.

“The next day I spent in Newcastle with the vicar. I called upon Mr. Watley, but did not find him at home; and in the evening, not having been able to find any dresses, we were at our wit’s end. Fawkes and Wentworth were rigged out with the habiliments of the Newcastle fish-women; they meant to represent gipsies, but Mrs. Brandling observed they were such scandalous-looking figures, she wonders that the tenants dare admit them. I managed to get an old man’s coat, and, with an old cocked hat and woollen wig, and my nose and eyes, I played the part of a sort of Nicol Jarvie. There were some very good characters, but it will exceed my limits to give you an account of them. Wait till when we meet.

“That night we slept at Gosforth. Next day I rode to Dissington, through roads where my horse was frightened with the shrieks of wild fowl, who had mistaken the track for a lake ; through the most frightful country in England. It was so late when I got to Dissington, that I could only stay half an hour, and when I arrived at Gosforth I could scarcely stand upright for the quantity of mud that was attached to me, and, as in O’Grady’s story, if I had not put out my tongue I should not have been recognised for a human creature.

“The Northumbrians, but especially Mrs. Brandling, were indignant at my observations. On asking me what I thought of Dissington, I said it was a good house, and only wanted one thing, which was frosted windows ; for the sight of such a country was sure to throw one into the hypochondriacs. Had not the more learned assigned a different site, I should, from the country, be tempted to consider that district as the position of ancient Babylon ; and it was no longer a wonder to me why the entertainment within doors was so good in Northumber-

land, 'seeing as how that' there was so little entertainment without.

"On Monday I left Gosforth with my two companions. At Durham we were detained by a broken axle-tree for eight hours; we travelled all night, and arrived at Woolley by one o'clock. Yesterday I was out a hunting; we were running almost without interruption from eleven to half-past four. Our last run lasted two hours without a check, and the country was so deep that every horse was knocked up; my horse was nearly taking root in a wheat-field. I got off his back just as he was staggering, and it was three-quarters of an hour before I got him out of the field. I shall leave in about four days. In London I may be detained a few days in preparing my papers for the Archbishop, and shall then join you at Marseilles.

"Your very affectionate son,

"C. SPENCER STANHOPE."

I remember my uncle Charles telling us the following story:—

One day he was on the box-seat of the Doncaster coach, sitting by the coachman:

they passed a field full of cattle, and my uncle remarked to the coachman, "Well, those cows belong to the lean kine!" "Oh, Sir," said the coachman, "but they are so picturesque!" "Picturesque!" said my uncle; "that is an odd word for you to use. What do *you* know about the picturesque?" "Well, something, Sir," answered the coachman; "I'm very fond of it; and I wish when you come to Doncaster you would come and see me, and I would show you some of my drawings."

Accordingly my uncle went, and paid a visit to the coachman, when he was quite struck with the cleverness of his drawing, and he encouraged him to go on with it. He subsequently obtained a commission for him from my uncle Collingwood to paint a chestnut horse, which was sent over to Doncaster for that purpose. This was the first order to paint anything that the coachman had received; and not many years after, that coachman's name was known all over England as Herring, the celebrated animal painter.

When he was at the height of his fame my uncle Charles one day went to call upon him. He was delighted to see him, referred



to their drive on the Doncaster coach, and said, "You were my first friend—the first person who said a word of encouragement to me." He made him a present of some proof prints of his pictures of horses.

There was another *protégé* of our family, who, though his name may have passed away, was none the less a remarkable man, Thomas Witlam Atkinson. He was the son of the head mason at Cannon Hall, and his mother was housemaid there. At the time of my grandfather's death, he made a design for a tomb for him, which showed so much talent that my uncle Charles sent for him, and told him that he had his fortune at his fingers' ends, but *not* as a mason. He went to London, engaged himself to a good architect, and rose rapidly in his new profession. My uncle once asked him where he got a precedent for some part of the work in a church in Manchester, which had particularly attracted his notice; he replied, "I am tired of taking precedents; this time I intend to give one." When the great fire at Hamburg occurred, he went thither, where he soon became extensively employed, and obtained great distinction. On the Emperor of Russia passing through

the city, he was so struck with his work that he sent for the architect, and at once engaged him to go to St. Petersburg. He was employed for many years on Imperial works, both in St. Petersburg and in other parts of the Russian empire, including Siberia. He wrote two very interesting books, illustrated by his own drawings—"Oriental and Western Siberia : a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia," (1858), and "Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China," (1860). These works were read by everyone at the time, and were considered most interesting.

When he came to England, he paid a visit to Cannon Hall, and was taken over on one of the public days to Wentworth House, when he was considered quite a lion. He attended the Harvest Festival in the school-house at Cawthorn, where he was the chief speaker, and recounted many of his adventures to the village people, who were delighted, and justly proud of their distinguished fellow-villager.

Another village celebrity, though one of a later date, and less known to fame, was Abel Hold. He was an untaught, but, certainly, a remarkable genius : he was too fond of painting mere pot-boilers, or he might have risen to eminence. His birds and animals were excessively clever, and he painted with the greatest facility and rapidity. He sent some of his pictures to London, and they were admitted into the Academy.

A portrait painted by him is still at Cannon Hall. It is of "Jonas." There were two brothers who had worked there as carpenters all their lives, Jonas and James Beaumont. Jonas brewed the most wonderful ale, which was renowned far and near, and Archie Macdonald dubbed it "Jonas." Ever afterwards all the gentlemen used solemnly to ask for a glass of "Jonas" whenever they wanted some beer at luncheon.

Jonas was very ambitious of having his portrait painted, and hung "amongst the ancestors : " so he got Hold to paint it for my father, and it was hung up on the principal staircase, where it made a very good appearance.

My uncle Philip was one of the Royal pages. He had been at the palace only a few days when he suddenly met the King, who stopped him and said, "Well, my little man, and how are you getting on?" "Toll-loll, pretty bobbish," was the thoughtless answer.

He eventually became Colonel of the Life Guards and General. He was a man of many friends, and was very fond of society and of visiting. Unfortunately, he never saw active service, the Guards being hardly ever ordered out of England, and he was, therefore, of necessity, rather a carpet knight.

One chance of being distinguished he certainly missed; it was at the end of the Crimean War. The Guards were ordered out to Sebastopol, and it was a question who was to command them. My uncle then told me that he had a conversation with Lord Rokeby, who said to him, "It lies between you and me which of us is to go: it is your right, and you ought to go; but they will send me, because I am a lord."

This opinion was justified by the result: Lord Rokeby was sent out in command; but he arrived after all the fighting was

over and Sebastopol had been taken ; he had no opportunity of striking a blow, but marched into the town as a victor, at the head of the Guards.

When the troops returned to London, and marched in triumph through the streets, everybody was so amused at Lord Rokeby ; he was in such a state of elation as he headed the Guards up St. James's Street, waving his sword over his head, as much as to say, " See the conquering hero comes ! " \*

My uncle Hugh was the youngest son. He was a barrister. He was very active, a great runner, and a devoted fisherman.

There was a story of Lady Wharncliffe coming to stay at Cannon Hall, and she

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\* In mental ability and learning my grandfather stood head and shoulders above his brothers and sisters, Mrs. Hudson, perhaps, alone excepted ; and, consequently, he was never fully appreciated or understood by them. " John always was a queer fellow," as one of them says in a letter to his mother. My uncle Philip was no exception to the general rule ; but a kind-hearted and loveable man he was, and a remarkable one in several respects. He spent three quarters of the year visiting his friends in the country, fitting in his visits one after the other, and the remaining quarter was passed in town, where he dined out regularly every week-day, and gave a family dinner

deposed to having seen my uncle Hugh, who was fishing the water in the park, throw his line back and catch a cow. Off went the cow, and my uncle after it, unreeling his line all the time, so as to avoid breaking it. She said it was the most ridiculous thing—the cow in a canter and my uncle in hot pursuit all across the park. Of course it was a great joke against him—his fishing for cows!

He was a very good actor, and arranged our charades for us. He could disguise his face wonderfully.

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party every Sunday. Yet he never missed attending his church every morning at eight o'clock. He shot regularly until he was seventy-five. He was very fond of his rubber of whist, and played with the strictest attention to prescribed rules, nothing being allowed to interfere with the sanctity of his game. His appreciation of music was of the most limited character; yet I remember one occasion on which, even in his case, music conquered whist. He was engaged in his rubber one evening at Cannon Hall while some of the party were amusing themselves at the piano in the next room. It chanced that Handel's march in Scipio was played, and, when it was finished, we were surprised by hearing sounds of applause proceeding from the whist party. On looking round, we saw that the game had been suspended, and the General's cards thrown on the table: it was the tune which he had heard when watching the soldiers marching off for the Crimean War, the tune to which so many of his friends had marched to their death.—S. P.

My aunt Frances was very handsome when she was young, and had a fine figure. She caught the small-pox from the house-keeper, who had been to see a daughter who was ill with it, and they said that my aunt was completely altered by the effects of the illness.

Of my aunts, only one was ever married—my aunt Marianne; she married Mr. Hudson.

She had great powers of writing, and was extremely witty. She must have been quite her father's daughter in this respect, and, indeed, she did not harmonise with either her mother or her sisters: one of the latter, I remember, said to me one day, "Oh! did not we sing 'Oh! be joyful!' when she married." She had lived much abroad, and the life of the Continent suited her much better than that in England.

She spoke French wonderfully. One day she came to her mother dressed up as an old Frenchwoman—*Madame la Comtesse de Chiffons*—with a basket of lace to sell her. My grandmother could not get rid of her, and, consequently, bought much more lace than she required, never recognising that the vendor was her own daughter.

My mother has often told me that we could not, in these days, imagine the great sensation made by the novel of "Almacks," which was written by my aunt Hudson, nor the anxiety displayed to make out who the characters in it were, the guesses being generally wrong. The picture which it presented of Almacks, though it may appear exaggerated now, was, indeed, scarcely overdrawn. The coterie which governed the balls was so extremely exclusive that my mother simply did not dare to let out that she was able to go there every time, on account of the storm of jealousy which would have been raised against her. Her *entrée* was effected through her niece (by marriage), Lady Lichfield, who was one of the patronesses, and who, with one or two others, decided the fate of those who used almost to kneel to them in the hope of getting tickets. So arbitrary were the patronesses, that, to show their power, they actually refused a ticket to the Duke of Wellington.

The authorship of the novel was kept a profound secret, because it was written against Mrs. Beaumont of Bretton—Lady Birmingham in the novel—and it contrasted



Bretton with Cannon Hall. If it had oozed out that it had been written by one of our family, the Beaumonts would never have forgiven us. The book was in everyone's hands, but the secret was well kept. My mother told me how much she was amused one day when old Sir Robert Adair, the diplomatist (Lady Leicester's cousin), could not put it down; but, supposing, as everyone did, that it had been written by a man, he kept on exclaiming, "Vulgar fellow! why does he use all these French expressions?" my mother being conscious all the time that the manuscript was lying in the table-drawer behind her, it having been sent to her for correction.

Mr. Hudson was cousin to Lord Auckland, and lived at Tadworth, near Epsom, which reverted to Lord Auckland, who eventually sold it to Lord Russell of Killowen. My aunt, however, after the death of Mr. Hudson, retained it for her life, and kept it up beautifully, my uncle Philip acting as her agent. We used often to go to stay there.

I remember a ridiculous thing happening. After I married, and while we were living in Upper Grosvenor Street, my aunt

Hudson, who almost lived with us, and who was always welcome, used to take up her quarters at Begbie's Hotel, in Grosvenor Street, so as to be near us. One day she wrote word that she was coming up to London, and would dine with us, and would come to have tea with me at five o'clock. Accordingly, on the stroke of five, there was a knock at the hall door, and Mrs. Hudson was announced. I flew to embrace my aunt, and found myself in the arms,—not of the right Mrs. Hudson,—but of Mrs. Hudson, the “Railway Queen,” whom I scarcely knew.

After the death of my grandfather, my grandmother and aunts went to Versailles, where they remained for two years.

On one occasion, when visiting Cannon Hall at about this time, my father was very much struck with some wonderfully fine grapes there. He took a bunch with him to Versailles, and challenged the Frenchmen to beat them. They took up the challenge, but were defeated: they could not produce anything to be compared with the grapes from Cannon Hall. He gave some

of the vine to the Botanical Society, and allowed it to become public, with the proviso that it was to be called "The Cannon Hall grape." It is a white Muscat of Alexandria, the fruit being almost as large as plums.

I remember, when I was a child, there was a very pretty little vine at Cannon Hall which my father had brought with him from Greece. It was the Zante grape, from which our "currants" are made. These formed beautiful little bunches, which made such a pretty contrast to the Cannon Hall grapes, at the other end of the table. They had no pips. The gardener unfortunately let the vine die.

The King of the Belgians sent his gardener over to Cannon Hall to learn about the cultivation of the Cannon Hall vine, and built a house specially for it. Once when the Queen and Prince Albert had luncheon at Dalmeny, some Cannon Hall grapes were sent there, and Prince Albert remarked that they were much finer than what were grown at Windsor, and that he could not understand why grapes seemed to do better at Cannon Hall than anywhere else.

## CHAPTER III.

My father had a very classical and highly cultivated mind. He possessed great refinement of feeling, and a high appreciation of art. He was a very good historian, and was very fond of poetry, which he used to read aloud most beautifully, his rendering of Shakespeare being truly delightful.\* He

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\* My grandfather was educated at Westminster, and, subsequently, at Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner of Christ Church. Many of his letters when an undergraduate are clever and interesting, but are scarcely worth reproducing at the present day. Amongst his letters of that date I have found the following: it is in his handwriting, though whether it is his composition or not, I cannot say with certainty.—S. P.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A CHIMNEY BOARD.

Here lie entomb'd  
 The ashes, earthly parts and remains  
 Of a bright and aspiring genius :  
     Who, in his youth,  
     Discovered some sparks  
 Of a brilliant and volatile nature ;  
     But was, in maturity,  
 Of a steady and grateful disposition  
     And diffuse benevolence.  
     Tho' naturally  
     Of a warm temper,  
     And easily stirr'd up,  
 Yet was he a shining example  
 Of fervent and unreserved benignity.  
     For, tho' he might have been  
 The most dangerous and dreadful

had the most remarkable facility for foreign languages, and his French pronunciation

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Of enemies,  
He was the best  
And kindest  
Of friends.  
Nor did he ever look cool,  
Even upon his foes,  
Tho' his fondest admirers  
Too often turn'd their backs upon him.  
O, undiscerning  
And invidious times,  
When such illustrious examples  
Are thus wantonly made light of !  
Such resplendent virtues  
Thus basely blown upon !  
Tho' rather the promoter  
Of a cheerful glass in others,  
And somewhat given to smoking,  
Yet he was himself never seen  
In liquor,  
Which was his utmost abhorrence.  
Raking, which ruins most constitutions,  
Was far from spoiling his ;  
Tho' it often threw him  
Into inflammatory disorders.  
His days, which were short,  
Were ended by a gentle and gradual decay.  
His substance wasted,  
And his strength consumed,  
A temporal period was put  
To his final existence,  
By his being seized with a cold  
In one of the warm days  
Of the fatal month of May.  
His loss and his cheering influence  
Is often and feelingly regretted  
By his friends,  
Who erected this monument  
In memory  
Of his endearing virtues.

was excellent : he had learnt it from an old *émigré*, a Marquis de Moligny. Once in Paris at a fancy ball, where he had gone as a French Marquis, he was taken for a Frenchman by almost everyone in the room, till, at last, an English lady, who was determined to make out who he was, got hold of his seals, and saw his coat of arms.

In the early part of the 19th century, learned men became anxious for some more perfect knowledge than they then possessed of the famous battlefields of Greece. At that time even a journey from Yorkshire to London was considered an undertaking of no small magnitude, but a journey to Greece in the pursuit of scientific investigation was a much more serious business : with this object, however, my father left England in the year 1810.

I may, however, give the outline of his travels in his own words, as published in the later editions of his “*Plataea and Olympia*” :—

“In the month of January, 1810, I left England in company with my friend, Mr. Knox [afterwards Lord Ranfurly], with the view of visiting those parts of the

Peninsula which were then independent of the French ; and of proceeding afterwards by the way of Sicily to Greece. In pursuance of this plan, after having staid some time at Lisbon, we passed through the south of Portugal to Cadiz, from which place my fellow-traveller was obliged, on account of the state of his health, to return to England. I afterwards joined Mr. Haygarth, the author of the poem on Greece, who was then on his way to visit that country.

“ We proposed to embark at Gibraltar for Sicily ; but when the packet arrived, I was unfortunately so ill as to be unable to proceed. Mr. Haygarth, however, took his passage, and it was agreed between us that we should meet again in Sicily. But, as three weeks must elapse before the arrival of another packet, I felt great reluctance to remain so long in that fortress, and accordingly embarked there for Alicant, with the intention of afterwards passing on to Valencia, and from thence, by the Balearic Islands and Sardinia, to Sicily.

“ We had arrived off the port of Alicant, when a gale of wind obliged us to put

back into Carthagera. From Carthagera I proceeded by land, through Murcia and Alicant, to Valencia, where I remained three weeks, and took this opportunity of visiting Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, and other remarkable places in the neighbourhood.

“At the end of that time I became anxious to rejoin my fellow-traveller, as I was fearful of being too late to overtake him; and, on the recommendation of the gentleman who, in Mr. Tupper’s absence, acted as consul, I embarked on board of a Gibraltar privateer going to Majorca, which the number of French privateers then cruising off Valencia, rendered, in his opinion, the safest course I could adopt.

“After spending three days on board of this miserable vessel, I was treacherously carried into Barcelona, and delivered as a prisoner into the hands of the French. I shall not occupy the time of my readers with a relation of what befell me in that city, but content myself with mentioning that, after having been detained three months, two of which I passed in prison, I was sent through



Catalonia to Perpignan, and from thence to Verdun.

“I was detained two years at that Dépôt, and then obtained, through the interest of Mons. Le Chevalier, permission to pass three months at Paris.

“It is impossible for me to mention the name of this excellent and distinguished man, without thus publicly expressing my gratitude for the obligations I owe to him, and without mentioning that, however precarious his own situation might then have been, he never failed to exert his influence in favour of an Englishman, at a time when any connection with an individual belonging to that country was regarded as equivalent to a state offence.

“During this residence in Paris, I was fortunate enough to become acquainted with many of the most distinguished members of the Institute.

“Nothing could be more agreeable to my feelings than now to express publicly my gratitude to those by whom I was then countenanced and befriended, were it not that to most readers it might appear out of place and uninteresting.

“I cannot, however, forbear mentioning the names of M. Cassini, and M. Barbiè du Bocage, as it is to them I owe my introduction to the Institute, and to the high authority of their names I may principally attribute the interest which that body took in my behalf; and it was in consequence of that interest I ventured to present a Memoir to the first and third Classes, requesting that they would exert their influence with the Government to obtain permission for me to continue my travels on parole.

“My request was received in the kindest and most liberal manner. An application in my favour was immediately presented to the Emperor Napoleon by both Classes, and now that the political career of Napoleon is probably closed for ever, I am bound in justice to him to acknowledge the liberality with which he acted on this occasion; he granted even more than I asked; and, instead of simply permitting me to continue my travels on parole, he restored me unconditionally to liberty.

“As soon as I had procured a passport I proceeded to Germany; but the state of the Continent compelled me to return

to England, and after remaining there for a short time, I again proceeded, as expeditiously as I could, through Germany to Greece.

“Upon my return to Paris, I laid my materials before the third Class of the Institute, who appointed M. Barbière du Bocage to draw out a Report upon them.”

Although the results of my father's researches in Greece were published, the account of his travels still remains *perdu* in five or six volumes of manuscript at Cannon Hall. These volumes were written out at his dictation, partly by my mother, and partly by myself. I well remember the interest which they roused in me at the time, and, having recently obtained an opportunity of reperusing them, I found this interest revived to such an extent, that I decided to make copious extracts from them, and to partially save them, if possible, from the fate which is rapidly overtaking them, through the fading of the ink as years roll on.

These extracts, however, I will not insert just at present. They are confined to that portion of his journal which deals with his travels in Spain, and his imprisonment

there, and in France. Interest has not yet flagged in the occurrences of the Napoleonic era; and the adventures of one who suffered under the then existing state of things, and who came in contact with many of the actors in the great drama, must naturally attract our attention at the present day much more than the account of mere travels in Greece, which, though beset by numerous difficulties at that time, have now been repeated so often that they appear to be quite commonplace and lacking in special interest.

My father's published account \* of his discoveries in Greece was considered very clear, and met with a considerable amount of appreciation, both in England and abroad,

\* The publications were :—

“Topography illustrative of the Battle of Plataea.”  
London, 1817. 8°—Plates accompanying. Folio.

“Olympia; or Topography illustrative of the actual state of the Plain of Olympia and the Ruins of the City of Elis.” London, 1824. Folio.

This “was written at the desire of the third Class of the Institute of France, now [*i.e.* then] the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.”

“Topography illustrative of the Battle of Plataea, the Plain of Olympia, and the Ruins of the City of Elis.” London, 1835. 8°—Plates accompanying. Folio.

“Plataea, Olympia, and Elis.” London, 1865. Quarto.  
—S. P.

and secured for him his election as a corresponding member of the Institute of France in 1815, and as a Fellow of the Royal Society of London in 1816. They were illustrated by some beautiful drawings by De Wint, made from the suggestive and accurate, though quite unfinished, sketches of Allason, an architect whom he had taken out with him for the purpose.

The *Saturday Review*, referring to the last issue of his work, says :—

“The History of Mr. Stanhope’s Travels is curious in itself, and his researches become more interesting through their connection with those of the more famous traveller Col. Leake. That illustrious scholar, the father of all sound knowledge of Greek geography, travelled before Mr. Stanhope, but he did not publish his researches till after him. Mr. Stanhope had thus the opportunity of coming, on several points, to the same conclusions as Col. Leake by an independent process.

“Mr. Stanhope’s researches were incomparably less extensive than those of Col. Leake, but Col. Leake was the enquirer, who, in his own department, stands un-

rivalled, and Mr. Stanhope's researches, without at all approaching so unattainable a standard, were highly meritorious in every way.

"The circumstances of Mr. Stanhope's travels were very singular. They should be noticed, . . . as they record one of the few good works of the elder Buonaparte. . . . He was allowed to spend three months in Paris, where he made the acquaintance of many members of the Institute. Through their interest, application was made to be allowed to continue his travels on parole. He got more than he asked, Buonaparte set him at liberty unconditionally. He went to Greece, where he made his researches in the course of 1814, after which he returned to Paris, and laid them before the Institute. . . .

"Mr. Stanhope's connection with the French Institute was, as we have seen, of the greatest gain to him personally, and he naturally preserved a deep affection both for the body and for its individual members. But simply as an enquirer, we doubt whether the academicians did him any good. We believe he would have done

better if he had gone forth, like Col. Leake, purely under the guidance of his own wits. As it was, he went forth loaded with the notions of various Frenchmen, to whom, in his modesty, he looked up, but who, we suspect, were really his inferiors both in sense and scholarship. . . .

“The most recent editors and translators of Herodotus, of course, take Mr. Stanhope’s sense of the passage [respecting the Oeroe] for granted. They quote Col. Leake, but make no reference to Mr. Stanhope, who certainly forestalled Col. Leake in publication, though not in actual discovery. Mr. Stanhope must be glad to see the advance which both scholarship and geography have made since his own youth, and we have a pleasure of our own in pointing out the claims of a veteran student to an equal share in the merit of a discovery, which, obvious as it seems now, probably required then a considerable effort of independent thought. . . .

“We are thankful to Mr. Stanhope for a beautiful and useful book, which we have the greatest pleasure in introducing to our readers, because it strikes us that his services as an inquirer into Greek

topography have not been acknowledged as they deserve. This may be partly owing to the form of his works, in which he certainly fails to do justice to himself.

“No candid reader will forget that Mr. Stanhope travelled and wrote when there were no good guides to be had. The general accuracy of his views is guaranteed by their agreement with those of Col. Leake, who, as we have seen, has, in one case, made distinct use and acknowledgment of them.

“Mr. Stanhope’s interest in his subject has not been quenched by age, and we shall be glad if we can at all contribute to procure for him in the evening of his days the amount of appreciation which he clearly deserves.”

My father, during his travels, excavated a lovely arch at Pola: this is impressed on my mind because he had an oil painting of it made by Abel Hold from Allason’s sketches, and he explained to me all about it.

He would have done a great deal more than he did in Greece, but, unfortunately, he had a most severe attack of malarial



fever. His recovery, indeed, was very doubtful. I do not remember the details of his illness, but I remember his telling me that they were in a Greek habitation where there were a great many fowls, and the chickens were hopping over his face all day, while he had not the strength to get rid of them. Mr. Cockerell, Allason, and his faithful servant Dimitri, were with him. At last he began to improve, and got strong enough to sit on a horse, with some support; and the change of air, and exercise, gradually did him good, and enabled him to recoup his strength. He eventually returned to Paris, and then to Yorkshire; but it was years before he threw off the effects of the fever which had been so nearly fatal to him.

He brought with him several very valuable pieces of sculpture: one by Phidias, which he presented to the nation. It was valued at two thousand pounds, and Sir Joseph Banks sent his carriage-and-four to fetch it and convey it to the British Museum. He told my father that he wished to do honour to Phidias. There was also a very clever statue of a faun, a vase covered with leaves, and the head of Socrates with his

mouth open ; also a plaque with the most beautiful row of figures, like those of the Elgin marbles, and three or four columnar vases with figures upon them. All these are now at Cannon Hall.

I copy the following from an old newspaper :—\*

“In 1820, Mr Stanhope qualified as a magistrate, and continued to fulfil the duties devolving upon him in that position until advancing years rendered the relinquishment of all public offices imperative. Mr. Stanhope exercised the office of a magistrate during the stormiest period through which the town and neighbourhood of Barnsley has passed.

“Although the duty of reading the riot act, often rendered necessary by the tumults which distracted the district, never devolved upon him personally, he was brought into immediate contact with the mobs, which not unfrequently paraded the towns and villages of the neighbourhood, and by his presence of mind was at

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\* *South Yorkshire Gazette*, Nov. 15th, 1873.

one time especially instrumental in quelling a very serious disturbance.

“At the time of which we are now treating, owing to the unsettled state of the district, a force of military was constantly kept in readiness to aid the civil power, at the old barracks at Mount Vernon. Mr. Stanhope had a great objection to calling in the military to the assistance of the civil power, but when it was necessary his hesitation was turned into rapid decision. On one occasion, during the prevalence of what are known as the ‘Plug Riots,’ his coolness and decision were remarkably exemplified. A band of infuriated rioters, marching from Huddersfield, suddenly presented themselves at Cannon Hall. Mr. Stanhope went out and briefly asked them what they wanted. The men replied that they wanted something to eat and drink; and Mr. Stanhope immediately said, ‘It shall be supplied.’ Whilst the mob of roughs were engaged in partaking of the good things provided, Mr. Stanhope sent a messenger to Barnsley to apprise the authorities of the approach of the mob, and when the rioters arrived at the town, they

found both the civil and military authorities prepared to accord them a warm reception. They, however, wisely separated. Thus ended the 'Plug Riots.'

"Mr. Stanhope, during the greater part of his life, devoted himself principally to the duties devolving upon him as a country gentleman. In politics he was strictly conservative, but he never presented himself for election, although in the party contests which took place, he always exerted himself for the conservative candidate. The last time on which he exercised a vote was at the election of his son, Walter Spencer Stanhope, Esq., as one of the members of the southern division of the West Riding.

"As a landlord, Mr. Stanhope ever consulted the interests of his tenantry, and the publications he issued, entitled 'A Catechism on Agriculture,' and 'A Catechism on Cattle,' bore evidence to the desire which animated him, for the improvement of agriculture, and the success of the farmer."

My father (in spite of what is said in the newspaper which I have just quoted) did

once read the Riot Act at Barnsley, after which he quietly rode home, followed by his groom. All the way back he found the rioters sitting and lying under the hedges, and standing in groups on the road. The groom suddenly dashed past my father, and galloped off as hard as he could, leaving his master quite alone with the rioters, who, however, did not molest him. When he got home he asked about the groom, and was told that he had said, "His master was very ready to throw his life away, but he did not see that there was any necessity for *him* to do so too."

In the "Sketches of Local Characters" \* they say :—

"Mr. Stanhope's taste for practical farming, and for improvements in every department of agriculture, was doubtless fostered very materially by his annual visit to his father-in-law at Holkham Hall, at the celebrated sheep-shearings, when the first agriculturists in the kingdom used to assemble to see and hear of the progress the Earl of Leicester had made

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\* Probably in the *Barnsley Times* of 1873.—S. P.

in improving the breed of sheep and shorthorned cattle, and of the extent of barren waste that had been converted into fertile soil. There was, perhaps, no man of his day that rendered such service to agriculture as the late Earl of Leicester, and his annual gatherings of leading agriculturists tended in no small degree to diffuse knowledge and provoke emulation far and near."

To the reference made above to my father's interest in agriculture, I may add that he was very fond of trees, and of planting them. He told me that, when he was a young man, there was a certain plantation which he was very anxious to save from the destructive attentions of the boys of the neighbourhood, so he put up a large board with, "Anyone trespassing in this plantation will be spifflicated according to law." The result was very satisfactory; as the fear of spifflication, whatever it meant to them, deterred intruders from passing through the plantation, and the trees were unmolested.

## CHAPTER IV.

THIS chapter I propose to devote to some letters that I have come across, written by my father to his mother, which will, I think, prove interesting. I have copied them out, because the subject of them refers to what is now quite a thing of the past, and few people, perhaps, had such an opportunity of being identified with it as my father.

Travelling in the Highlands of Scotland was certainly difficult then, if not often actually dangerous. There were no good roads leading from one point to another, perhaps no conveyances to be had, and the traveller often had to scale several mountains before reaching his destination.

My father told me it was one of the most interesting and exciting experiences of his life, seeing Scotland in its natural and uncivilized state. No novel of Sir Walter Scott's could come up to the interest of taking part in the living reality. He was

under peculiarly good auspices, too, as his great friend and chaperon, Mr., afterwards Sir Archibald Macdonald, was a near relation of the Laird, Lord Macdonald, and it was not given to everyone to go a regal progress with the Lord of the Isles, all through his own dominions.

He said that the Laird stopped wherever he chose, sometimes in a great house, sometimes in a Highland shanty, but, wherever he went, all the clansmen were bound to receive him; and they joined the chieftain's "tail," as it was called, until he had a large following of his clan, and all in the Macdonald tartan. It was the most feudal sight that could be imagined, now long passed away for ever, and it was a wonderful thing to have personally realised the more than royal power exercised by the Highland chieftains.

Edinburgh was then not only noted for its clever and scientific society, but all the fashionable people of Scotland assembled there. London was much too far off for them to think of going there, and they had no connection with it.

It was, indeed, almost the same thing in Yorkshire in those days; the great county



families were, as James I. would have said, "Ships in the river"; very few ventured to the sea of London: Doncaster and York were their great gathering places, and Scarborough' was their favourite seaside resort.\*

"Edinburgh,

"August 3rd, 1806.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Your long wished-for letter has at last arrived, and was additionally welcome in conveying one of William's [his brother, Roddam].

"Since I last wrote, a considerable change has been operated in my ideas respecting Scotch balls, and I am at this moment upon my sofa, so thoroughly knocked up, that I do not think I shall go to the races. We have had two more; an excellent one, and a very dull one; the former was a subscription ball, with

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\* My grandfather also travelled in Ireland and Wales, but his letters when on these tours were not so interesting as those from Scotland. His mother seems to have been the recipient of most of his correspondence, and he often wrote to her in French, apparently with the same facility as he did in English. A considerable portion of the journal of the travels in Spain and France was also written, in the first instance, in French.--S. P.

a supper, for which I shall have to 'tug out.'

"I had the felicity of dancing with some of the greatest belles and best dancers of Edinburgh, the first and principal of whom was Miss Lammont of Lammont, the Laird of Lammont's daughter; she was very handsome, but, like most Scotch girls, not at all interesting, and excessively French. I danced, also, with a Miss Brown; there are one or two of them; they are very good dancers, handsome, but neither of them left any impression upon me. I experienced one of the most horrible of human miseries: I received a dead smite from Miss Graham of Kinross, who was a very elegant girl, and who, not having been much in Scotland, was a very great contrast to the Scotch manner, and I did not leave a pin unturned to get introduced to her: but, alas! when I did, not all her eloquence could prevail upon her mother to stay, as, poor me! she was going out of town next morning. I had, also, the supreme felicity of dancing with Lady Flaminia ——, who assured me she did not remember me, as she had not seen

me since I was a little boy. Yesterday I took a snug dinner with Archy Macdonald, and had the happiness of seeing the belle. I, notwithstanding all my skill in physiognomy, have not found out what she is like, but, in spite of Mary Anne's [his sister, Mrs. Hudson] ideas of beauty, am inclined to admire her. She certainly is a very fine girl. After writing such an account of her, I could not help going to hear their music, and found there the Laird of Lammont and Lord James Murray, to whom I was introduced.

As Dudley Macdonald is waiting to go with me to Sir John Sinclair's, where we are to dine to-day, I must conclude with assuring you that I am

“Your affectionate and dutiful son,  
“J. S. STANHOPE.”

“Edinburgh,

“August 6th, 1806.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“I wish I could enjoy the sight of the astonishment which your countenance will exhibit upon the receipt of this letter. To come at once, then, to the point: I am going to the Hebrides; and what is

more, I am going to canvass for the county of Inverness-shire. Though you may not envy me my scheme, I think you will envy me my companion. I am going with Archibald Macdonald. We shall sett off as soon as he has fixed Mrs. Macdonald in a house, where she can be confined. We are to have a gig, our two outriders, and a led horse; and, as I do not think that my horse is exactly calculated for the Hebrides, I wish, if I can, to sell him and buy a pony. So much for the future.

“I know that you consider these races as the summit of gaiety, but, what is more, I know that you are considerably mistaken in that notion; for, I think, of all the races I ever was at, they are the stupidest; the races themselves are horrible, though the view is very pleasing. The pleasure of the ordinary consists in pushing the wine about. \* \* \* \*

“Having just returned from the race-course, I take up my pen with a view to finish my letter. I got away from the ordinary about ten o'clock last night, and sett off for the ball with high expectations, but, alas! how were these

expectations answered? Pray tell my father that he may lay aside all fears of my taking advantage of the easiness of the Scotch laws with respect to matrimonial engagements, for there was not a girl in the room fit in the smallest degree to be compared with the *petite* Barlow; not one fit to breathe the same atmosphere with a certain lovely Hibernian. I do not intend to sacrifice to any Scottish belle my place as footman to Miss Cholmley. I did not think the dancing so excellent; but the worst was, that you only dance one dance with your partner, which makes it very disagreeable for a foreigner (for so they term us) who knows very few people.

“I never was so much amused as I was last night after the ball; the master of the ordinary came and told us that Frank Primrose [Lord Rosebery’s brother], who was most royally drunk, was offering to play at hazard for ten thousand pounds. We went to bring him home, and we found seven of them over their wine still; we had dined at five, and it was then two! I never saw such a scene in my life. Poor Sir John Scott was irre-

sistible; he wanted to speak, and began with a groan, by way of preamble, which lasted at least ten minutes, and not a single letter could he form in his mouth: it was impossible to stand it: I shouted so, that I prepared to run, in case he sent a bottle at my head. We, at last, after some difficulty, got Frank to bed.

“We are to have a subscription ball to-night, but I fear it will be very bad; for without girls, and without a lady manageress, what is to be done?”

“I look forward every day for a letter from you, for I am very desirous of knowing what you have been about since I left you. I think this a monstrous long letter, so adieu.

“Believe me,

“Your very affectionate and dutiful son,  
“J. SPENCER STANHOPE.”

“Edinburgh,

“August 7th, 1806.

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“I wrote to my mother to inform her of my safe arrival yesterday, but as it was too late for the mail, I did not send it. I arrived here early in the morning,

tolerably tired, and breakfasted with the Primroses, with whom I afterwards rode to Barnbogle.\*

“If he does build a Gothic house on the spot pointed out by Davidson, the architect, it will be an extremely fine place. We returned late to dinner, and found Milnes arrived with six pointers and numerous *et cæteras* for shooting, Lord Rosebery and all the family taking the races on their road from London. I do not think the races seem to promise well.

“Lord Kinnaird and the Duke of Gordon left Edinburgh yesterday; the dinners are likely to be most dreadful nuisances. Their drinking, which, I understand, is excessive, is varied by the ancient nuisance

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\* The old Castle belonging to Lord Rosebery, close to the water's edge (the Firth of Fife). The view has been compared with that of the Bay of Naples. It was to preserve this view and situation that our Lord Rosebery (*i.e.*, the late Lord Rosebery) built Dalmeny close by. Excepting at one corner, the sun is entirely excluded from the house, as it is backed by a very steep bank, with trees growing upon it. It is also built on piles, and cannot be very healthy. I have often heard old Rosebery say that he would not wish his worst enemy a worse fate than to build his own house. When I was at Dalmeny, Barnbogle was a ruin. I believe the present Lord Rosebery has built it up.—A. M. W. P.

of toasts, etc., and I think I shall have recourse to the feint of a bloody nose.

“Milnes is as mad as usual, stark mad after shooting; he does not care for the races at all. Primrose is trying all he can to get me leave to shoot upon some moors; he has got leave for Milnes for the same that he himself is going on.

“The horses arrived quite safe. Poor Joe [the servant] does not at all admire the whisky. Milnes and I have lodgings in the same hotel, and one parlour between us. With the new town I am delighted; the old one I have not yet much inspected. The language is quite beyond my comprehension. I can only understand some who talk like Lady Perth. The plan of many of the women of walking without shoes or stockings is no inconsiderable annoyance to me.

“As I cannot judge yet whether I shall like the Scotch or not, I will reserve my opinion of them to a future period. I conclude this scrawl with assuring you,

“I sincerely remain

“Your very dutiful and affectionate son,

“J. SPENCER STANHOPE.

“If you cannot read it, blame the pen.”



“Edinburgh,

“August 12th, 1806.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“Your letter is just arrived, and gave me great pleasure in conveying your approbation of my scheme. Your message I have delivered to Mrs. Macdonald, for I am now writing in her rooms.

“You may expect some time in September a visit from a brace of Counts; two Prussian noblemen of high rank, who have been travelling in this country by permission from their King. One of them is a Finance Minister. His cousin was sent by most of the other Prussian noblemen, just before the war broke out, to remonstrate with their King upon his conduct to the country. He found, however, upon his arrival in Berlin, that we had begun to take their ships; and he considered it, therefore, useless to execute his commission, but wrote a private letter to the King, to inform him of the general opinion of the nation; this my friend considers as a most spirited action, and prides himself upon it. I first met them at Sir John Sinclair’s, where I

dined. He entrusted the care of lionising them to Archy Macdonald. They are now gone to the Highlands, where, I expect, they will lose themselves. I have given them a letter to my father, so I suppose you will have the amusement of entertaining them, and laughing at Prussian *politesse*.

“The races are now entirely over, and Edinburgh has begun to assume a more melancholy appearance. Miss Lammont, however, is still here, and she is, without doubt, the reigning beauty. Even the little Lordling is quite smitten, and laments she will not patronize London. You cannot imagine how different the manners here are to those in your town. Dudley and I walked all over Edinburgh with her; she even took me into a house where she was going to call, and introduced me; I also made her a morning visit with Primrose. She is extremely handsome, but she talks—oh, how she talks! I would bet her against Miss Banks. Archy thinks she would be reckoned a first-rate beauty in London.

“I was much amused with Lady Sinclair, who, when we were talking about

Miss Lammont, recommended to me, in the most natural way, Miss Campbell. By the by, I have almost been in love with her; but I cannot comprehend her, she is either very proud or very stupid, though I cannot think the latter, as her eyes are very lively. I do not know, however, whether I might not have been dead-smitten, had not Lady Cawdor stayed here yesterday on her way to Cawdor Castle. I called immediately, and found her alone; she received me with a cordial shake of the hands, looked as charming as ever, and told me that she was very glad indeed to have seen me.

“As for our future schemes: we shall sett off to-morrow or next day; shall go first to Dupplin Castle, then to Blair, the Duke of Athole’s. We shall then go to the coast and Staffa; the Laird of Staffa will send his boat for us, and he will entrust us to the care of the Laird of the Isles, Lord Macdonald, for he still retains that title, though it was forfeited in the rebellion, and given to the Prince of Wales. If, however, he (the Prince) was to make his appearance under that title, the Highlanders would consider

him as an usurper and kick him into the sea.

“The direction to me, I enclose, and finish this long scrawl by subscribing myself,

“Yr. dutiful affectionate son,

“J. SPENCER STANHOPE.”

“Blair Athole,

“August 20th, 1806.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“Here we are at the Duke of Athole’s, where we arrived yesterday to dinner. The Dutchess I like very much; the Duke is very difficult to get on with, as he is remarkably shy.

“To give you a short account of our adventures: we left Edinburgh on Saturday in a chaise, having sent our horses on. As soon as we had crossed the Firth of Forth we met with a very considerable obstacle, that of finding no horses; but we at last mustered a pair of long-tailed cart-horses, and arrived at Kinross at seven o’clock to dinner.

“At Kinross there is a beautiful lake, with an island on which there are the remains of a castle where Queen Mary

was confined, and from which she effected her escape. After eating some famous trout, we proceeded on our journey with a cart-horse and a mail-coach-horse which was quite knocked up. At the Bridge of Earn we found our horses, mounted them, and proceeded to Dupplin Castle, where we arrived just after my lord had retired to bed. There we stayed Sunday. On Monday we proceeded to Perth, and from Perth we went to Dunkeld.

“At Dunkeld we were in the Highlands; but, instead of towering, bleak mountains, and nothing but heath all round us, we found one of, I may say, the most beautiful countries I ever saw.

“One of the Duke’s houses is here situated in a strath, or valley, watered by the Tay, and the mountains, which rise one above the other, are entirely covered with wood, principally young plantations: the effect is altogether beautiful.

“I saw there the Fall of Ossian, a most glorious waterfall, which it would require several letters to describe.

“We left Dunkeld yesterday, and, passing almost all the time through the

Duke's estate (and, amongst other things, the famous Pass of Killicrankie), arrived here at dinner.

"The Duke was in the forest with Lord Westmorland deer-stalking, but he came here this morning, with a brace of stags, in expectation of finding Mr. Lifford, a parliamentary overseer of roads, etc.

"As I have given you a brief account of what is past, I will now look to the future."

. . . . .

"Armadale,

"August 31st, 1806.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Here I am, thank God, alive, safe, and sound, after a journey which those who have never been in these parts cannot in the least degree conceive. Talk not to me of bad roads! What can you, what can anybody know of a bad road, who has not seen the Corry Arrach, who has not scaled the Raltian!

"But I will endeavour to pursue my narrative from the place where I left off. I left you, I think, at Blair. We stayed

there longer than we intended, long enough, however, to be perfectly at home there, for, as we had rain all the time, we were compelled to amuse the ladies, who consisted of the Dutchess and her young party, Lady Amelia and Lady Elizabeth; Augusta Murray, sister to Sir Peter Murray of Auchtertyre, and an intimate friend of Lord Melville's (she is a very nice girl, and was a belle); Miss Knight, the Dutchess's protégée, and part of her dowery; and Catherine Hay, her niece, a very pretty girl, not yet out of her pupilage. I made love very strenuously both to Lady Elizabeth (who is pretty, but very brusque), and to Miss Hay. The Dutchess, I liked very much. I had a much better introduction than any Mrs. Beaumont could have given, as she rather ignores her, whereas Macdonald is her chief councillor. I saw Lord Westmorland there.

“We at last sett off, and arrived, quite wet through, at Dalwhinnie, where we found Lord Blantyre shooting with a party consisting of his brother, Charles Stuart, his uncle, and Burton Fyle. We

dined with him, and proceeded next morning on our way over the Corry Arrach. It was three miles up to the top, and six miles down on the other side. The road was a zig-zag one, with the surface covered with large, loose stones, and every now and then it degenerated into steps cut through a rock. Over this we went, in the middle of a dreadful rain, abetted by a most violent wind, so that we were dripping with rain, and frozen by the sharpness of the wind. We at last, however, arrived at Fort Augustus, where we found Neville, Lord Braybrooke's son, and Vansittart, who were making a shooting tour under Macdonald's direction, and who had left Blair before us, that we might not be inconvenienced at the inns for want of room. We rested ourselves with them a day, and paid a visit to the Governor, Colonel Brodie, an enormous quiz. At last we sett off again: but to describe our difficulties would be impossible. The road lay through the mountains, and wound round them. The general style of the country was a glen, with a river running through the middle of it, the



mountains rising almost perpendicularly on each side and in front; and every moment a furious torrent, collecting all the rivulets from the top of the hills, swelled to an amazing size by the quantity of rain that had fallen, precipitated itself from rock to rock with foaming rapidity, and added a degree of majestic horror to the scene by its roaring sound. Some of them, indeed, were so grand as to make us for a moment forget the pitiless rain and wind that poured its utmost rage against us. You will naturally be desirous to know what kind of a road these barbarous regions produced. It was composed of rocks and loose stones, *and variegated with rivers and bogs*; the consequence was, that we were obliged to trust to our own legs, as the only safe way of proceeding, and the only means of keeping us alive, from the intenseness of the cold.

“We had left Fort Augustus in the morning at eight, having received information that an inn was to be found about ten Scotch miles off. When we arrived there, the inn was vanished. Imagine, if you can, our horror! We were forced to

proceed, and arrived at about five o'clock at a most miserable hut called Strathchamy. It was too contemptible to pay taxes, but there we met with a most extraordinary character — a true Highlander, *a gentleman in his own ideas*; who had four brothers, officers in the army; called great men his intimate friends, and affirmed that he did not keep an inn, but only accommodated people who were benighted; in short, he amused us amazingly. We slept without taking our clothes off.

“The next day we experienced a worse journey, and crossed the sea in a storm, in a very small boat. Next morning, to our great astonishment, we saw the sun again; a fortnight had elapsed since we had seen a fine day, and we had been wet through every and all day since we had left Blair. We came here by sea, and here we are with the Lord of the Isles.

“I received your letter, and Macdonald desires numerous compliments.

“Your very dutiful son,

“J. S. STANHOPE.”

“ Scandon, Isle of Skye,

“ September 14th, 1806.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ Many thanks for your long letter dated the twenty-first. In these distant regions you may easily imagine it gave me very considerable pleasure to hear of and from you ; but, however remote these regions may be, they do not abound in barbarism, for this very spot in which I am writing can boast of one of the most charming and most elegant girls I ever saw. Of course, I am most desperately in love, and as there is a *parson* in the house, *to foretell the consequences would be as impossible as it would be useless.*

“ But to resume the thread of my despatches, the last of which, I fancy, dated from Portree. We left (that is to say, Archibald Macdonald and I, as we found that business detained the Peer there) in company with our present host, and arrived at this place, where we spent last Sunday. On Monday we proceeded to join Lord Macdonald at Kingsborough,

sacred as the habitation of Flora Macdonald; it is now, however, in the possession of Major Campbell. We dined and slept there, and the next day arrived at Mugset, belonging to Major Macdonald, a true old Highlander. From there we went to dinner one day to Ard, the north-west extremity of the island, and thus we have now travelled from the southernmost point to the most northern, and all was Lord Macdonald's property. We dined at the house, or hut, of two old ladies, who produced a bowl which the Prince, *alias* the Pretender, broke, by suffering it to fall from his hands, when anxious for more punch; but, as it was broken exactly in half, it had been easily joined together, and we concluded the dinner by drinking some punch out of it to the memory of the *Prince*.

“After staying two days at Mugset, we returned to Kingsborough, where we again dined and slept, and returned here after having crossed a very rough arm of the sea. We were received here in style, for, upon the moment of our host's meeting us, two field pieces, which were drawn

out to the sea-shore, fired a grand salute. This place, I fear, we leave to-morrow. We travel to a great degree in the old Highland manner: we are obliged to stop at the houses of all the proprietors and drink whisky, and every step we go we make an addition to our party; the consequence of which is that every house we arrive at we fill.

“To-day, my friend, the parson, did duty in the house; he commenced with giving out a psalm, and, after the discourse, he, to my utter astonishment, prayed for Lord Macdonald, and afterwards for the younger branches.\*

“This is the best house we have been in since we have arrived in Skye. Our host is a Macdonald, colonel of one regiment of the Volunteers, and has been in the East Indies. People here have very large families, and all their

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\* My father told me that one day in Skye, when he was walking with one of Lord Macdonald's gillies, he questioned him a little, wanting to find out exactly what allegiance they owed to the Laird: the man turned round, and said, “I would have your head off in five minutes, if I had the Laird's orders for it.”—A. M. W. P.

sons go, if they can get a writership, to the East; if not, into the army.

“I certainly was considerably astonished at your Royal visitors, and shall expect next to hear that you have been entertaining the Prince himself. The little Viscount and myself correspond, and he states that the aggregate number of moor-fowl killed was three hundred and sixty-eight brace. What are become of my Prussian friends I know not. I suspect they must have lost themselves. Poor Lady Francis Hay is dead. I saw her in Edinburgh, but was not introduced to her. Why did you not introduce Glyn to Lord Milton? They would be fit society for one another.

“The best direction for your letters will be Post Office, Inverness.

“When you have got as far as this you probably will be beginning to yawn, so I had better conclude with assuring you that I constantly remain

“Your dutiful son,

“J. SPENCER STANHOPE.”

“ Raasay,

“ September 19th, 1806.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“If you open Johnson’s “Tour,” you will find the Laird of Raasay described as the very essence of hospitality. If you look into Mrs. Murray’s “Tour,” you will find the present Laird, son to the old one, abused like a pickpocket for his want of hospitality. You will almost wonder at my courage at coming here after such an account, but I assure you I have had no cause to repent of it. Raasay is shy, and, therefore, I can easily imagine Mrs. Murray might mistake him; but, so far from being deficient in hospitality, he is now detaining us, rather against our will, on a fine day.

“The party here consists of Mrs. Macleod, the Laird’s wife, a young and very pleasing woman; Miss Ross, a fine girl, but an absolute Fingalian; she looks down upon me, and, I think, promises to hereafter be as fat as she is tall; two other nameless young ladies, two ministers, our two selves, and Leandel

I am obliged to be upon my guard, as Miss Ross is a great crony of my Leandel Belle.

“Our adventures on our way here were few. On Monday I *tore myself away*, as one of the party expressively termed it, from the Belle. We paid a visit, *en passant*, at Kingsborough, in our way to Portree, where we were detained two days by the weather. Yesterday, however, we crossed the sea in an open boat at this place, in the midst of the equinoctial gales: and a rough sea, indeed, we had. To-morrow we join Lord Macdonald at Scalpa.

“This is the first place like a house that we have seen since we have been in the Hebrides; and there are some large trees here. We danced reels all last night, as we had the pianoforte, accompanied by Raasay with a fiddle. We had recourse to dancing, in order to interrupt a dispute concerning the Troad and Herodotus, and other deep subjects, in which Macdonald and I were opposed to the two parsons. I found my parson perfectly obstinate, and so silenced him with a reel.



“You will be rather desirous of having some description of the Belle that gave me such a wound at Leandel. I will attempt it, therefore. She is about sixteen, very tall and slim; a beautiful figure; draws very well and understands French and Italian. Her first appearance did not strike me; but when I accompanied her in scrambles over the rocks, or in voyages round the world on a globe in the evening, I became so palpably smitten, that, since I have left her, I have had all the Skye wits bating me. I assure you, nothing but my *duty* to my father could have made me resist the opportunity that the presence of the parson offered; particularly, as she made *the most elegant* bow I ever saw. If it was not, however, for the presence of Leandel, I would try whether a Miss Fingalia was not suitable. So much for Skye belles; and so much for my letter; which now concludes with assuring you that

“I truly remain

“Your very dutiful and affectionate son,

“J. SPENCER STANHOPE.”

“ Armadale,

“ Sept. 24th, 1808.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ Here we are again at Lord Macdonald's, after all the difficulties and adventures we experienced on our tour. We were detained in Raasay longer than we intended, by the equinoctial gales. The Laird was extremely civil, and sent for his piper, who is, after old Macrimon, the best in the Islands ; and thus, like old times, we devoured our meals to the sound of the bagpipes. We at last ventured from Raasay on a very stormy day, and arrived, after a four hours' row, safe, but wet through, at Scalpa, to the great astonishment of Lord Macdonald, who is not a very bold navigator. The next day we crossed the sea to Corrychatuchan, and yesterday arrived here to dinner. From here, I believe, we go to Inverness.

“ There has been a most extraordinary christening at Inverness, and the young Laird of Glengarry was the hero of it. He was carried upon a bed of Glengarry heather through the streets preceded by the piper ; on each side of him marched

men of the clan in their Highland dresses, with their drawn dirks, and the Senach, or bard, brought up the rear. There was also a reel of chiefs, consisting of Glengarry, Lovat, the Chisholme and the Laird of the Macintoshes.

“Glengarry is a most extraordinary character, and is at least a century behind the rest of the Highlanders. He has committed crimes; has been acquitted for murder in a duel, only by a casting vote; and is now labouring under an action for an assault and battery. He attacked a doctor, when marching with a gang of his followers, and would have killed him, had not some of the garrison at Fort Augustus received intimation, and come to the rescue.

“What a very extraordinary event Fox’s death is! Those honours, for the possession of which he had sacrificed his consistency, and employed every manner of means, whether justifiable or not, were, when at last acquired, the cause of his death; and he that was, so very short a time ago, giving the character of Mr. Pitt, is now a subject for other people to dwell upon.

“The races at Pontefract, from your account, must have been very gay.

“I am afraid my poor Counts have lost themselves, and what they will do in that case I know not, as they have only a leave of absence for a stated time.

“The Duke of Montrose has had an opposition party with him, so I hope they have arranged some proceedings for the next session.

“They tell me here that I look much better since I have been in Skye. Macdonald desires his best compliments, love to all at home.

“Believe me,

“Your very dutiful and  
affectionate son,

“J. SPENCER STANHOPE.”

“Blair Drummond,

“[?] Sept. 11th.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“As some time may elapse before I shall have another opportunity of writing to you, and as I can secure a frank, I will send you a few lines to tell you what we have done.

“From Edinburgh we went to Camoch, Stewart’s house, on Friday last; we remained there till Monday, when we went to Lord Dunmore’s to dinner, slept there, and then came on here to Drummond House. Stewart’s is a nice house; an old Scotch castle: it is well furnished, but he is much too careful of his furniture. At Lord Dunmore’s we were very kindly received. He is living now in his steward’s house, but is building near it a handsome Gothic house. It already makes a splendid appearance, and will be in good taste. We found Lord Dunmore a very gentlemanlike, pleasant man. We were very kindly received here, but our hostess is in a very bad state of health.

“To-day we are to have a party; one of the Scotch grandees is to be here. To-morrow we shall proceed on our tour. We think of going first to Crieff, and so round by Loch Earnhead to Callander; from thence to Loch Katrine, and then to Loch Lomond; then to Glasgow, Lanark, the Falls of the Clyde, and to Edinburgh.

“This is a very nice place, the park is uncommonly well timbered, but flat; all

sameness is, however, removed by the Highlands, which bound most of the views.

“Nothing can be worse than the weather we have had, and it does not seem to bid fair to improve at Drummond.

“I am in a stupid humour, so I will conclude. Love to all.

“Your dutiful son,

“J. S. S.”

The following letter is only a fragment, and from whose house it was written I do not know; it gives an account of a wonderful echo.

“At last we arrived at the end of the upper lake; but not a sign of the boat: in consequence of that, we got into a small boat, which conveyed us to Ronan’s Island, where there is a beautiful cottage cut entirely in the rock. The Island is covered with arbutus and other trees. At last our boat arrived and we enjoyed our luncheon; I think I may call it dinner, we ate so much. We now tried the effect of the bugle again, and of a cannon, which

we fired from the top of a rock, the effect of which is inconceivable. You first hear a cannonading all round you, the sound then dies away in distant murmurs, and then comes rolling on like thunder; and sometimes you hear the different echoes for five minutes. The upper lake is wonderfully fine, though less extensive than the lower: it is surrounded on all sides by the largest mountains in Scotland. The calm of the water, and the verdure of some islands, formed a delightful contrast to the rocky sides of the mountains. We tried our horn and cannon at a great many different places, but the finest of the whole was at the musical echo, where our trumpeter played the French horn. All his notes were immediately repeated by an amazing number of echoes, and each in a different tone. It put me in mind of a musical school, where the master plays a passage, and the scholars all follow him, some slower, some softer than the others.

“The passage which conducts from the upper lake to the lower, forms a completely different scene, for it is narrow, and the banks are covered with wood.

There is a bridge, under which the current rolls with an astonishing force. You have, what they term, to shoot the bridge, that is, to put your oars into the boat, and commit yourselves to the helmsman, who steers you into the current, and you are carried down with a rapidity that beats all the breath out of your body ; and, if the pilot should make the least mistake, there would be a grand finale.

“The next morning we were not a little overjoyed to hear that the band of a Highland regiment, stationed at Ross Castle, were going with the officers an excursion up the lake ; and we determined to fall in with them. We bent our course across the lower lake to the passage : here the scene was delightful. The company all got out of their boats, and remained on the bridge, until the boatmen got into the water (there were five boats), and towed the boats up the current with all their might. The band meanwhile were playing amongst the trees. Our boat was very near being lost ; it slipped from the men who were holding it, and must have been carried down, had it not been stranded upon a rock.



“ We at last got off, and the scene was beautiful—the band playing, the boats pulling against one another, and a charming day to boot; but the finest thing I ever heard, and what I never shall forget, was the effect of the band at the echo under the Eagle’s Nest. Conceive, if you can, the pipes, French horns, and all the softest instruments of a band playing the sweetest slow music, with an echo that returned you every note and every instrument with a softness surpassing all mortal sounds. I have frequently in my extensive novel and romance reading met with heavenly music, but never till then did I hear it. You might place yourself so as either to hear only the echo, and not the original band, or so as to hear both. We proceeded with them as far as the musical echo, and then hurried back, and shot the bridge, turned to the right, and landed in Dinis Island, which looks, on one side towards the passage, with a beautiful view of the bridge, enlivened by the rushing of the water down it, and on the other, to the soft and calm side of the Muscrup, or the middle lake. Whilst they were boiling some potatoes

to give an Irish zest to our lunch, we took a dip in the lake.

“After the men had finished their dinner, we proceeded down Muscrup lake, and landed at the peninsula.” . . . .

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“Never was a poor creature so terribly starved as I was when I entered my room five minutes ago, and was greeted with the agreeable appearance of a letter from you upon the table.

“This morning I started from Baron Norton’s house, about eleven miles from here, whither I went on Saturday. The grey, when he was brought to the door, broke from the servant, and ran into the road, where he lost his shoe. I consequently sett off on the pony, just as it was beginning to snow. Before I had got far, the most dreadful storm began, which converted the snow into a kind of hail, and raised a complete cloud in the sky, so that it was hardly possible to see before me. In short, about a mile from Edinburgh, I was obliged to stop at a turnpike. to put in a little new life. My hat and my coat were an entire sheet of ice,

and my eyelashes were literally frozen up, so that I could hardly see, and my hands were in agony. My good landlady here immediately offered me a basin of barley broth, which, with your letter, has completely restored me.

“This last week has been a very pleasant one to me. I mentioned my first party at the Dutchess of Gordon’s, where I met, and renewed my acquaintance with Lord James Murray, and met Mrs. Hay, the wife of Colonel Hay, who had seen you at Bretton, and various other people. The next day I called on Mrs. Hay, and found her with two very pleasant, but not pretty, daughters. However I liked them so well, that I sat a full hour there. The next morn I called again at the Dutchess’s. She asked me to come again in the evening, when I found all the apparatus of dancing, The Dutchess, who you must know is given over by her physician, takes it very coolly, and sat up till the end. Miss Fordyce introduced me at her desire to Miss Wynne, the painim that the old chevalier found out. She is Mrs. Freemantle’s sister. We immediately com-

menced a grand flirtation. She assured me that she had known everything about me, and all that I had done, since I had been in Edinburgh, and ended by asking me to go the next evening to her sister's, Mrs. Robert Campbell, Madame Eugénie.

“Accordingly I went, and found the chevalier, the Duke of Argyll, Lord John Campbell, another man, and a Miss Kinlock. They made a table of cards, and the Duke, Miss Wynne, and myself amused ourselves as we could. We had a snug *soupe*, and I was asked to come again the following evening, which I did, having made a previous call, and found them at home in the morning.

“That evening, which was Friday, I found the Duke, his brother, Lady Charlotte, and no less a person than Monk Lewis, who introduced himself to me, and became the greatest friends with me ; also a Miss Brown, who is something of a cruiser, whom I made teach me German backgammon. We had some delightful singing by the two Miss Wynnes and Lady Charlotte. So *me voila niché* in one of the highest houses in Edinburgh. I am only afraid they will not stay long,

as they are going to be turned out of their house. Mrs. Campbell received her visitors all her length on the sofa. My flirt is in figure a little like Lady Arabella Townsend, and fancies herself the most tonish girl in Edinburgh, and, at the Dutchess' ball, waltzed with the Swedish baron. He is very handsome, and is going to town with his two friends.

"I, however, am become great friends with two other Swedish barons. They are very young, at least, I take it, not above sixteen; but they are specially well-mannered, and very well-looking. One is the son of General Armsfeld, and the other of the late Governor of Pomerania; they have with them an *Abbé*, and are attending the lectures here.\* I met them at a fencing-master's who lives at the palace, and was extremely pleased with them, and, as they always talk French, it does me good. They have, also, been in Germany.

"On Saturday I sett off for Baron Norton's, though, by so doing, I lost a

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\* They became very intimate with us, and stayed a good deal at Cannon Hall.—A. M. W. P.

party at the play to which Miss Wynne had invited me. After a cold and dirty ride I arrived at his house, but he was out a coursing. He has a family of five children. Mrs. Norton seems to be a very good sort of woman, but does not understand keeping house very well." . . . .

"Methven Castle,

"Dec. 27th, 1807.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Here I am at the *ancien Château de Methven*. The party consists of the host and hostess, Mademoiselle Barbara, a Miss Chrystom, who is also termed an heiress, though she has only ten thousand pounds, Knox, and myself.

"But to begin methodically, and recount you the adventures of the past week. On Sunday I dined with Baron Norton. On Monday I dined at Lady Dalzell's, with whose son, an advocate, I had previously made acquaintance. Amongst others, I met there Lady —, Lord Buchan's sister, a most vulgar woman. She had with her a most beautiful *protégée*, with whom young Henry Erskine seemed to be smitten. She was

not, however, at all to my *goût*. I there learned something that I had so much suspected that I had never had courage to enquire, for fear my suspicions should be verified : it is that Miss Ogilvie is heir to Lord Audley, which, I believe, is a proscribed race ; thus, as Monk Lewis said in a letter to Archy Macdonald, it is one of the misfortunes of a gentleman to be always falling in love with the very person in the world he ought not. However, I am of so variable a disposition that I have already got over it.

“On Tuesday we had a famous debate at the Speculative upon the subject of the condemnation of Charles I. I gave them a longish speech, and afterwards adjourned to a party at Dugald Stewart’s, where I managed my cards so well with Lady Carnegie, that I have no doubt that she will introduce me to Lord Cathcart.

“On Wednesday morning Knox and I started for Kinross. We found Richard [his servant] bilious : on that account we did not pursue our original plan for riding, but left him to recover ; and about seven o’clock we made our entrance here. I had not been long in the house

before they informed me that 'Skyana' was at Perth, and, since they began, they have never ceased quizzing me, and more particularly her. You know Miss Campbell's excellence in the art of singing. She drew up such a caricature of 'Skyana,' that Knox could not rest till he had seen her. Accordingly we rode to Perth yesterday, and found her. Knox, who went to laugh, remained to sigh: he was quite smitten.\* I think she is a little fallen off, and has grown rather conceited. For my part I have, I fancy, got the character of an Oroondates in Perth, for the minister's daughter, upon seeing me, asked me if I was Mr. Stanhope that Miss Macdonald talked so much about.

"You will want to know how I stand in the good graces of Miss Campbell. I was received with a most gracious shake of the hand. For the first day or two

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\* We used to see a good deal of Lord and Lady Ranfurly, the Knox of those days. He was a very simple, warm-hearted person. Lady Ranfurly was a daughter of the Primate of Ireland. She had a very fine and most distinguished face, and was a very superior person. She was always very anxious that Lord Ranfurly should see as much as possible of my father, his great friend of old times. They had several daughters.—A. M. W. P.



neither Knox nor I could venture to encounter her, but since 'Skyana' appeared upon the carpet, we have had nothing but quizzing, and that produces a little amusing conversation, as you may suppose. I take Miss Campbell to be very clever, and I think she is certainly a very pretty girl; but then she wants a little polishing in some points: she literally takes snuff: but I know a way that I could cure her of that, were I her lord and master—I would smoke. I am not yet in love with her, and cannot make up my mind to it, though ten thousand a year, with a pretty girl into the bargain, is certainly not despicable. Pray tell my father that, if he won't let me go to Sweden, I will go to Perth: and so he may take his choice.

“Believe me, with best love to all,

“Your most dutiful son,

“J. SPENCER STANHOPE.”

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“A circumstance has happened which has induced me to skip my essay. Price, who ought to have read last Tuesday, had not finished his, and therefore he was fined half a guinea, and I five shillings, as

I was next in the roll ; consequently, he reads next Tuesday, and I am thrown back a week. Now, as I by no means liked the idea of mounting the rostrum, and sticking up between the two candles, I retired to bed. Adieu to Edinburgh and all the balls. I sett out on Saturday for Meltowen. There are some additional reasons which enforce this determination. Knox goes to-morrow, therefore our duett, which generally took place every night, must necessarily cease. The debates in the Spec,\* too, begin to flag ; but the most extraordinary of all is, that the Oxford men, *i.e.*, Price, Carew, Desart, Ackland, Huet, Fazakerley, and Hartopp, have actually determined upon so mad a scheme as that of giving a ball. The Dutchess, who is really come back, has sett her face against it ; but it will be now too late to stop it, as it is to take place on Monday week. As I do not particularly live with these men, they did not condescend to communicate their intentions to me. Now, as they take care to publish their names to the world by

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\* The Speculative Debating Society.

printing them round the invitation cards, I cannot help thinking I should make rather a melancholy figure at the ball; *ergo*, I start for Methven on Saturday, and at the same time send off my horses to Cannon Hall, where I intend to rest myself for a day on my way South.

“But now for the events of the last week. On Monday I dined with Macdonald, and afterwards went to the play. On Tuesday Knox dined with me, and we afterwards went to the Porters’ evening assembly—a grand mob, where Neckar and I had such fun in quizzing the extraordinary figures. There was a Chevalier le Blanc, as I termed him, who was all in black, except a white coat; there was a Signora Camisole, who was worse than the Miss Porters; and a Sir Timothy Strathspey, at whom we laughed so much, that he was afraid to dance any more.

“On Thursday I dined at Mr. Nathan’s, and afterwards went to Sir James Riddell’s ball, a very good one. On Friday I dined with Mr. Spencer’s friend, Mr. Dundas. From thence I went to Corri’s Concert, which was to end in a ball—one of the greatest mobs you can conceive,

where one only goes to quiz, not to dance, not unlike a Lord Mayor's ball. When the concert was over, nobody would stand up to dance. Lady Ashburton was patroness, and I was asked to open the ball with Miss Cunninghame. I never made such an exhibition in my life.

“Yesterday I rode over to Barnboughle : the inhospitable doors at length opened to receive me, and I found the old Peer [Lord Rosebery] in his elegant dress, with one stocking off, and a surgeon examining one of his toes. Upon my entrance he burst out with, ‘Not see you, Stanhope ! I should as soon think of refusing to see Primrose.’ He then informed me of the intended marriage,\* and seemed quite delighted at it. He also seemed very much gratified at my calling upon him.

“I afterwards dined with Macdonald, and went to the play to see Mrs. Siddons.” . . . .

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\* His son's marriage to Henrietta Bouverie, Lord Radnor's daughter, I suppose.—A. M. W. P.

## CHAPTER V.

My maternal grandfather was Thomas William Coke. His father had inherited Holkham from his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, on the death of the only son of the latter, Lord Coke, who had married the beautiful Lady Mary Campbell, daughter and co-heir of John Duke of Argyll and Greenwich. She was quite estranged from Lord Coke, and the marriage had been a very unhappy one. She is often mentioned in Horace Walpole's letters. In the tapestry in my mother's bedroom at Holkham, there was a full-length portrait of her.\*

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\* THOMAS COKE, created Earl of Leicester, 1744, died, 1759, had only one child—

EDWARD COKE, who died, s.p., 1753, in the lifetime of his father, after marrying Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich.

Lord Leicester was succeeded by the son of his sister Anne,

WENMAN ROBERTS, who assumed the name of Coke. He died 1776, leaving two sons and two daughters. Of these—

(1.) THOMAS WILLIAM, married, first, Jane, daughter of James Dutton; she died in 1800; and in

Lord Leicester had lived for seven years in Rome, studying all the plans for the building of Holkham, and whenever it was subsequently suggested to my grandfather that he should make any change or alteration in anything, he, with his usual good taste, always refused, saying, "I should certainly not rashly venture to interfere with what has been the result of years of careful study in Italy." One of the relics at Holkham connected with Lord

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1822 he married Lady Anne Amelia Keppel, daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. He was created Earl of Leicester in 1837 ; died 1842. By his first wife he had—

1. JANE ELIZABETH, who married, first, in 1796, Viscount Andover ; and, second, in 1806, Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Digby. By him she had two sons and one daughter, Jane Elizabeth, who married, and was afterwards divorced from, Lord Ellenborough.
2. ANNE MARGARET, who married in 1794 Thomas Anson, created Viscount Anson in 1806. They had seven sons, of whom—
  1. The eldest was created Earl of Lichfield, and
  2. The second married Isabella Weld, daughter of Lord Forrester, and six daughters, of whom—
    1. ANNA MARGARET, married in 1819, Archibald John, 4th Earl of Rosebery.

Leicester's life in Italy, is a very beautiful headless statue. He sent it out of Rome by night, and was imprisoned for so doing.

Lord Leicester was Postmaster-general. He established a post-office at Holkham, and the coaches called there twice a day for letters.

4. FRANCES ELIZABETH, married in 1835 the Hon. Charles James Murray, and in 1853, Ambrose Isted.

5. FREDERICA SOPHIA, married in 1838 Bouverie Primrose, 2nd son of Lord Rosebery.

6. ELIZABETH JANE, married in 1837 Lord Waterpark.

3. ELIZABETH WILHELMINA, who married in 1822 John Spencer Stanhope.

By his second wife he had—

1. THOMAS WILLIAM, the present Earl of Leicester, born 1822 ; married in 1843 Juliana Whitbread, and in 1875 Georgiana Cavendish, daughter of Lord Chesham.

2. EDWARD KEPPEL, born 1824.

3. HENRY JOHN, born 1827.

4. WENMAN CLARENCE WALPOLE, born 1828.

5. MARGARET SOPHIA, born 1832, married Sir Archibald Macdonald.

(2.) EDWARD, of Longford, in Derby.

(3.) MARGARET, married Sir H. Hunloke.

(4.) ELIZABETH, married James Dutton, first Lord Sherborne.

In reading Mrs. Lybbe Powys' Diary (1756),\* I came upon an account of her having gone over to Holkham at a time when the building was not yet finished. She says:—

“Mr. Jackson [with whom she was staying] would make us go one morning to see Lord Leicester's; to this we consented, tho' eighteen miles off. As we had heard so much of this place, we could not quit Norfolk, which we now talked of in a few days, without going there; so last Friday we set out very early in the morning, ordering dinner later than usual.

“The name of the magnificent seat is Holkham. Two miles before you come to the house is a grand triumphal arch, the rusticated ornaments of which are very fine; from this you have the new plantations, which, when grown, will have a noble effect on each side for two miles; in front a grand obelisk, a church, the numerous buildings in the grounds, and the whole terminated by the sea, tho'

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\* “Passages from the Diary of Mrs. P. Lybbe Powys,” Longmans, 1899.



that is distant; at the end of this avenue are two lodges. And now, entering the park, you have a view of a stone building, esteemed the most elegant of its kind in England.

“It has already been thirty years begun, and is not yet completed; but when that era arrives, it will be magnificent indeed!\* It extends three hundred and eighty feet in front; the grand hall is the height of the house, which is fifty feet; round it is a colonade of alabaster pillars, which gives it a noble appearance.

“Fronting you is three steps along a vast way into the hall, which they call the Tribune. This rise had a pretty effect. From this you come into a fine saloon, hung with crimson velvet; the cornishes richly gilt, and many capital pictures standing there to be put up.†

“On one side of the saloon is a smoking-room, bedchamber, and inner apart-

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\* Lord Leicester did not live to see it completed. The building was finished by his widow, who survived him sixteen years. (Burke.)—S. P.

† Mrs. Lybbe Powys' diary has been reprinted by its editor without any corrections, and the earlier portions of it are very loosely written.—S. P.

ment, called the Duke of Cumberland's, all to be hung and furnished as the saloon; on the other side are the same rooms, called the Duke of Bedford's, hung and furnished with crimson damask.

“A gallery, a hundred and twenty feet long, is, of its kind, the most superbly elegant I ever saw; but the whole house deserves that distinction. The gallery is painted a dead white, with ornaments of gilding: at each end is an octagon; one fitted up as a library, and the other with busts, bronzes, and curiosities too numerous to mention.

“This is the centre of the house, besides are four wings; one contains all the offices in general, all answerable to the rest. Such an amazing large and good kitchen I never saw; everything in it nice and clever. But I've heard Mr. Jackson talk of Lady Leicester's\* great notability; they are there often, you know, for a week together: she never misses going round this wing every morn-

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\* She was Lady Mary Tufton, daughter and co-heir of Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet.—A. M. W. P.

ing, and one day he was walking by the windows, and he saw her ladyship in her kitchen at six o'clock (a.m.), thinking all her guests safe in bed, I suppose.

“ Her dairy is the neatest place you can imagine, the whole marble. In Norfolk they never skim their cream off, as in other places, but let the milk run from it. The things here, too, are all of marble, so that it all looks so delicate, and the butter made into such pretty patts, hardly larger than a sixpence.

“ The second wing is called the Chapel wing, tho' that is not yet built.

“ The third is now finishing, with grand sets of apartments for the company they may have with them ; and in the fourth wing is the eating-room, drawing-room, library, bedchambers, and dressing-rooms, constantly used by Lord and Lady Leicester themselves ; and, in a closet here of her ladyship's, we saw the miniature pictures of the family for a series of years past, done by the best hands. In this little cabinet, too, are a thousand curiosities of various kinds. Among the pictures was their daughter-in law, the beautiful Lady Mary Coke, and their son,

Lord Coke, who they had lately lost, to their inexpressible grief, being their only child. He and his lady, I think, were far from being happy.

“The situation of Holkham I don’t say much of; the grounds, indeed, are laid out with taste, and everything done that can be to strike the eye, but still it must boast more of art than nature’s charms, and to me the reverse is so much more pleasing; but, indeed, I do not admire Norfolk’s country; ’tis dreary, ’tis unpleasing; in short, I wished a house like Lord Leicester’s in a spot more delightful, more answerable to itself.

“We had a breakfast at Holkham in the genteelest taste, with all kinds of cakes and fruit placed undesired in an apartment we were to go through, which, as the family were from home, I thought was very clever in the housekeeper; for one is so often asked by people whether one *chuses* chocolate, which forbidding word puts (as intended) a negative on the question.

“The roads not being very good, we had made poor Mr. Jackson wait dinner some hours; but, as we expressed our-

selves so pleased with our morning's excursion, he was happy."

When my grandfather was a very young man he had a great wish to go to New-market races. He went for permission to his uncle, who said to him, "Tom, my boy, you had better keep away." But Tom was not of that opinion. After some discussion, Lord Leicester said, "Well, Tom, if you do go, you must go in proper style": and he gave him a capital horse to ride, a servant to ride with him, and made him a present of a handsome sum of money. Thus equipped, Tom sallied forth. After some days had passed he reappeared at Holkham, but not in the same style in which he left it; he came back alone, and on foot.

Lord Leicester said to him: "Tom, where is the horse?"

"It is gone, Sir."

"Tom, where is the servant?"

"He is gone, Sir."

"Tom, where is your money?"

"All gone, Sir; and I give you my solemn word of honour I will never go to New-market again."

“It was money well spent,” he used to say in after days, “I kept my word, and I have never been near Newmarket since.”

He found a noble use for his great wealth, in spending it for the good of his native county, of which he was truly the benefactor, for he made Norfolk the first agricultural county in England.

My grandfather was very handsome as a young man, and when he went for the “Grand Tour” on the continent, he was generally called *le bel anglais* by the foreigners.

He escorted the Princess Louise Von Stolberg to Rome. She was the wife of the Pretender, Charles Edward, and she had just been married in Paris by proxy. She travelled in great state. The Pretender had been created Count of Albany, but he signed the marriage register as Charles the Third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. The Princess was the daughter of the late Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Stolberg Gedern, who was a Prince of the Empire, and a colonel of Maria Theresa's, and who had died in the Battle of Leuthen; her mother was the Countess of Harn. She was a bright, pretty

girl of nineteen, with laughing, dark eyes, golden hair, and a brilliantly fair skin.

As an acknowledgment of the impression which young Coke's good looks had made on the countess, she insisted on making him a present of his own portrait painted in Rome. I have seen that portrait at Longford, in Derbyshire. It is a lovely, and very graceful, life-sized picture. My grandfather is represented dressed in a masquerading attire of white satin trimmed with pink, and has a mask in his hand. He has nothing on his head. In the background there appears a statue of Cleopatra, with the asp on her arm. This is said to be a likeness of Princess Stolberg.

After leaving Rome my grandfather went to Naples. When he was there, a most remarkable eruption of Vesuvius occurred, one of the greatest eruptions there has ever been. I remember seeing a small oil painting of it at Holkham, with my grandfather and his friend going up the cone.

From Naples he went to Herculaneum, where the first excavations and discoveries were then being made. He was at Herculaneum when the tomb of Nonius the senator

was opened, and in it was found the famous red opal ring. Nonius had been banished by Anthony because he would not give up the possession of his ring; as an old account said, "He hugged himself in his banishment, and would not part with his ring." It is mentioned in Pliny as a perfectly unique stone, and the colours are described. It was then valued at an immense sum.\* It is supposed that Anthony wanted it for Cleopatra. My grandfather bought it then and there, just as it had been taken out of the tomb, and before it had been seen by anyone. He never would say what he gave for it, even under those circumstances.

He had by nature very fine taste, and, besides the opal, he bought at the opening of Herculaneum a magnificent antique of Minerva. It was very large and set transparent, there being four layers of sardonyx. Chantrey and Westmacott said it was the finest antique they had ever seen. It was afterwards protected by a gold back and glass, as my mother used constantly to wear it.

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\* Equivalent to £20,000 of our present money.—S. P.



The opal was given to her, with her mother's other jewels, when she was too young to know what to do with them. She had it set in fine diamonds as a brooch, and, unfortunately, the original setting of the ring was lost by the jeweller.\*

After my grandfather returned to England, he became member for Norfolk, and, subsequently, for many years was "Father" of the House of Commons. He represented his county in the House from 1774 to 1832.

Charles Fox, and Francis, Duke of Bedford, were my grandfather's greatest friends, and there were fine busts of both of them on the chimney-piece in the saloon. Mrs. Fox, as she called herself, was not permitted to go to Holkham.†

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\* Until recently there was, also, another celebrated opal in the family, said to have belonged to the King of Candy—S. P.

† I have found a sheet of paper on which were written the following lines, sent by Fox to Mrs. Fox on his fiftieth birthday.—S. P.

"Of years I have now half a century past,  
And none of the fifty so blest as the last.  
How it happens my troubles thus daily should cease,  
And my happiness thus with my years should increase,  
The inverse of nature's more general laws,  
You alone can explain, who alone are the cause."

Once, when Fox was at Holkham, he got very much laughed at for having grown so fat, and for weighing so much. My grandfather said he wondered which weighed the most, Charles Fox, or his fat cook? The idea was taken up at once, and all the party, surrounding Fox, hustled him off to the kitchen, and there, amidst great merriment, Charles Fox and the fat chef were weighed one against the other.

My grandfather was very fond of staying at an inn, and he always ordered something, as he said, "for the good of the house." One day he went to the Angel Hotel at Doncaster, and there they gave him, not a dinner, but a banquet. He asked the meaning of this, and was told that they expected "the great cook of Norfolk," and that they did not mean to be outdone by him.

Over one of the chimney-pieces in the saloon at Holkham there is a most beautiful full-length likeness of my grandfather by Gainsborough, the last portrait, I believe, painted by that artist, who afterwards confined himself to landscape. My grandfather was quite young at the time, and the face, which is very handsome, is painted in

Gainsborough's finest manner. He is represented standing under a tree, with his dog at his feet; he wears long boots, a broad-brimmed hat, and the short jacket of the period.\* Apart from its merit as a work of art, this picture has an historical interest as exhibiting the actual dress in which he appeared before George III., when, as Knight of the shire, he presented an address from the county of Norfolk, praying that monarch to recognise the independence of the American colonies.

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\* There is another portrait of him standing under a tree with his dog at his feet, but the dress is different, and the work is of a much later date than Gainsborough's. It is by R. R. Reinagle, and is "Dedicated (by permission) to the Holkham Grand Annual Sheep Shearing Meeting, and to the Agriculturists of the United Kingdom." It is known to me only through a print. A more imposing memorial of the Sheep Shearing is the Leicester Monument, a column 120 feet high, erected in the park at Holkham, in commemoration of these meetings. The Shearing took place occasionally at the Duke of Bedford's, at Woburn Abbey, instead of at Holkham. At the Abbey there is a picture representing the meeting there in about 1814, with portraits of all the more important persons present at it. In the background appear the buildings of the Woburn Park Farm, and into the foreground there has been inserted, with bold artistic licence, both as to time and place, the Holkham Monument. This monument was not completed till 1848. —S. P.

In 1776, my grandfather gave the casting vote for the independence of America.\*

I shall now quote one or two anecdotes which I have copied out from Lord Albemarle's book, "Fifty Years of My Life," because books of that sort, after they have been out a great number of years, become quite obsolete, and this having been written, not by a stranger, but by Lady Leicester's own brother, the anecdotes in it are well authenticated.

"The high price of wheat, and the low price of wages in 1815, led many of the working classes in the provincial towns, to hold tumultuous meetings for the repeal of the corn laws. Mr. Coke, as a true disciple of Fox, was no believer in Adam Smith's doctrine respecting a free trade in grain, and always voted, in common with other county members, for 'protection to agriculture.' In the month of March, 1815, he and my father attended a cattle-show in the Norwich Castle

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\* I am unable to explain the meaning of this statement, and can find nothing in Hansard to support it. I have let it stand, however.—S. P.

ditches. On the same day an anti-corn law mob paraded the streets, preceded by a man bearing a small loaf on a pole. Mr. Coke was immediately recognised: 'Let us seize the villain,' cried some of the weavers, 'and before night we will have his heart on a gridiron.' At the same moment they made a rush at their intended victim.

"In the crowd, a stalwart poacher, whom my father had once befriended, formed with his body a temporary barrier between the mob and the object of their resentment. Coke and my father took advantage of the momentary respite, and amidst a shower of stones scrambled over some cattle-pens. A butcher, named Kett, seeing their danger, opened the door of his pens, and having first twisted the tail of a large bull, let him loose on the crowd. The beast, maddened with pain, went bellowing and galloping down the hill. The mob dispersed in a trice, but quickly reassembled in greater force. The Riot Act was read, and the military, a regiment of Black Brunswickers, was called out. One trooper was wounded by a stone.

“In the meanwhile, the two fugitives made their escape to the Angel, now the Royal Hotel. It was whispered that Coke would be found in the boot of the London night-coach, now about to take its departure. The gates were opened, and the coach was searched, but no Coke was to be found; he and my father having escaped by the back way, were on their road to Quiddendenham,\* where they arrived safely the same evening.”

My mother used to speak with horror of the frightful riots there were at one time in Norfolk, and she has often told me of another incident very similar to the one just quoted from Lord Albemarle, perhaps, indeed, it is but a different version of the same story. It was at the time when she was grown up, and was mistress of Holkham. She spoke of the savage violence of the mob, how they swore that they would have her father's life, and uttered the most horrible threats: they would roast his liver; they would tear his heart out of his body;

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\* Quiddendenham was Lord Albemarle's place in Norfolk.—  
A. M. W. P.

they would have his life-blood. The market place at Norwich was thronged with a dense, threatening mass, when my grandfather called out, "Turn out my bull." It was his favourite animal. He took hold of it by the tail, and, bareheaded, I believe, faced the mob, scattering them right and left, as he went through the very thick of them, the bull tossing its head and pawing the ground. The anger of the crowd was appeased, and he escaped amid their cheers.

Lord Albemarle continues :—

"Early in November I accompanied the Duke of Sussex to Holkham.

"For three successive months Mr. Coke kept open house for his friends. Among the annual guests were Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians, and the Duke of Gloucester. These Princes desired to be considered as private friends, and dispensed with the attentions that etiquette usually assigns to persons in their station of life.

"The battues began on the first Wednesday in November, and continued twice

a week for the rest of the season. The quantity of game killed in the three months was probably not much more than it is now the fashion to slaughter in as many days: yet, the flint-and-steel guns were always fully employed, and everyone was satisfied with his day's sport.

"The non-battue days were passed, either in the turnip-fields among the partridges, or in the salt-marshes in pursuit of snipes and wild fowl.

"In a shooting establishment like Holkham, gamekeepers are persons of importance. Several of these were characters in their way. There was old Joe Hibbert, who had been a prize-fighter in his youth. On one occasion Sir John Shelley, who was celebrated for his neat sparring, challenged Hibbert to a set-to with the gloves, and some young men mischievously promised Joe a good tip if he would administer a little punishment to Sir John. Joe put on the gloves, but soon drew them off again, and, turning round upon his backers, exclaimed, 'Not for twice the money would I strike a gentleman.'



“One of Joe’s colleagues, but of a different sort, was Polly Fishburne, keeper of the Church-lodge. She had large black eyes, red cheeks and white teeth, her hair was cropped like a man’s, and she wore a man’s hat. The rest of her attire was feminine. She was irreproachable in character, and, indeed, somewhat of a prude. Polly was the terror of poachers, with whom she had frequent encounters, and would give and take hard knocks, but generally succeeded in capturing her opponents, and making them answer for their misdeeds at petty sessions.

“A Norfolk game-preserved once offered Polly a shilling a piece for a hundred pheasants’ eggs. She nodded her head. Soon after, she brought Mr. Coke a five-pound note. ‘There, Squire,’ said she, ‘is the price of one hundred of your Guinea-fowl’s eggs.’ Of course the Squire made Polly keep the five-pound note.

“One time that I was staying at Holkham a bull killed a labouring man in the salt-marshes. The savage brute was standing over his victim, and a crowd was assembled at the gate, when Polly appeared at the opposite side. There

was a cry, 'Get out of the way; or the beast will kill you.' 'Not he,' was the reply; 'he knows better.' She was right. The moment he saw her, he backed astern to the remotest corner of the enclosure. It turned out that the animal had once attempted to run at her, but she lodged a charge of small shot in his muzzle.

"Two young gentlemen once paid a visit to Holkham in the summer-time. The dinner-hour was half-past three, but the guests were not forthcoming. It was eight in the evening before they put in an appearance, and then looked uncommonly sheepish. At day-break they decamped without beat of drum. It transpired that they had expressed a wish to see the Church, and had applied to Polly, the keeper of the Church-lodge. On their way thither, one of them attempted to rob the said keeper of a kiss. Luckily for them they were guests at the Hall, or she would have treated them as she used to treat the poachers. She resorted to a milder punishment. While they were in the belfry, admiring the surrounding scenery, Polly turned the key on them."

I knew Polly very well. She was the daughter of Fishburne, the gamekeeper, who lived at one of the lodges. She was a regular character. She began by being kitchen-maid at Holkham; and, I remember hearing that all went well till she heard a shot fired, when down went the saucepans, and Polly jumped over the kitchen table, and was off.

I do not think that Lord Albemarle did her justice; she was certainly weather-beaten, but had unquestionably been a pretty girl, and was by no means unrefined. When we were children, and were staying at Holkham, Lady Leicester wished her to have her meals in the kitchen with the other servants; but they objected; so she settled that Polly should have all her meals in the room where we had ours, after we had done; and, consequently, we always met her every morning in the passage, and had a little conversation with her.

She told me once that Charles Greville tried to ride her down, to make out what she was, and, she added, "It was well for him he was a friend of Mr. Coke's, or I would have unhorsed him."

After some time she went to live in Yorkshire, in the village by Cannon Hall. She had a cottage at Norcroft, given her rent free, with a stable for her beasts. She used to go about with her short hair, and man's hat, on a miserable little Rosinante of a pony, flourishing a long whip, and driving before her three wretched cows, all skin and bone, which used to subsist on the patches of grass by the roadside; Polly's employment being to drive them from one patch to another and keep them free of cost.

Once when Leicester\* was at Cannon Hall, Polly came up to pay him a visit, and I happened to overhear her say to him, "Oh, my Lord, what a spree we had over them wild-ducks!"

She made Mrs. Clark of Noblethorpe promise to follow her funeral on horseback; and this Mrs. Clark did.

Lord Albemarle continues:—

"Early in June, I accompanied the Duke of Sussex for a second time to Holkham. The occasion was the famous annual sheep-shearing.

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\* *i.e.* The present Lord Leicester.

“Here were assembled men from all parts of Europe to witness the practical working of a system of husbandry, of which Mr. Coke was considered to be the founder. We sat down each day upwards of five hundred to dinner in the state apartments. There were plenty of speeches, principally on the science of agriculture.

“An exception to the rule was one from Lord Erskine, who afforded much amusement from the manner in which he dealt with a subject of which he was so profoundly ignorant. One of the theories broached in the morning was, that crushed oyster-shells would prove an excellent manure. The opinion was erroneous, but it was not then so considered. ‘Gentlemen,’ said Erskine, ‘we lawyers have been accused of eating the oyster, and giving the shell to our clients. The charge is true, but our host has shown this morning that we only take a fair share of the bivalve.’

“The dinner—an early one—was followed by a supper for the guests who remained in the house. Erskine, the soul of the party, recited some humorous

poetry of his own composition. The Duke of Sussex, and some of us who were not so gifted with an ear for music, sang songs, sentimental, bacchanalian, or comic, and, not the least amusing part of the performances, the foreigners made speeches in broken English. Altogether we spent several pleasant evenings.

“The sheep-shearing lasted till the sixth of June.

“In 1784, William Pitt the younger, wishing to draw Coke of Holkham from his allegiance to his rival Fox, sought to bribe him with the Earldom of Leicester, which had been previously in his family. The offer was indignantly refused.

“To spite Coke, the Premier bestowed the title upon his near neighbour, George Townshend. Before accepting Pitt’s offer, Mr. Townshend wrote to his father to ask his approval, and received for answer:—

“ ‘DEAR SON,

“ ‘I have no objection to your taking any title but that of

“ ‘Yr. affect. Father

“ ‘TOWNSHEND.’

“I had this anecdote from Mr. Coke himself, who, in 1837, was raised to the peerage by the title which was then refused.”

When my grandfather eventually had the peerage conferred upon him, it was generally remarked, as a curious coincidence, that the first creation of Queen Elizabeth was the Earl of Leicester, and Sir Philip Sydney was his nephew; while the first creation of Queen Victoria, was the Earl of Leicester, and his nephew by marriage was Lord de Lisle, the representative of Sir Philip Sydney.\*

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\* I have found a letter from my grandmother, announcing the event to her mother, and enclosing the following copy of Lord Melbourne's offer of the peerage to Mr. Coke. It appears that considerable pressure had been necessary to induce him to accept it, and it was offered in the most flattering manner, his name being brought out singly, and the offer being made on the very day of the dissolution.—S. P.

“MY DEAR MR. COKE,

“I am much obliged to you for your letter upon electioneering prospects in the County of Norfolk, but I have now another matter to write to you upon, and which I have some satisfaction in opening to you. It is unnecessary for me to go into any details of the circumstances which have hitherto prevented that which has been eagerly desired by the Whigs, and expected

My grandfather used to relate that the noted Lady Mary Coke (who would have been Lady Leicester if her husband had lived) was furious when he first declined the peerage. She asked him to drive with her, and then questioned him as to whether it was true what she had heard of his having refused a peerage. He told her that it was, and she then shook her fist in his face with anger. She was at that time quite an old woman.

When he subsequently accepted a peerage, it was, as he always said, only for the sake of his children. A short time after he had been ennobled, I remember my mother going into the village (Cawthorne),

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by the whole country, namely, your elevation to the Peerage. I have now the pleasure of acquainting you that I have Her Majesty's commands to offer you an Earldom, and to accompany the offer with every expression of Her Majesty's personal regard and esteem. If this is agreeable to you, you have nothing to do but to send me by return of post the titles which you are desirous of taking; and I can only add for myself that, if you should accept this honour, it will be to me a source of great pride and satisfaction that it should have been conferred by my advice, and under my administration.

"I beg to be remembered to Lady Anne.

"Believe me, etc.,

"MELBOURNE."



and meeting old Betty Holden, who with her arms akimbo, exclaimed, "Well now, I should like to know what's made *you* a lady."

There had been no love lost between George the Fourth and my grandfather, who declared the King should never come to Holkham by his invitation, and, in the emphatic language of that day, used to call him "a bloody-minded tyrant."

On one occasion, when discussing some suggested course of action, George the Fourth said to him, "If you do, Coke, by George, I'll knight you." My grandfather said that, if he had ventured to attempt such a thing, he would have knocked the sword out of the King's hand.

Lord Albemarle proceeds:—

"In the summer of 1835, my sister, Lady Anne Coke, summoned me to Holkham, to help her to do the honours in receiving the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent. Great were the preparations on the occasion. Their Royal Highnesses were expected at dinner, but they were detained by the bankers (navvies) of Lynn, who, in an excess of loyalty,

insisted upon drawing the royal carriage round the town.

“The Egyptian Hall at Holkham was brilliantly lighted up and filled with persons anxious for a sight of their future Queen. At length a carriage-and-four, escorted by a body of Yeomanry Cavalry, drove up to the door. Three ladies alighted. Mr. Coke, with a candle in each hand, made them a profound bow. When he resumed his erect position the objects of his homage had vanished. They were the dressers.

“Soon after, their Royal Highnesses appeared in person. Both were most affable. The youthful Princess in particular, showed by her demeanour that evening the courtesy with which millions of her subjects have since become familiar.”

In the two manuscript-rooms there are some very valuable manuscripts, and some beautiful missals. Princess Victoria was much interested in these, and, particularly in a very beautiful missal, to which she took a great fancy; but she did not get it presented to her, my grandfather re-

marking, "I was not going to give it to a child like that, who could not know its value."

Roscoe used to spend weeks writing in the manuscript-rooms; and, I believe, the greater part, if not the whole, of his "Leo the Tenth" and "Lorenzo de Medici" were written there.

The morning that they were going away, the Duchess of Kent said that they had not seen little Margaret Coke, to wish her good-bye; so she was sent for. This, of course, put the nurse in a hurry and a fluster. From what was Margaret's nursery, there is a flight of stone stairs, and the nurse let the child fall out of her arms down these stairs. She said nothing about it at the time; no one had seen the accident, and nothing was known about it: but some time after, an abscess formed in the hip joint, and then it was discovered that there had been an injury, and all came out. It was very sad, for it turned a very pretty, and most beautifully-formed child, into a perfect invalid. One abscess formed after another, and all her childhood was spent prone on a couch; she used to be drawn about on it out of doors, lying on her face.

When she improved a little, she used to go about sometimes on crutches, but she was lame for life, and, after she grew up, she used to wear one boot with a sole six or seven inches thicker than the other.

## CHAPTER VI.

My grandfather, Thomas William Coke, married, in the first instance, Jane Dutton, daughter of James Lennox Dutton, and sister of Lord Sherborne. She had a very fine face, and a most beautiful figure. Her three daughters, Jane, Anne, and Elizabeth, afterwards became, respectively, Viscountess Andover, Viscountess Anson, and Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope (my mother). Both my aunts were married some years before my mother was born.

Lady Andover had a beautiful face, and was so like her mother that she sat to Nollekens for the bust of Mrs. Coke which is in Titteshall Church. She had not, however, her mother's beautiful figure; yet, she must have been graceful, as she was said at Court to have danced the best *minuet de la cour*. In after years it was put to the vote at a dinner, who was the handsomest woman in London: "Without a doubt, Lady Andover," said the Regent.

She was a person of great ability, and had a most powerful mind. She was, however, very silent and placid, though, whenever she spoke, it was to say something to the point, and worth remembering. She had, also, the family genius for art, and, in the drawing-room at Holkham, there was a very remarkable picture, painted by her when she was only fifteen years old, of Belisarius begging, in which there were about five life-sized figures.

Lord Andover, Lord Suffolk's eldest son, proposed to her; but the Suffolks were very poor, and it was a question whether my grandfather would consent to the marriage. Much nettled, Lady Suffolk said, "And pray, Mr. Coke, do you count for nothing the blood of the Howards?" "Madam," he answered, "I count my blood quite as good as that of the Howards." However, the marriage took place, and was a most happy one, Lord Andover being perfectly devoted to her.

One of their favourite occupations was for her to sit copying some picture in the house, generally a Poussin, while he read Shakespeare aloud to her.

She had always been noted for having the most remarkable dreams, and one morning she awoke feeling nervous and uncomfortable, having dreamt that Lord Andover had gone out shooting when there was a battue, and had been shot. This made such an impression on her mind, that she entreated him not to shoot that day, but to stay with her; which he at once consented to do, and they resumed their painting and reading. But the day came out so fine, and the winter sun shone so brightly, that my aunt, feeling she had been selfish, at last begged him not to lose the day for her sake, but to go out and join the others; so he went. After he had gone, she became so restless and uneasy that she started to walk across the park to the covert where they were shooting. As she crossed the park, she observed one of the grooms galloping hard towards the house on her own favourite horse, Baronet. Strange to say, no presentiment of evil seems at that moment to have struck her, and she only remarked, "How very angry Lord Andover would be, if he could see that man riding my horse in such a way."

He was riding to the house with the news that Lord Andover had been shot dead by one of the keepers.

A great many years afterwards my father found a half-finished picture with a large hole in it, put away in one of the rooms at Holkham; it was the identical picture which my aunt had been painting when Lord Andover was shot. As the Poussin, of which it was a copy, was still in the house, my father asked my mother to finish it for him. This she agreed to do, and, having begun it, she got interested in the painting; but was much discouraged by the hole in the canvas. My mother, consequently, went to ask Darby, the artist, who was staying at Holkham, what could be done. He took his palette-knife, and, covering it with paint, daubed it thickly over the hole, and, when it dried, my mother was able to paint over it. The picture is now in the dining-room at Cannon Hall.

Another remarkable dream of Lady Andover's, as told me by my mother, was as follows:—

She said to her, "Eliza, I dreamt last night that I saw a funeral standing at the hall-door. I did not know whose funeral



it was, but it appeared to me to be that of some one of importance, for there were many of the tenants, and a crowd round it. The family were all dressed in crape mourning, but they were not in mourning for the person who was dead. After a time the funeral appeared to move away, but I noticed that it did not take the road to Titteshall Church [where the family vault was], but passed through the Obelisk Wood on to the road; and there there was a great throng of people, and they seemed to escort it to the Triumphal Arch, three miles along the road, where another crowd joined them: then they seemed to divide; some went on, and some returned home."

Some time after this, Lady Albemarle died at Holkham, most unexpectedly in her confinement. The funeral stood at the hall-door waiting for the body to be taken to Quiddenham. It was escorted by my grandfather and all his tenantry, and, to avoid creating a right-of-way through the park, they turned out of it at the Obelisk Wood. The Holkham tenants escorted it as far as the Triumphal Arch, three miles on, and there they consigned it to the Quiddenham tenants, who were waiting to

escort the body on to Quiddenham, and the Holkham tenantry returned home. My mother was in bed with a bad cold at the time, and my aunt Andover was sitting at the bedroom window, watching to see the funeral procession cross the Obelisk Wood, when suddenly she exclaimed, "Now, Eliza, what do you say to my dream? and look at my dress!"; she was in crape mourning, but not for Lady Albemarle; they were all in mourning for the Princess Charlotte.

Lord Jersey, when a young man, was desperately in love with my aunt Andover. He was very handsome and very charming. My mother said that when she was a child, he used to take her on his knee to kiss her on the spot where he had seen my aunt kiss her a few moments before, and she used to prattle to him about "My sister Handover." The want of money proved a serious obstacle, and, while loving her, he married the girl she was chaperoning, the heiress of Child's bank.

When I was going out in London Lady Jersey was the undisputed queen and ruler of fashion, before whose worldly sway all things gave way. She was frightfully extravagant; but to the modistes her name

was more important than the payment of her bills. She told my mother, when she was staying at Holkham, that life was not worth living after thirty; nevertheless, at eighty she found it not to be despised.

Another time, when she was quite young, and was at Holkham, she was told to pull her bonnet off to show her beautiful hair; she did so, and displayed a bald head—she had been shaved to make her hair grow thick. But in spite of what would have been a disfigurement to most people, she looked as lovely as ever.

Lord Jersey, when I knew him, was a handsome, high-bred, pleasing old man. He had always rather the look of a person who, to a certain degree, lived his life apart, and dreamt of a more congenial life than the worldly vortex in which Lady Jersey lived.

Another person who was very much in love with my aunt was Sir George Anson, Lord Anson's brother. She always said that her fate had been decided by the fall of an extinguisher. He was lighting her candle for her outside of the drawing-room door, and the fateful words were about to be spoken, when—she let her extinguisher

fall: the noise it made on the marble floor brought some one to see what was the matter; the opportunity was lost, and the next morning he sailed from England. When I knew him he was Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and we used to call upon him there. There was nothing but a most dreary look-out from the hospital then, over the damp Battersea fields.

Lady Andover eventually married the hero of the day, after the battle of St. Vincent, Admiral Sir Henry Digby. Though a very distinguished sailor, he was so much her inferior in general ability, that I think she must have rued her choice.

They had three children, two sons and a daughter. Her eldest son, Edward St. Vincent, was the favourite "Cousin Digby" of our childhood. He was the very type of a handsome young officer. Lord Albemarle, when speaking of him in his book, says that, in his stable dress, he was as fine a figure of a man as he ever saw. What always struck me about him was the peculiar gentlemanlike and natural grace of his appearance, which seemed to make other men look less well by the side of him. He was devoted to children, and used to

delight in playing with us when he was at Cannon Hall, going about with my brothers Walter and Roddy, one on each shoulder; but his special favourite was my sister Alice, because of the likeness he saw in her to his mother. He used to say, when she, in a fit of laziness, used to plump herself down on the floor, "Is not that la Madre over again." He always said she would have made such a beautiful boy, and used to call her "Ally Boy," a name which was adopted by all the uncles, and by which she was habitually called for some time. Edward Digby became Lord Digby, and married Lady Theresa Fox Strangways, Lord Ilchester's daughter; a charming person, and a great favourite in the family.

The other son, Kenelm, was rector of Titteshall; he was the most warm-hearted person in the world, but decidedly ugly.

I should have preferred leaving Lady Andover's daughter unnoticed, but she is too notorious a person to be passed over quite in silence. She was the cleverest of the family, and very lovely; her mother worshipped her beauty, and thought more of her than she did of her two excellent brothers. When she was born, Lady An-

dover's first question was, "What is the colour of her eyes? for eyes do not change."

My father distrusted her, and used to say, when she was growing up, "Jane is not true; she is deceiving her mother." She married Lord Ellenborough, who, though much older than herself, exercised a bad influence on her character. The marriage was dissolved, and she went abroad with Prince Schwartzenberg. Afterwards she married a German Baron; and then, after sundry adventures, she married an Arab Sheik, and lived entirely in the East.

She was well known to Mrs., afterwards Lady Burton, who writes as follows, in contradiction of an ill-natured paragraph which had appeared in some paper just after my cousin's death:—

"I lived for two years at Damascus while my husband, Captain Burton, was consul there, and in daily intercourse with the subject of this paragraph. Knowing that after her death all sorts of untruths would appear in the papers very painful to her family (as, indeed, she was not spared whilst living), she wished me

to write her biography, and gave me an hour a day until it was accomplished. She did not spare herself, dictating the bad with the same frankness as the good.

“I was pledged not to publish this until after her death, and that of certain near relatives; but I am in a position to state that there is a grain of truth to a ton of falsehood in the paragraph from Beyrout, and inasmuch as Beyrout is only 72 miles from Damascus, the writer must know that as well as I do. It must have come from a very common source, when such English as this is used, ‘Between Beyrout and Damascus she got pleased with the camel-driver.’ It suggests a discharged lady’s-maid.

“I left Damascus just a year and a half ago, in the middle of the night, and she was the last friend to see me out of the city. As she wrung my hand, these were her last words, ‘Do not forget your promise, if I die, and we never meet again.’ I replied ‘Inshallah, I shall soon return.’ She rode a thoroughbred Arab mare, and, so far as I could see anything in the moonlight, her large, sorrowful,

blue eyes, glistening with tears, haunted me.

“I cannot meddle with the past without infringing on the biography confided to me, but I can say a few words concerning her life, dating from her arrival in the East about sixteen years ago, as told me by herself, and by those now living there; and I can add my testimony as to what I saw, which, I believe, will interest everyone in England, from the highest downwards, and be a gratification to those more nearly concerned.

“About sixteen years ago tired of Europe, Lady Ellenborough conceived the idea of visiting the East, and of imitating Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. (There is also a French Lady, Madame de la Tour d’Auvergne, who has built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet, and lives there still.) Lady Ellenborough arrived at Beyrout and went to Damascus, where she arranged to go to Bagdad across the desert. A Bedouin escort for this journey was necessary, and, as the Mezrab tribe occupied the ground, the duty of commanding the escort devolved



upon Shaykh Miywal, a younger brother of Shaykh Mohammad, chief of this tribe, which is a branch of the great Anazeh tribe. On the journey the young Shaykh fell in love with this beautiful woman, who possessed all the qualities that could fire the Arab imagination. Even two years ago she was more attractive than half the young girls of our time. It ended by his proposing to divorce his Moslem wives, and to marry her, to pass half the year in Damascus (which was to him like what London or Paris would be to us) for her pleasure, and half in the desert, to lead his native life. The romantic picture of becoming a queen of the desert, and of the wild Bedouin tribes, exactly suited her wild fancies, and was at once accepted, and she was married in spite of all opposition made by her friends and the British Consulate. She was married according to Mahomedan law, changed her name to that of the Honorable Mrs. Digby el Mezrab, and was horrified when she found that she had lost her nationality by her marriage, and had become a Turkish subject. For fifteen years she lived, as

she died, the faithful and affectionate wife of the Shaykh, to whom she was devotedly attached.

“Half the year was spent in a very pretty house she built at Damascus, just without the gates of the city, and the other six months were passed, according to his nature, in the desert in the Bedouin tents of his tribe. In spite of this hard life, necessitated by accommodating herself to his habits (for they were never apart), she never lost anything of the English lady, nor the softness of a woman. She was *grande dame au bout des doigts* in sentiment, voice, manners, and speech. She never said or did anything you could wish otherwise. She kept all his respect, and was the mother and queen of his tribe.

“In Damascus we were only nineteen Europeans, but we all flocked around her with affection and friendship; the natives the same. As to strangers, she only received those who brought a letter of introduction from a friend or relative, but this did not hinder every ill-conditioned passer-by from boasting of his intimacy with the house of Mezrab, and

recounting the untruths which he invented *pour se faire valoir*, or to sell his book or newspaper at a better profit.

“She understood friendship in its best and fullest sense, and, for those who enjoyed her confidence, it was a treat to pass the hours with her. She spoke French, Italian, German, Slav, Spanish, Arabian, Turkish, and Greek, as she spoke her native tongue. She had all the tastes of a country life, and occupied herself alternately with painting,\* sculpture, music, or with her garden, flowers, or poultry, or with her thoroughbred Arab mares, or carrying out some improvement. She was thoroughly a connoisseur in each of her amusements or occupations. To the last she was fresh and young, beautiful, refined, brave and delicate. *Bon sang ne peut mentir*. Her heart *au fond* was noble; she was charitable to the poor; she regularly attended the Protestant church, and often twice on Sundays. She fulfilled all the duties

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\* Her sketches, which I have seen, were wonderfully beautiful.—A. M. W. P.

of a good Christian lady, and an English-woman. She is dead. All those who knew her in her latter days will weep for her. She had but one fault (and who knows if it was hers), washed out by fifteen years of goodness and repentance. Let us hide it, and shame those who seek to drag up the adventures of her wild youth to tarnish so good a memory. *Requiescat in pace.*"

*Times*, March 27th, 1890.

My other aunt, Lady Anson, was a great contrast to Lady Andover. She was thin, almost to emaciation, very excitable and energetic, never quiet, constantly getting into quarrels, but ready to do anything, or to take any trouble for others, whoever they might be; the consequence of which was that she was very much beloved.

She was engaged to be married to Mr., afterwards Lord Anson, when she was only fifteen. She was so small and slight, and looked so childish, that at a dinner given in the Statue Gallery just before her marriage, Dean Anson remarked to those sitting near him, "You will see, she will jump up and run round the table, if I offer her

a guinea for doing so ;” and so she did, and was delighted at winning the money.

Another day she was found crying, because she had just had her hair turned up for the first time ; Mr. Anson was coming, and she was afraid he would not like her as well as with it hanging down.

She had four children before she was twenty. She was so very young when she began to go out in London, that Mr. Anson provided for her being safely chaperoned, and insisted on her sitting, when at balls, with the dowagers in the card-room whilst the dancing was going on. This was probably the worse evil of the two, for it gave her a love of gambling, and she used to sit up very late playing at cards.

She was extremely religious, half-saint, half-sinner. Wenny Coke used to sum up his opinion in, “I don’t like Lady Anson, she is so interfering.”

I copy out from Mrs. Lybbe Powys’s reminiscences an account of her going to see Shuckburgh, Lord Anson’s place :—

“Monday 28th, 1800.—We all set out early in the morn to see Shuckburgh, Mr. Anson’s. We went through Blyth-

berry and Coulton, the latter a village rather remarkable for many of its cottages being built in a marl pit, with woods over it, the roots of the trees growing and hanging lazily over their little gardens, which are decked with all manner of flowers, and kept with the greatest neatness.

“Shuckburgh is a remarkably good house, finely furnished, and lately enlarged. There are numbers of remarkable statues, busts, etc. Mrs. Anson, who was Miss Coke, daughter of Mr. Coke of Holkham in Norfolk, and married a Mr. Anson in 1794, is, I think, one of the most capital painters, and excels in every kind of drawing. Every room is ornamented with some of her performances. Three of their children, full length portraits, at the upper end of a large room, is, I think, equal to any artist ; also, several copies from Titian, and other famous masters.”

My mother said that Lord Anson had the most angelic temper of anyone whom she ever met, in spite of his being a martyr to the gout. When they were in London, she

used to drive out with him, to inspect the ground which was being laid out as the Regent's park, the carriage being heaped up with all the plans for it.

One of the sons, Charles[?]\* Anson, went abroad with his great friend, Mr. Fox Strangways, who was afterwards Lord Ilchester, and when they were in Turkey they incautiously went into a mosque with their boots on. They were found out and imprisoned. While in the prison, Charles Anson became ill, and Mr. Strangways, who was nursing him, suddenly, to his horror, discovered the fatal plague-spot on his friend. He, however, continued his care of him in the most devoted manner, and poor Charles Anson died there in his arms. I knew Mr. Strangways, and there was always a feeling of gratitude to him in the family for the unselfish devotion he had shown.

George Anson, another of the sons, was a noted person. He was reckoned the handsomest man of his day, and had the most perfect manners. He married Isabella Forrester, the great beauty, Lord Forrester's daughter. They used to stay very frequently

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\* According to Debrett, Charles was killed by the bursting of a gun on board the *Bacchante*.—S. P.

at Holkham. As is well known, in after years he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, just before the breaking out of the mutiny. He was taken ill with cholera, and died after a few hours' illness.

His wife's death was a very sad one. She was staying at Ecton, Mr. Isted's house, with her daughters, and intended to go with them to Lord Howe's ball in the evening: having rheumatism in her hands, she sent for a laudanum embrocation, which, by mistake, she took just before dinner, instead of her usual medicine. Everything that could be done to save her was done, but all in vain; and she died on the drawing-room floor: a most agonizing sight for those about her.\*

My aunt Anson's family was a large one, and there was a great difference between

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\* I remember Mrs. Isted describing to me the scene, in the very room in which it occurred. She said that Mrs. Anson came in while they were all sitting there, having left her dressing-room *en déshabille*, with her lovely hair hanging down her back, and told them just what had happened, but quite calmly and collectedly, and looking more placid and beautiful than ever. Such remedies as they knew of were applied, and doctors were sent for: and, during the fearful interval before their arrival, they walked her frantically up and down the room, till she fell down on the floor in fatal lethargy.—S. P.



the ages of her elder and younger children ; indeed, her younger daughters were very nearly of an age with her grand-daughters, Lady Rosebery's children.

Her eldest daughter, Anne, was just six months younger than her own aunt, my mother, and they were brought up together as if they had been sisters. They were presented at Court on the same day, and my mother used to tell me how they all got into their sedan chairs in the hall, my aunt Anson going first in her chair, followed by her two young ladies in theirs : it was the day of large hoops, and very high feathers ; and the tops of the sedan chairs were opened, so that the plumes should not be injured or crushed.

Anne Anson was a fine handsome girl, tall, and with a good figure : she would dance her shoes out at a ball, and went through life, as she had begun it, thoroughly enjoying everything, without a grain of real worldliness in her composition ; all health, imperturbable good temper and kind-heartedness, with no gifts of intellect to disturb the even tenor of her existence. My father said that he used, at the theatre or opera, to watch her face, in contrast with my mother's, which was

so full of intellectual enjoyment, and say to himself, "*quelle bonne pâte!*" She married Lord Rosebery after he had been divorced from his first wife.

Freddy Anson, one of her sisters, who was very warm-hearted and pleasing, married Bouverie Primrose, Lord Rosebery's second son: so father and son were married to two sisters. Bouverie had been in love with some beautiful girl, whose name I forget, and when the match was broken off, he was in great despair: but Freddy undertook to be his consoling angel, with the result that might have been expected. After they were married, they lived in Edinburgh, and were as happy as possible.

One of the younger daughters was Fanny, who married Charles Murray, Lord Mansfield's brother. There was already another connection between us and the Murrays, through the wife of my uncle Charles (p. 55).

Charles Murray was a very charming and interesting person, but, owing to some unfortunate malformation of the spine, he became a perfect invalid, and was unable to walk. Fanny nursed him with the most devoted affection, till his death.

After this, she married Mr. Isted, of Ecton in Northamptonshire. He had been a former lover of hers, but their marriage had been prevented, as the family objected on account of his being deaf and dumb. He was a very loveable and interesting person; a thorough gentleman, and respected by all who knew him. He was remarkably active, a fine rider, and a regular follower of the Pychley hounds. He had great powers of observation, and a keen sense of humour; his little sketches and caricatures of incidents in the hunting field, or elsewhere, being most amusing, though he had never been taught to draw. When a young man he danced extremely well, being guided merely by watching the motions of the musicians.

I always thought he was a remarkable instance of what my father used to call "compensation;" how things are made *even* in this world; if one thing is taken away, another is given. His life, with all its privations, was one of the happiest that could be imagined. Never having experienced the blessings of speech and hearing, he had no sense of his deprivations; and his infirmities had kept him from the know-

ledge of half the evils, the quarrels and annoyances of this life : not a jar had ever disturbed the even tenor of his existence, and all had been quiet, happy enjoyment of things around him. Every living thing was a joy to him : playing with his dogs, feeding his ducks, looking at his trees and his garden ; all and everything was innocent, unmixed, undisturbed happiness. He studied the lives and habits of the creatures out of doors, and, in the house, an untiring amusement was backgammon, of which he would play game after game without ever wearying.

Eliza Anson, the youngest daughter, married Lord Waterpark, who was a favourite Lord-in-Waiting of the Queen's. After his death, the post of Lady-in-Waiting was given to Lady Waterpark.

Lord Waterpark used to tell us many stories of the court : " Says I to the Queen," and " says she to me." He said that the Queen could not bear silence at dinner, but liked everybody around her to talk as much as possible, while she would listen to what was being said. In the daytime when the Queen was coming, a man always came first, calling out, " Sharp ! Sharp ! " ;

on which all the Maids of honour, Lords-in-Waiting, etc., scuffled into their places, so as to be ready for her arrival.

No one was allowed to wear the same dress twice, without some change being made in it. I remember one of the Maids of honour, Miss Kerr, Lady Robert Kerr's daughter, telling me that the knowledge of the way to make natural flowers last, so that they could be worn as a trimming, proved a saving of forty pounds a year to her. She said that all the time of the Maids of honour was taken up in planning alterations in their dress.

The Duchess of Sutherland gave a splendid ball to the Queen, and they said that Stafford house looked perfectly beautiful. Whilst the Duchess herself was gorgeous in diamonds and a most magnificent dress, to do honour to her guest, the Queen went in a simple muslin embroidered in colours, and on shaking hands with the Duchess, she said, "I come from my *house* to your *palace*." The Queen's dress on this occasion naturally formed the subject of considerable comment.

## CHAPTER VII.

My grandfather's heir-presumptive was, at this time, his nephew, William Coke. He was a very noted character, and, no doubt, the chronicles of that day abound in stories about him. He was the veriest dare-devil that ever existed; looking upon danger as his native element, and not knowing what the word fear meant. It was the wish of his heart to have gone into the army, and he was a man to have led a forlorn hope; but, on account of his position with regard to Holkham, he was not allowed to do so—only to be disappointed at last in his prospects of succession to his uncle.

There was something fine and generous about him, but, when his temper was roused, there was no knowing what he might not do. One day when he was riding, a man on the road would not get out of his way as quickly as he wished, so he rode at him, and would have thought nothing of

riding over him. My father said that he was never so nervous as he was once, when William Coke was on the moors at Cannon Hall. Battery-shooting was the sort of thing he had never seen, and when a number of grouse came flying towards them, and he could not touch a feather, he became very much put out. One of the keepers in spite of warning, would keep popping his head out of his hole just as the grouse were coming, and my father fully expected that William Coke would level his gun at the man and shoot him.

He was at Eton, where, amongst other feats, he swam the Thames with a hare in his mouth. Afterwards he went as a private pupil to Dr. Parr, commonly known as Old Parr, who was quite a character in his way. One morning Dr. Parr went out to look at the flowers in his garden, when, behold! the flowers were gone, and in their place appeared in the beds the heads of all his pupils: William Coke had amused himself by digging deep holes and planting the boys in them.

He was a man of iron. One morning he had a bad fall from his horse, cut his

head open, and had to send for the doctor to sew it up; but he came in to breakfast as if nothing had happened. My mother said to him, "But, William, you surely have a headache?" He answered, "Oh! not a bit, I am all right."

His great amusement was riding with old Lord Rosebery, and encouraging the horses to *go* a little; and when he saw Lord Rosebery streaked red and white with fear, he used to turn round to anyone else who was with them, and say, "Is the little fool *afraid*?"

One day, unluckily, he hit my grandfather when out shooting, and a very ill-natured story was got up in the county that it was no random shot of William Coke's. My mother said she could recall the look of ineffable scorn on his handsome face when he heard of it, and the increased kindness of my grandfather's manner towards him.

My mother said nothing could be more striking than the contrast when William Coke and George Anson came into the room together, both being noted for their beauty: George Anson, with his dark high-bred look, and William Coke, tall and



slight, with a small, and remarkably well-shaped head, covered with chestnut curls, a very fair, fine complexion, an aquiline nose, and the eye of a hawk. With all his faults there was a fine, generous, noble nature about him.

As was inevitable, a report got about that he was to marry my mother. She did not wish that anything should interfere with the perfect ease of their intercourse, and, knowing with whom she had to do, she went straight to him, and said, "William, there is a report going about that you and I are going to be married; I wish you would contradict it should you hear it." This was met as she intended, and they were better friends than ever.

He was a splendid but reckless rider, and when he appeared at the meets, mounted on his well-known horse, "Advance," with "*She kicks*" chalked on his back, everyone gave him a wide berth. Lady Listowel, who was very proud of her riding, told my father that she was determined to ride Advance. She did so, but came home with her habit torn, and told him privately that she was very glad when it was over.

William Coke always said that nothing made him so nervous as to see a woman ride, for it was all balance of seat. In after years, when he was at Cannon Hall, he often rode with me for the pleasure of watching the paces of a beautiful little thoroughbred, named Fairy, which I had, and which, he declared, was more like a gazelle than any thing he had ever seen. He used to tell me that if I rode it in Hyde Park, I should be the envy of all the young ladies in London. When we went abroad, Fairy was turned out, and, to my great sorrow, was found dead in the field, having been suffocated when drinking in a pond full of clay.

I may insert here a very sad and tragic family history, which I was told by my mother.

There was a double marriage in the family: Lord Sherborne married Miss Coke (my grandfather's sister), and his youngest sister, Jane Dutton, married my grandfather. Fanny Dutton was a daughter of Lord Sherborne. She went over from Sherborne to Bath, to see her dentist, and stayed with a friend there, who

pressed her to go to a ball which was being held. At first she refused, because she had not brought her turban with her, but the friend lent her this necessary article of attire, and she went. There she met Prince Bariatinski, a very handsome and charming young Russian. They danced together, and from that evening they became very much attached to each other.

A marriage between them was, however, strenuously opposed by the Dutton family, because she had money, and they did not want it to go out of the country into Russia. But they would not relinquish each other for any consideration, and, after waiting two years, they were at last married (1806), and went off to Russia. My mother gave me a most vivid description of the dreadful hardships which they had to encounter while flying in an open sledge, in the depth of winter, before Napoleon's victorious army. The dangers of their hasty flight, the want of food, the bitter cold, and the state of terror they were in all the time, proved too much for the poor young wife: they reached a Russian hut and took shelter, and there, to the utter despair of her unfortunate husband, his

wife died, after having given birth to a little girl.

He returned to England with this child, Elizabeth, and her mother's body was brought over from Russia for burial at Sherborne. The money was settled on the child, and the Prince himself placed her with his wife's family in England. He then returned to Russia, and eventually married a Russian woman. But Fanny Dutton was the one love of his life, and he never forgot her, or really cared for anyone else. His Russian wife was aware of this, and, naturally, felt jealous, revenging herself by never allowing him to come over to England to see his child.

The child grew up at Sherborne, and was somewhat unpopular with her cousins on account of her peculiar temper. Shortly after she came out, she developed unmistakable signs of softening of the brain, evidently due to the circumstances of her birth, and afterwards she went quite out of her mind. I saw a diary of a clergyman, mentioning several instances of her wayward and strange disposition whilst she was staying with him as a child; but, curiously enough, her behaviour was all put

down at the time to temper, not one of her relations suspecting the real cause—that the poor girl was not right in her mind. This diary was lent to me by Julia Dutton, the late Lord Sherborne's daughter.

Meanwhile, her father having died, the stepmother became smitten with remorse for the part she had acted towards Elizabeth Bariatinski, and she eventually came to England with her two sons to ascertain how the girl was being treated, and, if possible, to gain possession of her. This was, naturally enough, misconstrued into a desire on her part to get control of the girl's money, and thereupon ensued the famous Bariatinski trial; a very unpleasant thing for the Dutton family. They declined to give up the custody of the child, as they had undertaken the care of it by its father's express wish, and it was proved that it was his own arrangement that she should live in England with her mother's family. After a long trial they finally won the case.

Elizabeth Bariatinski lived to the age of sixty-eight, and died at Sherborne. Amongst those who were present at her funeral, was an old carpenter in the village,

who had attended that of her mother sixty-eight years before.

Anne Dutton, who used often to stay at Cannon Hall, was a first cousin of Elizabeth Bariatinski, being a daughter of the second Lord Sherborne. She was very original, and inherited all her father's wit, though, perhaps, in her, it was hardly tempered by that amiability which characterised it in his case. One day when we were sitting with her in Hyde Park, she suddenly said, "I am going to be married. It is quite time ; I am nine-and-twenty, and have come to my full strength : but I did not know that I had been marked down by a little man in the navy, cruising on the high seas." This was Captain Plunkett, who afterwards became Lord Dunsany.

Jane's eldest sister was Lady Ducie, who was the favourite child of her father and mother. See was unalterably good-tempered, always bright and handsome, and had a lovely figure. I remember her staying for some time at Cannon Hall with her son, Lord Moreton, then a boy at Eton. We used often to have very small fried rabbits at dinner, and my father always declared that it was a shame to kill

such little innocents; but, all the same, he invariably ate them, and enjoyed them. Instigated by Lady Ducie, we arranged one day to play him a trick: there were a quantity of squirrels about, and two of them had been killed by the dogs, so we sent them down to the kitchen, and had them cooked for his dinner, instead of the rabbits. However, he was too sharp for us, and did not fall into the trap.

Mrs. Coke, my grandmother, died at Bath when my mother was only four years old, so from that age my mother became the sole charge and care of her father. She used to tell us that she was not allowed any luxuries when in the school-room: she never had a fire to get up by, and, on the coldest days in winter, she used, as was then customary, to wear a low dress with short sleeves.

When she was eighteen she passed straight out of the schoolroom to take her place as mistress of the house; no slight charge, requiring, as it did, a great deal of judgment and determination to hold her proper position with older people, and to openly object to whatever she knew

would displease her father. This position, however, she successfully filled, and was universally respected and looked up to. Of course, just at first, she went through some of the rather amusing agonies of inexperience. For instance, when making tea for twenty people the first morning, she put in two spoonfuls of tea, as she had always seen her governess put that quantity in. Great was her distress, also, when some gentleman asked her for the trail of the woodcock, the existence of such a thing being, till that minute, quite unknown to her.

My mother told me that for several years she was very much in love with Lord Bury, Lord Albemarle's eldest son, and that he returned her feeling for him : but my grandfather would not give his consent, and always said to her, "He is not worthy of you." At last, finding that the attachment was maintained, and having nothing but his own prejudices to oppose to it, he yielded, and gave his consent against his better judgment. No sooner had he done so, than my mother found that Lord Bury had suddenly turned right round, and was flirting with another girl. This decided



matters, and all thoughts of the marriage were given up; providentially for my mother, for in subsequent years, after suffering from the most extraordinary hallucinations, Lord Bury went out of his mind, and finally died in a lunatic asylum.

When we were living in Harley Street we used to see a good deal of Lord and Lady Bury: he was very agreeable and amusing. A good many years afterwards, when my mother and sisters were staying at Quiddendam, Lady Albemarle took my mother over the house, and showed her all the rooms, and then she turned round and said to her, "All this was to have been yours!"

My grandfather's second marriage with Lady Anne Keppel must, naturally, have been a very great trial to my mother, though she was always fond of Lady Anne. She was the daughter of his great friend, Lord Albemarle, and was only about eighteen at the time of the marriage; very fair and very pretty. Of course all sorts of stories got about as to the reasons for such a marriage, but the only really reliable account is the following, which my mother gave me:—

Lady Anne was a most fascinating child, but a very determined one. My grand-

father was amused by her; she was continually at Holkham with her father, and he was very fond of her; but just as he would have been of a favourite child or grandchild: and so it would have remained, if great pressure had not been put on him. My mother seeing that there was something going on, which she did not understand, went straight to her, and said, "Anne, what does this mean? Is it my father, or is it William Coke?" "Oh!" was the answer, "it's dear Mr. Coke. I would marry William to live always with dear Mr. Coke!" She was quite infatuated, and used to steal his gloves, or anything he had touched; kiss the chairs he had sat upon, and so on.

At last there was a wedding in the family, which threatened to put an end to Lady Anne Keppel's visits to Holkham. Lord Albemarle, who had lost his wife, as I have mentioned, was going to marry a cousin of my grandfather's, Charlotte Hunloke, Sir Henry Hunloke's daughter.\*

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\* My mother once gave me a parure of spiked coral, which had belonged to Charlotte Hunloke, and told me that Lord Albemarle, having heard that the sea-water improved the colour of the coral, used to walk down every morning to dip the necklace in the sea.—A. M. W. P.

The marriage took place by private license in Berkeley Square. After the wedding and breakfast, and when the guests were departing, Lady Anne looked out of the window, and saw my grandfather's chariot waiting to take him back to Holkham, and (as she told my mother) she said to herself, "If once he gets into that carriage, I have lost him for ever!" and then and there she got the marriage settled. By her own showing, she must have recognised how very slight was her hold upon him, and my mother said that, as far as he was concerned, she was sure that he had no intention whatever at the time beyond that of returning to Holkham, and, had he been allowed to do so, things would just have fallen back into their old groove, and the marriage would never have taken place.

Lady Anne was inconsequent, but altogether most fascinating, and, when she set her mind upon a thing, her determination was something extraordinary.

My mother went on a visit to Dalmeny, and there she met my father, and became much interested in the accounts of his travels. Sir John Maxwell was staying

there too, and my father, plainly seeing that he had intentions in the same direction, settled that there was no time to lose: he must either cut him out, or be cut out himself. So he went back to Roddam and wrote his proposal.

My mother had just written to a friend of hers, "There has been a Mr. Spencer Stanhope here, who, I think, would have suited me, but he is gone, and I hear he is not a marrying man." The next morning at breakfast arrived the letter. My mother opened it, and exclaimed, "There, Lord Rosebery! that is your doing!" "Good God! Miss Coke, what have I done?" He was pouring out the coffee, and, in his nervousness, down went the coffee-pot, and the coffee was spilt all over the table. Of course, Lord Rosebery was able to give her all *renseignments* about my father. After listening to the satisfactory account which was presented to her, she said, "Well, there is one comfort, Mr. Stanhope has no brothers or sisters." "No brothers or sisters!" exclaimed Lord Rosebery, "he has dozens of both!"

I copy some letters from my father to his mother on this important event in his life.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“I will just take a shot at you to let you know how things are going on, and what our plans are.

“On Tuesday I went to Dalmeny, where I had a very cordial reception from *La Demoiselle*. Maxwell and his sister were there, and Lord Lynedoch. Miss Maxwell is an extraordinary girl, not handsome, but very blue, without knowing that it is singular to be so. I quite sank in her opinion when I told her that I had not read any of Chalmers’ works.

“Lord Lynedoch went home at night, and Maxwell in the morning. I was originally invited only to dinner, but afterwards had a bed offered, and my invitation prolonged till after breakfast: it was afterwards extended to the next day, as, I think, they began to suspect: and, when I left them, they pressed me to stay. But I was engaged to the Andersons, and I thought the Commodore [his brother Roddam] would have started for home.

“Now, from details, it appeared to me to go on well. We rode always together.

walked alone : and the rest of the party seemed inclined to be favourable. If I am right in this idea, I shall probably be asked again on our return from the trip we are now meditating.

“ Now, as to the lady herself. She is not so handsome as I thought : beginning to look a little older. She is very quiet, perfectly ladylike, has evidently a great deal of taste, and very well inclined to laugh at the Whiggery, farming, and shooting of her native county.

“ We had a very amusing scene. The King was to pass through the park, and we had various discussions as to the probability of his calling : the peer [Lord Rosebery] thought that he would not : yet, in his heart he flattered himself that he would. The whole house was put into a complete state of smartness ; the windows cleaned, the chairs uncovered ; indeed, two days were entirely occupied in the arrangements ; Lady Anson and Miss Coke, meanwhile, quietly quizzing the Whig spirit, and their bearing towards royalty. The hour came. Imagine us all at our stations in patient expectation of

the arrival of the Monarch. It rained cats and dogs. The ladies were dressed for a public breakfast at Lord Hopetoun's, the others were dawdling in the garden. The King at length appeared. His Lordship took his station at the top of the steps, her Ladyship at the door: the King passed on, and there they all remained.\*

“The party followed to Hopetoun's house, and I drove off here, where I found the Commodore almost on the point of starting for Roddam. I took him instead to the Andersons, where we spent three very pleasant days. We are going to Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, which will probably be the extent of our tour.

“Your dutiful son,

“J. S. S.”

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\* Lord Rosebery was at that time very anxious about getting his English peerage. This was the reason of his great annoyance at the King's merely driving through the park, without showing him any civility. George IV., on the occasion of this visit, held a most beautiful drawing-room at Holyrood Palace, at which my mother was present. He was surrounded by a body of archers in the old dress.—A. M. W. P.

“ Roddam, Oct. 22 [1822].

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ You will have been a little surprised at my letting so long a time elapse without writing to you, but I wished to be able to give you an account of the state of my affairs before I did so ; and, at length, I am able to state that negotiations are at least *entaméd*. I could not muster courage enough to speak whilst at Dalmeny, but, during my journey here, I had full time to think over the matter, and I considered that, as delay is dangerous, it was better at once to venture, than to run the chance of the future, which could at best be but uncertain. This morning I received her answer, which may be either considered as my acceptance, which I take it to be, or a refined piece of diplomacy, as it hooks me, and leaves her at liberty. To speak fairly, our acquaintance was too recent for her to be able to accept me without a little ceremony, so she proposes me to return to Dalmeny, that we might become better acquainted.

“ I will give you extracts from her note. I had better copy it. ‘ I feel too sensibly



the honourable and excellent letter I received from you this morning, not to answer it with the sincerity it deserves. Whilst I give you the assurance that I am free from any other preference, and that I am capable of appreciating your mind and character, as I have every reason to believe them to be, I am certain that you will pardon my adverting to the very recent period of our acquaintance, and expressing a wish that we may mutually become better known to each other. This I cannot help considering to be due to *you*, no less than to myself, and it will, also, allow time to communicate with my father on a subject so deeply interesting to him. I feel assured that you will acquit me of anything like evasion, or of the slightest intention of trifling with feelings so warmly and candidly expressed.'

"This was accompanied by a very kind letter from the peer, wishing me joy of having fixed my affections on one so deserving of the warmest attachment, leaving to me to judge whether I should prefer visiting him immediately, or waiting for Mr. Coke's answer, which I thought meant

to hint the latter (which I have determined to do, as much the least embarrassing), stating that he had mentioned about Spencer, and making delicate enquiries as to fortune, etc. I have written to both: and here I wait for Mr. Coke's answer. So there is some chance of my being caught at last.

“To give you Miss Coke's character: she is very quiet, almost shy; has a great deal of taste, excellent judgment, and seems far above all worldly humbug, and is a person to make a capital wife. All my difficulty will be, if it succeeds, to know how to live without flirting and wife-hunting.

“Addio. Best love to all.

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“Your dutiful son,

“J. S. S.”

“Dalmeny.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“It is after dinner, so you know what sort of a letter you must expect from me now, could you but suppose that I am at least half-seas over at such a *début*. *Mais ce n'est pas cela.*

“Here I am again at Dalmeny, and, I trust, as happy as I can be. I do not know where to begin in my description. Philip will have told you that I was on the point of starting from Roddam. I got into the coach, and arrived at Edinburgh. I intended to have been here for breakfast, but I found myself unwell during the night, so I did not start till after breakfast. You may conceive how nervous I was. Lady Anson was quite correct, and nothing could be kinder than her reception of me. Miss Coke was not able to see me at first. She had been quite ill during the week. We soon understood one another, and I can safely say that I do not think that it was possible for me to find a person so well calculated to suit my most romantic ideas of female perfection.

“Mr. Coke’s letter to her was more like that of a lover, than a father; and I am happy to say that he seemed to be quite delighted.

“Lord Rosebery lent me a horse, and so we took a ride together. I found her writing to Lady Bromley, and she was much amused at the . . . . She expects you to write first. Write as you

feel, she is quite a frank-hearted person. The plan, as far as it is fixed, is for us to go to Holkham together. They move from here on the 23rd, and intend to take the old spot [Cannon Hall] on their way.

“I am scheming a trip into Italy as far as Florence. I think it would be better to have a break of that sort, before we settle regularly down as Darby and Joan. We could afterwards return through Switzerland.\*

. . . . .  
“Your affectionate son,

“J. S. S.”

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“As our plans are a little more formed than they were when I last wrote, I will fire another letter at you, to tell you what they are. Lady Anson would not hear of a trip to Cannon Hall, which, I believe, she did not think correct; however, we have carried the point so far, that she has

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\* This well-devised plan of my father's was thrown over by the disapprobation of Blaikie, the house-steward at Holkham—a very important person, who looked upon my mother almost as his own child.—A. M. W. P.

agreed to make a morning visit of it ; so we intend to get as much of the day as possible there, and I do hope that it may prove a fine one.

“I am anxious to go abroad, as it would make a break in one’s life, and divide the batchelor state from that of the married man ; and, in that case, it would be better not to go to Cannon Hall after the ceremony, but to move towards London, and stay a little time with you, (if you will have us), so that she may become fully acquainted with you all, and then cross the Channel.

“The more I see of her, the more am I satisfied that she is exactly the person to suit me. She cannot bear going out, likes the country, hates London (you will add, this won’t suit *me*), and yet has all the advantage to be acquired by living in the first society ; naturally very shy, and fond of family and *connection*. She has a high spirit, cannot forgive anybody who was concerned in her father’s marriage, though she likes Lady Anne, who was a chaperonée of hers.

“She had an engagement to be married by the Bishop of Norwich, but she

has insisted on that not being the case, as he married her father; so she wishes the ceremony to be performed by the late Lord Anson's brother, who christened her: this must, of course, be private. You can conceive nothing like her adoration of her father.

"Hugh [his brother] is coming here to-day, he knows nothing about it; how he will be surprised! Lord Leven is here; the Beresfords came yesterday. . . .

"I start Tuesday morning, they follow the Tuesday after. This arrangement will prevent my having any difficulties at Cannon Hall.

"Addio,

"Your dutiful son,

"J. S. S."

The expedition to Cannon Hall was a great success. My father met his visitors on horseback at the lodge gate, and took them everywhere, and showed them everything. They had a very good luncheon, cooked by old Pipat and his wife, one of the remarkable courses of which consisted of four different kinds of birds sent up in one dish.

To crown all, the gamekeeper expressed his approbation of the marriage, saying that "It was a very good *pheasant* connection."

The wedding took place a few days before Christmas, in the church in the park at Holkham.

A large old elm which overshadowed the church at Cawthorne was struck by lightning the very day my father and mother married, and now looks like the "Spirits-blasted tree;" but the evil omen belied itself most effectually; their lives were blessed by steadfast love and devotion to each other; and in fulness of years they were carried to the grave within a few days of each other.

I cannot resist quoting an anecdote about my grandfather, as told in Mr. G. Russell's "Reminiscences." Speaking of the strong political enmities which existed in those days, he says:—"The vigour, heartiness and sincerity of this political hatred puts to shame the more tepid convictions of these degenerate days. The first Earl of Leicester, better known as 'Coke of Norfolk,' told my father that, when he was a child, his grandfather took him on his knee, and said, 'Now remember, Tom, as long as you live,

never trust a tory ;' and, he used to say, ' I never have, and, by God, I never will.' "

I have no doubt that Mr. Russell's story was strictly true, but I think he might be amused with the sequel, for my grandfather (the "Tom" in question) eventually placed more trust in *one* tory than he did in any whig, saying, by way of apology, "There is only one good tory, and that is Stanhope."

My father has often remarked to me on the curious character of his position at Holkham : he was the only tory amongst all the greatest whigs in the country, including ministers and prime ministers ; yet they were all on terms of the most intimate friendship with him ; never making the slightest difference whether he was there or not ; discussing all their plans and their secrets openly with each other, not only before him, but *to* him. He was the son-in-law of the house, whatever his politics might be : the one unobjectionable tory.



## CHAPTER VIII.

I WAS born at Doncaster; but my parents had not gone there for the sake of the *winning horse*, but to secure the *first favorite* in the medical profession, the famous Dr. Branson. They took two houses close together; my father living in one, and my mother and Lady Anson in the other.

In a letter to his mother, my father tells her that, when Dr. Branson left the house, old Lord Fitzwilliam came out to ask him how Mrs. Stanhope was, and if it was a boy or a girl. In this letter my father says that there was expected to be a very full gathering at the races, and that he believed one great attraction would be the appearance of his daughter; adding that, as my mother had set her mind on my appearing at the races in a very smart hood, certain infantry finery, consisting of the said hood and a very handsome satin cloak, had arrived from London.

I think very few people can say that they saw the St. Leger run when they were three weeks old!

From what I have been told, the northern race-meeting was, in those days, very different from any other race in the kingdom. It was unique, and one of the most striking sights in England. All the county families went there in state, and the display of beautiful animals, and of fine carriages with four or six horses, was wonderful to behold; very different from what it is at the present day.

My mother's carriage was, of course, surrounded, and I was an attraction in this, my brilliant introduction into fashionable life. To complete the success of the day, Lord Lichfield's famous horse, Waterwitch, won the St. Leger, and he commemorated his triumph by giving his mother, Lady Anson, a most splendid Indian shawl, which was called the Waterwitch shawl.

In the letter to my grandmother to which I have referred, my father mentioned that my uncle Charles had dined with them, and that, as my mother wished me to be baptised, they had settled that he should do so after dinner: that I had been named

Anna Maria, because it was a great Stanhope name, my father remarking that they had regretted my aunt Hudson had not been called Anna Maria, instead of Mary Anne. My second name was Eliza, after my mother. "So we determined upon Anna Maria Eliza, by which names the little lady was baptised."

A curious thing happened when I was going to be married; there was some uncertainty about my second name, not one of the family, my father and mother included, feeling sure as to what it was. My future husband said they must excuse his businesslike habits, and that he should like them to write to the Vicar of Doncaster, and ask for a copy of the register of my birth. His request was the means of saving the parish register; for, when the messenger arrived, Doncaster Church was in flames, and, till that moment, no one had thought of the register; but, on receiving the letter, they immediately went to rescue it, which was effected only with great difficulty. The church was burnt to the ground. In the register my name was entered as Anna Maria Wilhelmina.

My own impression is that there was

some mistake, possibly due to my mother's name being Wilhelmina, her name and mine having got mixed; but, anyhow, I have used the name ever since; and I should think it was an unique instance of a husband giving a fresh name to his wife.\*

When the time came for leaving Doncaster they drove to Cannon Hall, having horses sent on to meet them half way. When my mother reached Cawthorne she heard the bells ringing, and innocently enquired the reason; she was answered, "For the little heiress."

\* I have found the following letters :—

"MY DEAR PICKERING,

"I forward Dr. Sharpe's letter, which has surprised me very much, for I had no idea that her name was not Eliza. I do not suppose that Charles entered it wrong; but, however the case may be, she is now Anna Maria Wilhelmina; very pretty names.

"Very truly yours,

"J. SPENCER STANHOPE."

March 2nd, 1853.

"Doncaster Parish Register.

1824 } Anna Maria Wilhelmina, daughter of Spencer  
Aug. 26. } and Elizabeth Stanhope, Esq., of Doncaster,  
was baptised by Spencer Stanhope, Minister.

"The above extract was made by me this first day of March, 1853.

"JNO. SHARPE, Vicar."

My first visit to Holkham was when I was in long clothes. Lady Anne used to tell me of the procession of the baby along the half-lighted passages downstairs,

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“DEAR SIR,

“You will have heard of the total destruction of my beautiful church by fire, which was raging awfully when I received your letter. Happily, through the fearless exertions of one of my parishioners, the registers have been preserved, and I now send you the required extract.

“Dear Sir,

“Yours very faithfully,

“JOHN SHARPE.”

The letter from my grandfather to his mother, referred to above, must, I think, be accepted as conclusive evidence that my mother was really christened Eliza, whatever the entry in the register may have been; for that letter was written within an hour or two after the ceremony. I have little doubt but that my uncle Charles was accountable for the mistake, by entering one of his sister-in-law's names (Wilhelmina) instead of the other (Eliza). The peculiar wording of the entry, and the laxity it displays respecting christian names, would justify such an assumption, even if my uncle had not been (as has been mentioned) notorious for his blunders. At the time, too, he was just recovering from an illness, of which insomnia was one of the symptoms, and he had left his bedroom for the first time only the day before the christening.

There is another curious error in the entry, which seems to have escaped everyone's notice, both at the time and subsequently, namely, that the date given is August 26th; two days before my mother was born!

Her newly discovered name was that by which she was called by my father and his family.—S. P.

headed by my father with a lighted candle, in a fidget lest the nurse should drop me; and she used to add, "You were more precious then than you have ever been since."

My sister Eliza's birth was the next event in the family, and, subsequently, when I was between three and four, my brother was born, on a most suitable day too, St. Thomas' Day, the Cannon Hall rent-day. All the tenants were at dinner at Cawthorne when the news of his birth arrived, and the bells were duly rung, and his health was drunk with cheers.\*

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\* John and Lady Elizabeth Wilhelmina Spencer Stanhope had six children :—

1. ANNA MARIA WILHELMINA, born August 28th, 1824; died December 23rd, 1901; married March 29th, 1853, Percival Andree Pickering, Q.C., who died August 7th, 1876. She had two sons and two daughters, all now living.
2. ELIZA ANNE, born April 20th, 1826; died September 8th, 1859; married June 22nd, 1858, Richard St. John Tyrwhitt, of Oxford, by whom she left one son.
3. WALTER THOMAS WILLIAM, born December 21st, 1827; married January 17th, 1856, Elizabeth Julia, daughter of Sir John Jacob Buxton. She died September 30th, 1880, having had eleven children, of whom two died in infancy and eight are now living.
4. JOHN RODDAM, born January 20th, 1829; married January 10th, 1859, Elizabeth Dawson, widow of

The joy was short-lived, however, for an event happened at Cannon Hall which gave my father the greatest anxiety. A mad dog jumped into the kennels, and bit all the dogs there, and many animals in the yard, before it was discovered what had happened. The kennel-dogs had, when they were turned loose, bitten all the animals about the place; and cows, calves, pigs, sheep, and horses, all went mad. It was first discovered by the extraordinary conduct of some calves at which my uncle Philip was looking. My father said he never should forget that time, with his anxiety that my mother should hear nothing about it, his fear for us, and above all his alarm about the men who had to feed the animals, in case they should have any scratches or cracks in their hands. He sent them all off to Leeds, that their hands might be examined as to the state of the skin. Then he became alarmed be-

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George Frederick Dawson, and daughter of J. King, by whom he had one daughter, who died young.

5. ANNE ALICIA, born February 2nd, 1830; died unmarried May 26th, 1902.
6. LOUISA ELIZABETH, born September 20th, 1831; died unmarried March 13th, 1867.

cause we had been drinking the milk of the cows that went mad, though he afterwards heard from the Leeds Infirmary that there was no danger on that account. These troubles went on for a long time, and he was constantly being told of fresh cases that had broken out. I remember that once I was walking with the nurses on the north side of the park, in the little wood near the lodge, when, on the other side of the hedge, and close to where we were, we saw a dog lying, apparently unconscious, but foaming at the mouth, and making a dreadful moaning noise. We turned back immediately to walk home, and had to go a long way round by the other side of the park so as not to pass by the dog. Happily we arrived in safety, and a keeper was immediately sent down to shoot it.

My mother said that one day when I came in from my walk, she heard an altercation on the stairs, and a small, but very consequential voice saying, "Miss Stan goes up the front stairs; Betsey goes up the back stairs." She speedily sent Miss Stan up the back stairs, and desired Betsey to go up the front.



My earliest recollection of things in this life is connected with Quarles, where my parents took me when I was three years old. It was a house belonging to my grandfather, about four miles from Holkham. They went there, I suppose, with the idea of being more independent than they would have been at Holkham itself; but my mother did not care for it, saying it was like being just outside the gates of paradise. I distinctly remember feeding some tame doves there every morning at breakfast; I used to go into the garden to call them, and they used to come flying into the dining-room through the French windows. Another circumstance at Quarles was rather calculated to make an impression on me, both mind and body. Some visitors had come to luncheon, and I settled that it was the proper thing that I should be asked down to see them: but no message for me came to the nursery; and, much affronted, I determined that something must be done to remind my mother of my existence. After planning various things, a very clever idea struck me; I had observed that, when the dining-room door was open, there was a great space at the

hinges, and through this I inserted my hand, feeling sure that my mother would recognise it as mine, and, that, if thus reminded of my existence, she would be sure to send for me. Alas! a footman partly shut the door, and the yell that followed reminded my mother of my existence in a manner which I had not contemplated, bringing all the company out to see me, instead of bringing me in to see them. Luckily no great damage was done, though the consequences might easily have been very serious.

My first distinct recollection of my grandfather is not connected with Quarles, but with the library at Cannon Hall. One day, when in that room, he said to me, "Come here, little ooman," and drawing himself up to his full height, "Now look at me; do you think you would know me again? If you saw me in the street would you say, 'That is grandpapa.'" I said, I should; and from that day to this his figure has remained prominent in my mind amongst those whom I have known and loved.

Another time we all went down to wish him goodbye when he was going away.

He said to my brother Roddy, "Well, my little man, and what have you come here for?" "Money, grandpapa."

One time, when the Cokes were staying at Cannon Hall, they all drove up to the moors, and, as they were coming back, Lady Anne suggested that they should walk on, leaving the carriage to follow. It was very long in coming, and they had got a considerable way, when a heavy thunder-storm came on, and it began to rain heavily. There was a barn with the door open, close to the roadside, and into this she ran, the others following. A man was there, who looked very sulky at the invasion, and asked what they wanted. Lady Anne said, "We want shelter till the carriage comes up." "It's not much of a carriage ye'll see, I'm thinking," growled the man. But she told him they had come from Cannon Hall, and were going to drive back. The man said, "Well, if you come from there, I reckon you may be the servants." "No," said Lady Anne, "We are not the servants; I am Mr. Stanhope's mother." The man burst out laughing (and very excusably, too, seeing that she was nearly twenty years younger than my

father); "Na, na; Mr. Stanhope's mother indeed, ye'll no gammon me like that." At that moment the carriage drove up, and, to the astonishment of their friend, they all got in, and, wishing him good-bye, drove off. It was called Lady Anne's barn ever after.

I remember, when I was a very little girl, standing in the park to see Lord Milton go by. He was going to Cannon Hall to pay a formal visit to my grandfather. He was alone in a chariot with six horses, and had four outriders, two in front and two behind. I quite well remember my reflection upon it, "All that grandeur for one little pale-faced man, who must be very dull all by himself!"

My mother told me that once when my grandfather and Lady Anne were at Cannon Hall, Lord Fitzwilliam stayed there for one night only; and that he brought with him eight horses, and seven servants; he had four horses for his carriage, two for the outriders, and one each for the valet and groom. There were two postillions, two outriders, a groom, a valet, and his private secretary. My grandfather was very much astonished, and said to my mother,

“Well, my dear Eliza, if this is Yorkshire hospitality, all I can say is that I hope Stanhope’s fortune is equal to it.” It struck him all the more, because in Norfolk it was not the custom for any horses to be taken in at the stables ; they were all sent to the inn.

Another thing which made a great impression on my grandfather was the want of economy in the Yorkshire farming. He said that he had walked up to Banks,\* and had looked all round on as rich a grass country as he ever saw, and yet there were only *two sheep* eating it.

One day the hounds met at Cawthorne,† and lost in Deffer Wood. We had walked towards the summer-house, hoping to see something of the hunt, my brother Walter being carried by one of the nurses. We stopped at the gate of the nearest field, and were standing in the path by the wall, when, suddenly, the fox scrambled over the wall, jumped down on to the path where we were standing, and got into the pond close by,

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\* A house belonging to my grandfather, about a mile and a half from Cannon Hall.—S. P.

† The village near Cannon Hall, and about a mile distant from it.—S. P.

swimming to the middle of it, where there was an upright stone drain-pipe ; into this he got, and was completely hidden. Presently all the hunt came through the gate, looking for Reynard, and, seeing us standing there, they asked the maids if they had seen him. The maids were only too ready to say " Yes," and to betray his hiding-place. Huntsmen, dogs and all, got into the water and surrounded the drain : but the poor fox was curled up tight, and the dogs were too large to get him out. So they had to send to Cawthorne for some small dogs, which got into the drain and killed him. He was then pulled out, and the brush was cut off and given to Walter, who was duly blooded, and went home in triumph, carrying the trophy of his first hunt, and of having been in at the death. His picture was painted waving the brush over his head.\*

We went to stay for some time at Cheltenham, where my grandmother and aunts were ; and my brother Walter, I remember, had the scarlet fever there, though we did

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\* The other figures in the picture are my mother, standing in what was a favourite attitude of hers (as she told me), with her arms folded on the back of a sofa, and her sister Eliza.—S. P.

not move out of the house on that account. When the time came for us to post back to Yorkshire, all England was in a state of commotion, with dangerous riots and mobs, aroused by the reform bill. Travelling was not very safe, and people were generally afraid of moving about. We, however, got safely to Bromsgrove, where we slept.

The next morning the landlady came to my mother, and said that there were rumours of large mobs being about the country; that carriages had been stopped, and people not allowed to go on; that it really was not safe travelling with young children; that she ought, at any rate, to send out and buy some yellow ribbons for the horses and servants. My mother was sure that my father would not consent to go with false colours if he knew it, and so the only way was not to let him know that we had got them. Accordingly, our French *bonne* was sent out to buy yellow ribbons, with orders to put them in her pocket, and dress us up with them as soon as we had started. This was easily done, because my father and mother travelled in the rumble of the chariot, leaving the inside of the carriage to us.

We had gone about two miles from Bromsgrove, when there appeared a very large mob armed with pikes and staves, and waving flags and banners. They divided and made way for us, but looked sulky, as if they were used to being taken in by false colours. When we got into the midst of the mob, Walter, thinking it very dull, began waving a streamer of yellow-ribbon which hung down from the carriage, and cheering at the top of his voice. No better fun! off went our hats: we waved them over our heads, and cheered as loudly as we could. There could be no mistake, thought the mob, we were of the right sort! So they began to cheer *us*: they cheered, and we cheered; and our delight was complete, when the band struck up a whig tune. We were taking my father triumphantly through the whig mob! He told us, however, that our false colours must be taken down as soon as we crossed the boundary into Yorkshire, which we should do at Bawtry.

I remember the state of excitement everyone was in at Sheffield, when we got there, to hear the news from London. The yard of the Tontine Inn, where we were to sleep, was crowded with people



awaiting the arrival of the last mail from the South.

We spent every winter at Holkham when we were children, but I was then so young, that I only remember one or two trivial things which seem to flash across my memory. I recollect that we were located in one of the towers, with our French *bonne*, Mme. Bâton, alias Bâty, one of the most excellent, thoroughly trustworthy persons who ever existed, but a great dragon: outside our room there was a very wide passage, which we made our playground, and there was one specially attractive place in it, a sort of black hole, which served as a prison for the boys. When they were naughty, they were dragged up to the tower by their tutor, Mr. Paine, and locked up in this dark closet till they repented. It was very exciting to us to hear the cries of "I will be good, do let me out, Mr. Paine," accompanied by vigorous thumps, and sometimes varied by "If you don't open the door this minute, I will kick it down." We used to have our meals in a room downstairs with our young uncles: my grandfather would generally come in to see us while we were

at our dinner, and used to sit down and eat a roast potato with butter and rock-salt. We always went down to dessert, and then used all to play games in the drawing-room with Lady Anne.

Field was the head nurse: a very clever woman. She had her rooms on one side of the passage, Bâty had hers on the other; they were the rival powers, and we the bone of contention.

I well recollect the battue days, which came twice a week, and what a pretty sight there was on the south lawn, when they were all assembling for the start. I used regularly to be lifted on to my grandfather's horse, and he used to ride up and down with me till they were all ready to set off. I remember his telling me on one of these occasions how he had once killed a fox in what is now the centre of Belgrave Square.

In later years I heard another story, equally illustrative of the condition of London in those days. I was sitting at dinner by old Sir Hamilton Seymour, who was for many years our ambassador at Vienna, and he told me that when he was quite a young man he went out in his father's carriage to dine somewhere in London, and the carriage

was attacked by highwaymen in what is now the lower end of Grosvenor Place, and they were rescued only with some difficulty. I could hardly believe that I was actually talking to a person who had himself been attacked by highwaymen in what was now one of the crowded thoroughfares of London. It seemed to link one in an extraordinary way with the past!

But to return to Holkham. One evening there was to be a servants' ball in the audit-room, and we were to go to it. The band arrived from Wells, headed by Mr. Tysack, the Wells hairdresser, who was a most fascinating man to the maids, with dark corkscrew ringlets. He came up to the tower in the evening to cut our hair before the ball. My brother, Walter, was well pinned up in a white wrapper undergoing the operation, with Bâty holding a candle for Mr. Tysack to see, when suddenly the beautiful ringlets frizzled up—she had set Mr. Tysack's hair on fire! Down went the candle, and Bâty, horrified at what she had done, made a dash at Mr. Tysack's head to put out the burning curls, when, oh! horror of horrors! the whole thing came off in her hands, leaving him with a bald pate! We, of course, in-

curred Bâty's high displeasure by enjoying the catastrophe to the last degree. I do not recollect whether he sent off to Wells for a fresh set of curls for the ball, but think this was most probable, as he would never have dared to appear without his ringlets.

We knew Sir Charles Clarke, the eminent physician, as he was a great friend of my grandfather's. One year Lady Anne was very ill with an attack of fever, and the local doctor said she was dying; she was almost pulseless, and in the last stage of weakness. My grandfather said, "If any one can save her, it is Clarke;" and he had four horses put to his chariot, and gave orders that they were to go as fast as they could, and bring Clarke back in it. The moment Clarke saw her, he said that she must be bled. The other doctor was horrified, and refused to take the responsibility of such an act; but Sir Charles persisted, saying, "She must be bled till she faints, and I will do it on my own responsibility. I shall hold the watch and feel her pulse, and I shall tell you when to stop." The doctor, as he took out his lancet, said, "Lady Anne, I am putting a pistol to your

head." As the blood flowed, her pulse rose, and she was saved. She had been dying, not from weakness, but from the fever.

Clarke amused us when we were children, by telling us that he was once attending a lady who was very nervous; she was at breakfast at the time, and held a bit of toast in one hand, and the fee in the other. He watched eagerly for what he thought would happen, and, sure enough, he got the toast. He held it up, put it in his mouth, and ran out of the room saying, "Mind you don't swallow the guinea."

We used often to drive down to the sea at Holkham, which was a great novelty and a subject of interest to us. The coast there is a fine desolate one, with nothing to interfere with the full sweep of the breakers as they roll in with a thundering sound. The sands are, for the most part, hard and fine, but there are many quicksands in them, and boards were to be seen in all directions with "Dangerous" on them. Collecting shells was a great delight to us in those days.

I recollect our going from Cannon Hall to Mrs. Beckett's, at Barnsley, to see the

Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria pass through the town on their way to Wentworth House, where they were to pay a visit. The body of Yeomanry, which were to have met them, went, by some mistake, the wrong way, and missed them, so they had no escort at all, and the Duchess of Kent was rather uneasy, as she did not know the meaning of it.\* My father and mother were asked to Wentworth House to meet the Princess, and they described her as a most simple, unaffected, and pleasing girl. In the evening she sang, while the Duchess of Kent accompanied her, and, through some oversight, everybody remained seated, the Princess being the only person who was standing. My father said this made him feel so uncomfortable, that he would have got up, but, being a guest, he did not like to appear to set the example to others in such a matter.

Some years after, when we were staying at Wentworth House, I was walking in the pleasure-ground with Lady Dorothy Fitzwilliam, when she said, "This is where the Princess slipped." I asked her what she

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\* William IV. did not approve of these "progresses" of the Duchess of Kent, nor of her taking the Princess to visit at various country houses.—A. M. W. P.

meant, and she told me that, when Princess Victoria was there, she was showing her about the pleasure-ground, and they met the old gardener, who said to the Princess, "Your Royal Highness maun be varie careful, for its varie slape." The Princess turned round and said, "What does slape mean?" Just at that moment she slipped in the mud, and nearly came down, on which Lady Dorothy quietly said, "Now, ma'am, you know what slape means."

Soon after their visit, Lord Milton, who was the great favourite and hope of the county, was taken ill with typhus fever, and, to the great sorrow and regret of everyone, he died. It was not generally known, but Princess Victoria had an attack of the same fever after her return to Kensington Palace.

## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN we got older, and a schoolroom was established, we used to remain at Cannon Hall all through the winter; but my father's health was never strong, and he could not stand the climate there at that time of year, so he and my mother regularly spent the six winter months at Holkham, which place always agreed with him particularly. Nothing could be happier than our summers, when our parents were at home, or more dreary than the winters, when they were away. My heart used to sink within me when they drove off, and we were left.

We had two governesses. The English one had been governess to Tom Hughes' sister; the other, a German, was the daughter of the musician Kiesewetter. The only advantage we found in having two, was that, if there was warfare with one, the other was especially kind to us.

My mother told me in latter years that we used *all* to be so much admired when



young, that she was spoken of as, "Mrs. Stanhope with the beautiful children." Of course the knowledge of this was carefully kept from us. Lady Anne Coke used to say to her, "You do not make half enough of those beautiful little girls, you are not worthy of them." Her answer always was, "I am *afraid*." She thought of Lady Ellenborough. I well remember my extreme astonishment one day when we were at Cheltenham: I got separated from the others, and became lost in the Old Well walk, when a gentleman came up, bringing with him a lady, and I heard him say to her, "I want you to see her, I think she is the loveliest little girl I ever saw." I was very excited, and thought I should like to see her too. I looked eagerly all round in every direction for the little girl; but there was no one near, and they were looking at *me*.

My father, in speaking of us, used to say, "They are all as wild as hawks, but there is not one of them that would tell an untruth, or do a mean thing." \*

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\* Perhaps I may be excused for inserting the following letter, which I have found.—S. P.

My mother kept a shop for us about once a month, where we bought cheap things for presents to the villagers, or for ourselves. Our money was made by the pennies we received every Saturday evening, when our characters for the week were read aloud.

Many old customs still lingered at that time in the village of Cawthorne. The

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“Wortley, 9th Jan<sup>y</sup>.

“DEAR LADY ELIZABETH,

“I must write you a few lines to tell you how delighted I and the children have been with Walter’s and Anna Maria’s visit to us. It was very, very kind of you to let them come. He is a dear, good boy, and I found him perfectly tractable and gentlemanlike; as to her, were I to say all I think of her, you, but *no one else*, would accuse me of exaggeration: her heart, her mind, her whole *manière d’être*, are singularly delightful. You have indeed reason to be grateful to God for giving you such a daughter, and, yes, *eldest* child too! How salutary must the effect be upon the others! . . .

“Believe me,

“Ever yr. affte,

“G. STUART WORTLEY.”

From many old letters of my grandmother’s which I have found, I feel sure that even she, in her heart of hearts, would not have considered a still warmer eulogium as an exaggeration.

I may add the following extract from a letter of my grandmother’s of about the same date as the above, written, probably, to her mother-in-law.—S. P.

“Anna Maria set off last Thursday, according to appointment, with Mark, in the gig to Pennistone, where

curfew was rung every evening at eight o'clock. On the first of May the school-children came up with hoops to beg for artificial flowers ; these my mother's maid used to sew on to the hoops, which, with ribbons and other decorations, were used in decking out a tall May-pole planted in the village. At Christmas all sorts of old cere-

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she was met by Lady Georgiana [Stuart Wortley], who brought her back, quite enchanted with her, on Saturday. She told me that she had never seen anything more perfect than her manner to Mr. Forster, to whom she was to act as Ambassadress in bringing him here. I must give you a specimen of the conversation for your amusement :—

*“Lady G. Wortley: ‘Mr. Forster, I have brought Anna Maria on an embassy to you from Lady E. Stanhope.’*

*“Mr. F. (drawing himself up): ‘Oh! I am prepared to receive it.’*

*“A. M.: ‘Not an embassy, a petition: so I must make myself humble.’*

*“Mr. F.: ‘So that’s all! There is a shilling for you.’*

*“A. M.: ‘Mamma desires me to entreat you to come to us. She has kept a very comfortable room for you.’*

*“Mr. F.: ‘Pretty talking! When I get there, I shall find that Lady Elizabeth has put me into a place only fit for a coal-hole, looking into the chicken-yard, with the dog-kennel beyond it.’*

*“A. M.: ‘Oh, no! It is a very nice room, just opposite the schoolroom, so that we may all take care of you.’*

*“Mr. F.: ‘Just opposite the schoolroom! a charming noise I shall have!’*

*“A. M.: ‘We will take care not to touch the piano-forte when you are in your room.’*

monies still prevailed: the carpenter used to bring in the yule-log on Christmas eve into the library: no other servant had the right to bring it in. On New Year's eve, toast and ale went round for the servants: musicians and morris-dancers, and the "horse's head," appeared, while the choir sang under the windows, whatever the weather might be. Another night the singers used to come into the hall, and sing to us there. There were always some very fine

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"*Mr. F.* : 'If I don't hear *him*, I shall be sure to hear *you*.'

"*A. M.* : 'Your room has two doors, and the school-room one: they shall always be shut.'

"*Mr. F.* : 'A nice banging I shall have!'

"*A. M.* : 'Mamma says you shall do what you like, and go where you like.'

"*Mr. F.* : 'Very likely, indeed, that Lady Elizabeth would bear me hobbling about the house! The first thing she would do, would be to take my stick from me.'

"*A. M.* : 'If you will but come, you shall not be obliged to write yourself a lawyer's letter as an excuse to get away again.'

"*Mr. F.* : 'I should find some other means of getting away.'

"So they went on, till Mr. Wortley, and even Lord and Lady Wharnccliffe, were in fits of laughter.

"She has made quite a conquest of Lord Wharnccliffe, who volunteered shaking hands, and saying how glad he was to see her: indeed, she has quite domesticated herself there, and is as much at home as if she had lived there all her life."

voices amongst them, and they practised a good deal amongst themselves ; indeed, this part of England was noted for producing good singers.

My father took the greatest pains with our education. He had a highly classical mind, and used to read a great deal of history and poetry with us, and especially with me, as I was the eldest. When he was away, he used to write letters on history to me, and these I had to answer. I have in after years realised the true value of his instruction, and have found that what I learnt from him has remained, and has left its stamp on my mind, long after the wisdom and learning of the schoolroom had passed away.\*

On most days in the summer we used to ride with my father. He had made quite a study of the art of riding, in riding-schools

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\* Whatever pains her father spent on her education, she well repaid on that of her own children. She never considered that any trouble or money spent on such an object was wasted. I have now some dozen note-books containing a history of England which she wrote for us, because she thought she could convey the facts to us better in her own words than in those of others. The facts, perhaps, have vanished from our minds, but the spirit of the teaching and of the teacher remains ; and her labour has not been in vain. —S. P.

both in England and abroad, and he used to say most people rode without knowing anything of the government of a horse; that it should be entirely from the wrist, and that a turn of the little finger should govern the bit of a horse. He told me that sometimes when he was riding in Paris, everybody would scatter out of the way in alarm of his horse, though he was only amusing himself by making it dance!

When we did not go out riding with my father, we used to do gardening with my mother. She sat near us with her book, directing our youthful efforts at digging, weeding and watering. We had each a flower-garden and a kitchen-garden.

Every day during our tea-time my father used to read aloud to us, either the plays of Shakespeare, or Roman history: and this was one of our great pleasures, for he read most beautifully.\* Inspired by what had been read to us, we used to act plays on the stump of a tree in the park, and ride tournaments on our ponies.

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\* My mother, certainly, inherited to no mean extent the rare art of reading aloud, though she could not, as she always declared, imitate different brogues as well as her father did.—S. P.

A prime favourite of our childhood was Mitchell (Mitty), my mother's maid, who had been with her before she married. Her chief pleasure was in spoiling us: her next, in spoiling the whole village. She was always begging for some one; and it was as good as a play to hear my mother scolding her, remonstrating, and declaring her determination not to give, while Mitchell, holding her own, and not minding a bit, waited quietly, sure of getting her own way at the last.

Her great delight was in making the most remarkably clever rag-dolls for us, dressed like soldiers or sailors.

One day, my mother found her at the poor people's closet, drinking up all the remains of the bottles of medicine, because, as she said, it was a great pity such good medicine should be wasted. Another day my mother found her with her mouth full of something, chewing away at it; the something was some of her finest lace, which was undergoing a process, which, Mitchell said, was the safest one for getting the dirt out. She was, however, wonderfully clever with laces and furs.

Poor Mitchell! she eventually ended by going out of her mind from softening of the

brain, and had to have a home provided for her in a farmhouse.

We used to take great interest in the village, and my brother Roddy was a great favourite there. He could talk Yorkshire very well, which delighted the villagers, and any choice stories of the natives were always retailed to us. One day he remarked to the keeper on the number of rabbits in the park: "Eh! Mester Roddy, there's sadly, prattily, a fund o' rabbits in t' park." Another day he asked where something was, and was told, "It's 'oop a t'op o' t'ous." There was an old woman whom we used to go to see, she had shaking fits, and told Roddy, "T' doctor says it's from t' liver; but a knows better; it's a hole in t' gizzard."

One day the same woman said to me, "I should like to go to heaven, and I mean to go there, if I *live* and keep my senses." Another woman said she hoped her son would still be lame, and have his crutches in heaven, so that she might hear him coming, for "how could she go homfer, homfer through all the courts of heaven looking for him?"

There was an old couple in the village whom I used often to go to see, and one



day, when I found them sitting, one on each side of the fire, the old man said to me, "Well, t' misses and me, we've been married nigh on fifty year, and we've never had one quarrel." The old woman looked at me, with a twinkle in her eye, and said, "It war varie conscientious, but varie dool."

As we got older we used to half live in the boat on the water in the park. We discovered an island, where my father, in former days, had made an harbour and some walks: this we appropriated, and we got an old man, Amos Gill, who was the living image of Count Ugolino, to come with us to cut the brambles, and clear the paths. When we took him back, he exclaimed, on getting out of the boat, "I am *thankful* to be on English shores again; I hope I shall never leave England more:" and we had to give up taking him, as the perilous voyages over a few yards of water were too much of a trial for him.

One day we were walking by the Dean Hill tan-yard: the tan pits were all in a dark barn, and at the entrance to this we saw a man standing, laughing, and holding up a dripping bonnet by the strings. Presently there emerged such a figure! my

sister Eliza, with her hair wet, and streaming down her back ; her muslin frock clinging round her, with tan pouring from every fold : and in this draggled and drowned condition she had to walk home. She had gone, against orders, into the barn, and, in the dark, had fallen into one of the tan pits. The catastrophe was concealed from my mother, though she was puzzled to know why the tan-yard was smelling so strong that day.

Once Walter came in to dinner in the schoolroom looking very white : Roddy had been teasing the dog in the stable-yard, till, thoroughly enraged, the animal broke his chain, rushed at him, got him down, and bit his arm : the next minute he would have been at his throat, but, providentially, Walter was at hand, and saw what had happened : he was very strong, and gave the dog such a tremendous kick, that it slunk back into its kennel. Walter then took Roddy up in his arms, carried him into the saddle-room, and sucked the wound.

One very hot season there were an enormous number of wasps about, and my brothers took to smoking them with sulphur, and then digging them out. One day they

brought in a very fine hornet's nest in a handkerchief, with the hornets in a state of torpor. They thought they would kill them by putting them into the oven, and preserve the nest as a specimen. After giving them time, as they thought, to be well roasted, they opened the oven door, when a great buzz was heard, and out flew all the hornets, resuscitated by the heat, and swarmed all over the kitchen. How they were finally got rid of, I do not remember.

One day, at Cannon Hall, there was a large party, which included old Mr. Bowen Cooke. He was sitting at one end of the table, and, in due course, stood up to say grace; when the expectant ears of the company were greeted by my brother Roddy's voice from the other end of the room, with,

“Six children sliding on the ice,  
All on a summer's day :  
It so fell out that they all fell in,  
The rest they ran away.”

Another day, when my aunt Anson and her daughters, Sir William and Lady Cooke, and others, were at Cannon Hall, they let off the water from the upper reach in the park, with a view to getting the fish, and

then cleaning it out. We all went down to see it drawn, and my uncle Charles, who was there, persuaded Sir William Cooke to walk over the top of the cascade, as being much the shortest and easiest way of getting to the other side. Sir William Cooke had Roddy in his arms, and the stones at the top of the cascade were narrow and slippery; down went Sir William Cooke, slosh into the mud and water in the upper reach, letting Roddy fall from his arms, who went down the then dry cascade, bounding from one stone to another. They thought he would have been dreadfully hurt, but he sat down on the last stone quite unconcerned, washing his hands.

This anecdote recalls to my memory some verses which my uncle Charles wrote about us, and gave to me :—

Dear Anna Maria,  
Who can but desire  
To hear that you're healthy and happy and good.  
And lively Eliza,  
I hope she grows wiser  
And taller to-day, than she yesterday stood.  
That carpenter Walter,  
Is ne'er a defaulter  
At pleasing Miss Dawson\* and learning his book.

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\* The governess.

That brave little Roddy,  
Takes care of his body,  
That fell from the arms of that good William Cooke.  
That fat, fair Miss Alice,  
A soul without malice,  
Is loved and is loving where'er she is known.  
And Baby Louisa,  
Let all strive to please her,  
Or surely our hearts are as hard as a stone.

When she grew up, my sister Loui, in spite of bad health, was active in doing all the good she could for others. She was deeply religious, and devoted herself to brightening the lives of the villagers, by whom she was deservedly beloved. One event, which gave her infinite pleasure, was their joining together to present her with a very handsome silver cup, and an address commemorating their gratitude to, and affection for her.

She had a remarkable love for animals, and the most extraordinary control over them, never seeming to have the slightest feeling of fear wherever an animal was concerned; indeed, one of her great desires was to have a tame lion.\* She had a little

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\* The mention of a tame lion recalls to my mind an anecdote which my father told me of Sir Robert Spencer. In his ship he had a pet tiger, which he had got as a cub, and which was perfectly tame. One day he was sitting in

cart made to take her provisions to the poor in the village: it was quite low, and painted bright blue, with brilliant red wheels, and "Louisa Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope" inscribed on the back of it. To this she used to harness either a fox or a ram! Lord Stanhope, when he was staying at Cannon Hall, delighted in going with her to the village, and they took a regular Noah's Ark with them. The procession consisted of the fox and the ram, one or other of them drawing the cart; Lord Stanhope's little German dog, Löwe; a Chinese sheep, with flap-ears, called Pekin; and two large German geese. Lord Stanhope afterwards made Loui a present of the geese, and they used to roam about the park, which was soon full of "the Stanhopes," as we used to call them.

Often when my sister Loui had ordered

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an arm-chair in his cabin, with his hand hanging over the arm, when the tiger, who was lying beside him, began affectionately licking it. Sir Robert felt the licking growing harder and harder, and he knew that in a few minutes the beast would draw blood. He had the presence of mind not to draw his hand away, nor to move; but, with the other hand, he rang the bell, and told the servant, who answered it, to bring him a loaded pistol instantly. The man did so; and Sir Robert, taking it with one hand, whilst the beast was still licking the other, blew out its brains.—A. M. W. P.

the fox to be harnessed to the cart, the grooms would come and say that they could not find it anywhere: then she would go to the trees near the avenue, and call, "Charlie, Charlie;" and out would come Charlie from his hiding-place, and follow her into the stable-yard, where he was harnessed to his cart—the "Daisy cart," as it was called.

Daisy, the ram, had lost his mother in early youth, and my sister had brought him up by hand. He grew into a very handsome ram, with a long thick tail and twisted horns. He was perfectly devoted to my sister, but was a most dangerous animal for other people, and everyone was afraid of coming near him. He pitched one young man into a tank of water in the stable-yard, and another day he attacked a man on horse-back, who was riding in the park.

Once, when there was a frost, and my sister was being pushed in a chair on the ice in the park, Daisy caught sight of her, and rushed on to the ice after her; down he came, of course, but picked himself up again, and frantically tried to get to her, slithering and tumbling about in a most ridiculous manner.

But his devotion to my sister could not expiate his sins against other people; and, after having knocked down an old woman, and nearly killed the gardener's children, his death-warrant was signed, and he had to pay the penalty of his misdeeds.

Another animal celebrity at Cannon Hall was a beautiful silver pheasant, with a very long tail: it used to walk about in the pleasure-grounds, and, though peaceably disposed to everyone else, it had taken a most unaccountable dislike to my father, and would attack him whenever it saw him. My father used to have to put up his umbrella to defend himself, when the bird would then fly on to the top of it, and my father had to walk home with the pheasant perched above him, forming a most ludicrous picture.

We had some beautiful Grecian dogs like large greyhounds, which always followed the carriage. They had been bred from some dogs which my father had brought with him from Greece. Their names were Sparta and Corinth (vulgarized by the servants into Currant); the former black, and the latter a bright red-brown. There was also a very extraordinary dog from Van Diemen's Land.



It was perfectly happy and contented till it caught sight of a child, when it immediately began howling in the most unearthly manner, and behaved as if it were going out of its senses. It had eventually to be sent away on account of this peculiarity.

My father, also, used to keep some wild boars of a small breed, and one day the Exciseman was found sitting on the top of a wall, with a bull on one side, and the wild boars on the other.

When I was about ten years old I became very lame : no cause could be assigned for this, nor could it be ascertained what was the matter. My parents consulted Brodie, who, without seeing me, suggested I should not move from the sofa. This was carried out till I almost lost the power of walking, and my parents got thoroughly frightened about me. Several clever surgeons came over to see me, but could not discover what was wrong ; and I had to go through experiments of hot bran-baths, leeches, blisters, etc., etc., but got no better. At last I was taken to Hay, the celebrated surgeon at Leeds, who ordered me irons up to the knee ; my father remonstrated, but without avail ;

they were ordered, and arrived at Cannon Hall. My father said that he might pay for them, but that I should never put them on, and he settled I should be taken to London to see Brodie.

Just before we were to start, Miss Beckett came over from Barnsley. She was a very managing, strong-minded woman, and quite a character. She said, "Lady Elizabeth, before you take that child to London, will you bring her over to my mother's house, and let me appoint old Whateman, the bone-setter, to see her; he comes to Barnsley every market day." My mother consented, and we drove over to Mrs. Beckett's\* on the appointed day. There we found old Whateman established. He was a fine, picturesque, benevolent old man, with his head tied up in a red cotton handkerchief. He first heard all that had been done, looked at my foot, made me walk, and then said to me, "My dear, the great men have done all they could to make you lame for life, but happily they have not succeeded. Now I will cure you; but I must doctor the boot first."

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\* She was an aunt, I believe, of the present Lord Grimthorpe.—S. P.

He begged an old white kid glove from Miss Beckett, and taking that and my boot, he went into the town. He soon came back, bringing the boot, which had in the inside a small pad of white kid, and outside, just in the hollow of the foot, a wedge of strong leather. He put the boot on me, and then told me to walk, which, to my surprise, I found I could do perfectly, without lameness or pain. He said that until the foot was quite well I must never walk a step without wearing that boot; though, with it, I might walk as much as I liked; and he ordered me to have a douche of cold water every morning and evening, and to have a masseur from Leeds to stay in the house, and rub my foot six or seven times a day. This was carried out, and in three weeks I was perfectly well, and never had any trouble with my foot afterwards. He explained to me that some slight thing, such as a chilblain, had caused me to tread unequally, and in doing so I had overstrained the guiders of the foot, which had become like overstretched elastic, and every time I walked they gave way, and would become worse, unless they were properly supported by my boots; and that, instead of having had things to strengthen

them, and to enable them to recover their tone, the treatment which I had been undergoing had served only to weaken them. Thus, from wrong treatment, a simple thing might have become a very serious one.

I am glad to give this my testimony to the very last of a remarkable race of men—the Yorkshire bone-setters.

I ought to give some description of the Becketts of Barnsley. Mrs. Beckett had a good house and garden, just at the entrance of Barnsley.\* She had one son, and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Eleanor, the grenadier of the family, was a thorough

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\* This Mrs. Beckett, so far as I can ascertain, must have been the wife of one of the sons of Sir John Beckett of Leeds, who was born in 1743, was created a baronet in 1813, and was grandson of Gervase Beckett of Barnsley. Sir John had three daughters and eight sons; of the latter, three successively inherited the baronetcy.

His 1st son, Sir John, married Anne Lowther, daughter of the Earl of Lonsdale.

His 3rd son, Sir Thomas, married his cousin, Caroline, daughter of Joseph Beckett of Barnsley.

His 5th son, William, was a banker at Leeds, and married a daughter of H. Meynell Ingram, of Temple Newsham.

His 6th son, Sir Edmund, married a daughter of W. Beverley, great-niece of Lady Denison; their eldest son, Sir Edmund, was created Lord Grimthorpe.—S. P.

character. Very tall, thin, and masculine-looking ; with spectacles, and a strong Yorkshire accent. She knew everyone's business, and what everyone *ought* to do, which she was always trying to make them do : but she was kind, and helpful in any difficulty. In Barnsley it was said that Miss Beckett governed England : *i.e.* she governed Barnsley, Barnsley governed the West Riding, the West Riding governed Yorkshire, and Yorkshire governed England. Augusta Beckett, the second daughter, was as tall as her sister, but not so clever, and was inclined to be sentimental ; while Marianne, the third, was a kind and amiable person, who suffered from bad health.

The son, Staniforth Beckett (Stān-iforth), was a quiet, inoffensive man, who took care of his money : indeed, money seemed to stick to everything of the name of Beckett. Beckett-Denison, Lord Grimthorpe's father, took the name of Denison for a fortune, which (the name, not the fortune) he dropped on succeeding to the baronetcy.

The Becketts had a pet *protégé*, a pretty little Pole, Count Wierskinski ; he was quite young, and found it very convenient to be always welcomed at their table. One very

hot morning, as I was riding, I passed Wierskinski sitting under a tree, cooling himself; he rose, and made me a profound salute. The next day, to my great amusement, my governess received a letter from him, apologising for having bowed to "*La vezzosa Signorina Stanhope*" without having his cravat on!

Augusta Beckett fell a victim to the little blind god, and actually committed the folly of marrying Wierskinski. She was gigantically tall, as I have mentioned, and old enough to be his mother. They reminded one of a caricature in the Bab Ballads. I never heard what was the after-life of this ill-matched pair.

Lady Anne Beckett, the cynosure of the Becketts' eyes, lived in the large house at the end of Stratford Place, and used to give grand parties there. She was Lord Lonsdale's daughter.

Mr. William Beckett of Leeds married Miss Meynell Ingram, when she was no longer young. She owned Temple Newsham, a fine place in the neighbourhood of Leeds. I remember Mr. Granville Vernon telling us that he had been asked to dine with them in London, "I went to my old friend, Bill

Beckett," he said, "expecting a good plain dinner, and a few old Yorkshire friends; instead of which I found, to my surprise, a very fine gentleman as my host, with a number of fine London people as guests, and a dinner of the most *recherché* character, with the finest of wines."

Mr. Granville Vernon was a son of Archbishop Harcourt. He had married Mrs. Danby Harcourt,\* a rich widow, who had a beautiful place, of which he had the enjoyment as long as her life lasted. She was a most quiet, unpretending person, and was always in very bad health. We used sometimes to go and see her, and I remember her showing us a wonderfully beautiful representation of the crucifixion in ivory, the work of Benvenuto Cellini.

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\* As second wife: his first wife had been a Miss Eyre. According to Burke, Edward Vernon, the Archbishop of York, assumed the name of Harcourt on succeeding to his mother's estates. He married Anne Granville, daughter of the Marquis of Stafford.

Their eldest son, George Granville Vernon or Vernon-Harcourt, married, firstly, a daughter of Lord Lucan, and secondly, the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave. Their third son was William Harcourt, canon of York, whose second son is Sir William George Granville Vernon-Harcourt. Granville Leveson was the Archbishop's ninth and youngest son.—S. P.

Mr. Granville Vernon was a tall, distinguished-looking man, but he was decidedly unpopular.\*

His father was the last Archbishop who really looked like the head of the Church, with his handsome face, framed in a full-bottomed wig, which conferred such an appearance of wisdom and dignity on the wearer. Before the see was divided, he used to come every year to Cannon Hall.

There was a little bridge in the pleasure ground at Bishopthorpe from which, it was said, a very good view of York races could be obtained, and there the Archbishop and his secretary, well hidden by the foliage, used to enjoy their private peep.

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\* I have omitted a story illustrative of his unpopularity; it is familiar to a later generation, but is told of his nephew, Sir William V. Harcourt.—S. P.



## CHAPTER X.

My sister Eliza and I used to go to London every spring, for masters. This was a pleasant change for us, and we saw many sights and things of interest which we should otherwise have missed. We used to live a great deal in Langham Place with our grandmother and aunts, and we often went to tea with our cousins, Lady Anne and Lady Louisa Primrose ; also with the William Ansons, who had the same French mistress as we had. We were very fond of this mistress, and she used to get up little entertainments with her friends, at which we often acted charades.

The Zoological Gardens were a delight to us : and, in those days, the Colosseum was a great resource ; every year there were beautiful dioramas with dissolving views there, and exhibitions of all kinds. I well remember the Swiss Cottage near a lake,

and the African glen, with its stuffed animals, and natives at their various occupations : there was, also, an eagle perched on a rock, and many other things of interest.\*

One sight, which I remember well, was very pretty, and, as it never can be seen again now, I will describe it. Lord Lichfield was Postmaster-general, and we went to tea with our cousins, his children, to watch from the balcony of his house the mail-coaches going round St. James's Square. This they did on the Queen's birthday. There was an immense number of coaches, all freshly painted, and looking very bright : the horses spick and span, and some of them very fine animals : the coachmen and guards had all new scarlet coats, and new hats : and the reins, also, were new. They all drove, one after the other, round St. James's Square, blowing their horns, and, as they passed Lord Lichfield's house, which was in the corner of the Square, the coachman and guard of each coach took off their hats.

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\* I have added as an appendix to this chapter a diary, which I found, written by my mother when eleven and a half years old, describing one of these journeys to town, and some of her doings when in London.—S. P.

Once when we were in town, I was walking in Bond Street with my brother Walter, who was then a boy at Eton. Suddenly he dragged me across the street, between all the carriages, and rushed into a shop, taking me with him: then he as suddenly walked out again, re-crossed the street, and walked down it in a most dignified manner, taking off his hat to a gentleman whom we passed. I thought he had gone crazy, and asked him what he was doing: his answer was, "I was making you shirk Dr. Hawtrey: I forgot I was not at Eton, and in another moment I should have had you under the counter!" I can boast of having played battledore with Professor Whewell, as well as having "shirked" Dr. Hawtrey.

We used to see a good deal of the Milnes of Fryston. Mrs. Milnes used to sing to us in the schoolroom after she was dressed for dinner. I think I can see her now, in a very short and narrow gown of either yellow or ruby brocade, made just like a sack, quite straight down, with a small flounce at the bottom, showing some coloured shoes, and a turban with white feathers on her head. She was like the French caricatures

after the Peace: "*Les Anglais pour rire!*" She used to sing "Froggy would a wooing go," to a most appreciative audience. She was a very good-natured woman.

Her husband, Richard Pemberton Milnes, was tall and strikingly handsome, but had a very satirical expression. He was a more able man than his son (Richard Monckton Milnes), and made a speech, from which the highest expectations were formed as to his future political career.

He himself made a bet that before a certain age he would be a member of the Government, and true enough, before that age he actually was offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. He refused it, and, to the surprise of every one, never took any further part in politics. He was offered a peerage, but refused that also, to the intense amazement of his son.

Once when he was staying at Cannon Hall he expressed a wish to see my aunts, who then lived at Banks. My father walked up with him, and, when they got into the garden, they found my aunt Frances pruning her roses. Mr. Milnes opened his arms wide, and exclaiming "My dear girl, I am so glad to see you," gave her a hearty kiss! My

father looked scandalised, and my aunt blushed the colour of a poppy. I ought, perhaps, to finish the story by observing that Mr. Milnes and my aunt are now both dead.

Monckton (Dickey) Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), as a public character has been so often described, that any further description of him seems almost superfluous. His face beamed with kind-heartedness, imperturbable good-temper, and thorough enjoyment of life. He never showed the slightest approach to ill-nature. His father enjoyed having a sly hit at him, but let him do as he liked, and ask whom he pleased to Fryston.

Those who have never heard Monckton Milnes laugh, have lost an experience in life! It was an irrepressible burst of joyous merriment, such as could only have proceeded from a mind perfectly at ease, and quite free from any mean or unworthy thought. He was a man *à petits talents*: he had a very pleasant voice, and used to sing most agreeably the songs he had written, "The Old Arm Chair," and others. In London he took to going into people's houses in the evening, uninvited, which was not quite

appreciated, and procured him the sobriquets of "The cool of the evening," and "London assurance."

One day when we were staying at Fryston, my mother went up to sit in her own room. It was a cold day, and she heard a great poking up of her fire: on entering, she found, to her amusement, Dickey Milnes, hard at work, making her up a good fire.

Once when the Roseberys were at Cannon Hall, Monckton Milnes was staying there, and he challenged us to guess a riddle which he had made up. I may give it here, because anything composed by him possesses a certain value:—

"My first is very near a tree;  
My second my heart has done for thee;  
Guess on, and never mind the trouble,  
It will requite thee more than double.  
Trebled."

After we had come out, we often went to Fryston. I thought it a most agreeable house at which to visit, for there was always a succession of clever people there, and you never knew whom next to expect. One morning at breakfast, I remember, Monckton Milnes suddenly announced that Thiers was coming that evening: but some business interfered to prevent his doing so.

In those days childish games were all the fashion in the evening, but childish games played by such men as Mr. Cheny, Mr. Spedding, and Sir Stirling Maxwell were regular encounters of wit, real *jeux d'esprit*. I remember we sent Monckton Milnes out of the room, and chose a character, which he was to guess and personate. We settled on Dick Turpin, which completely puzzled him, and he had to give in.

After his mother's death, his only sister, Lady Galway, did the honours at Fryston. She was very good-tempered, like her brother, but had monopolised all the family beauty. She had been brought up in Italy, and sang like an Italian. Lord Galway was a very handsome man, and looked just like a brigand.

Richard Milnes, the father, once took me into his study, saying that he had something he wished to show me. It was a very fine portrait of Lord Coke, the Lord Chief Justice. Portraits of him were very scarce, and he valued it very much. He said to me, "Now, I want to know if you don't agree with me that your mother is very like this picture; I think there is a regular family likeness. Look at his mouth, and then look

at hers! She has a regular Chief Justice mouth; see how it goes down at the sides!" There were *only* six generations between them!

One day when Richard Milnes and his son were staying at Cannon Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Bland of Kippax\* were there, and Mr. Bland and Mr. Milnes set off to ride to the moors together. As they went along, Mr. Bland began boasting how free his part of Yorkshire was from coal-pits, saying that the worst of the Cannon Hall country was that the pits smelt so strong, you could simply not get away from the smell. All the way he talked of nothing else, "No doubt you smell them still, in fact, they are getting stronger and stronger!" All at once Mr. Milnes exclaimed, "Bland, you are the coal-pit; it is you who smell; you are smoking, you are on fire!" It was quite true: Mr. Bland had been smoking a cigar, and had put it, while still alight, into his pocket, where it had smouldered on, till it finally burst into a flame. It did not take long for Mr. Milnes to get the coat off, but it took a

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\* Kippax is near Harrogate. Mrs. Bland was Lord Stourton's daughter.—A. M. W. P.



long time for him to give up chaffing Mr. Bland. When they got back to Cannon Hall, he went in triumph into the library, displaying the burnt coat, and telling such a good story against Mr. Bland, that Mr. Bland declared he would pay Mr. Milnes' expenses if he would go abroad.

Monckton Milnes stood for Penistone at an election. This was after the Pope had issued a bull, which had made a great sensation in the political world. Alluding to the subject on the hustings, Monckton Milnes, instead of saying this bull of the Pope's, said "This Pope of the bull's," which made people laugh. When it was repeated a second time, they laughed still more; and when, for a third time, he came out emphatically with "This Pope of the bull's," there was a general roar, which woke Milnes up to the consciousness of what he had been saying; and, no doubt, he joined in the laugh as heartily as anybody.

There was a house with some land near Penistone, which had belonged to the Milnes for a great number of years, and constituted their connection with Penistone. On the hustings Monckton Milnes alluded to this, and said that he was no stranger to them,

as his family had lived amongst them for four hundred years. At the dinner, a farmer got up, and gave the health of Mr. Milnes, as a gentleman who had lived amongst them for four hundred years; whether this was the result of the good cheer or not, I do not know, anyhow, Monckton Milnes, who was staying at Cannon Hall, was much chafed, and was called nothing but "Old Milnes" for some time after.

I remember rather an absurd thing happening in London, shortly after I came out. There was a large dinner party at our house in Harley Street, and some of the people were very late in coming. While we were waiting for them, it grew very dark, and I started wool-gathering. Forgetting where I was, or by whom I was sitting, I suddenly asked Monckton Milnes, (who was unmarried), if his son was getting on well at Eton. He gave me an excellent and circumstantial report of that imaginary person, and then burst into such a peal of laughter as perfectly electrified the bored and hungry guests.

Our time of greatest excitement in those days was at a general election. We were red-hot tories. My mother kept well with

all parties: if, by chance, she found herself under the Orange colours, she was Mr. Coke's daughter; if under the "Banner of Blue," she was Mr. Stanhope's wife. Both sides received her well. On one occasion, which I well remember, both the tory candidates were staying at Cannon Hall: Mr. Wortley, afterwards Lord Wharncliffe, and Beckett Denison, Lord Grimthorpe's father. To my delight they asked me to go with them in their carriage. All the country-side by Penistone was tory, and we had a regular ovation. A very pretty sight it was: we were in Mr. Wortley's barouche, the postillions in blue, and the horses decorated with blue ribbons; on the hill below Penistone a band was waiting, which struck up as soon as we appeared, and a body of mounted volunteers with blue ribbons were there, too, to escort us: blue flags were flying in every direction, and flowers were showered into the carriage: there was music and cheering, and all the country people were out to receive us.

The following day at Barnsley told a different tale, however. There, all were radicals. Beckett Denison made a very gushing speech to melt the hearts of the town: he

was their fellow-townsmen; he had been born and bred in Barnsley; he had begun life as a grocer's boy. But Barnsley was obdurate; radical to its heart's core, and did not respond to the gush. Whilst he was haranguing them from the hustings in the market-place, some farmer asked him a question, and, instead of answering him, Beckett Denison, with very bad taste, made a long nose at him. This was too good to be lost by Yorkshire electors, and next day every place was placarded with silhouettes of Beckett Denison's nose, with a very stalwart fist applied to the end of it.

My father used to say that he never saw the Becketts without thinking of—

“And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England.”

On one nomination day we were very anxious to go to Wakefield, but were told that we must not do so, as there was a general report that the Dewsbury men intended to get up a great riot. The election proceeded most quietly for a time, and all seemed to promise well for the tory candidates: when, suddenly, in the middle of the speeches, distant music was heard. It was the Dewsbury men marching into Wakefield. All

became confusion, people getting away as fast as they could ; for the Dewsbury men had given out that they meant to pull down the hustings.

Old Mrs. Gaskell, who was very *tête-montée*, came up to my mother, saying, "Lady Elizabeth, come with me ; an English mob is always generous ; let us go to the front of the hustings ; they will respect ladies." My mother said, "Thank you, I know rather more about English mobs than you do, and I have no intention of trusting myself to their generosity, I advise you to get away whilst you can."

Meanwhile the mob had assembled in front of the court-house, where the magistrates and principal people had taken refuge. My father, who was never wanting in moral courage, volunteered to go out and speak to them : but no sooner had he got out of the court-house, and raised his voice to speak, than he was nearly knocked down by a violent blow on the side of his head ; he would have fallen had he not been steadied by a blow on the other side. Several people were seriously hurt, amongst them James Wortley. My father fortunately had on a high hat, which was new, and it saved his

head, but it was beaten to pieces. For the next two hours they had a terrible time in the court-house: it was regularly besieged by the mob; every window was smashed, and brickbats, paving stones, and any heavy things they could lay their hands upon, were hurled into the rooms. There was one lady shut up with them, and my father said that he never saw anything like her cool, quiet courage: she dodged the brickbats, which were flying in all directions about the room, and at last she got under a sofa and lay flat on the floor.

Meanwhile my mother was locked up in the prison, in the jailor's cellar. She did not know what had become of my father, and, all the time she was there, people were coming to the windows, bleeding and hurt, and begging to be taken in. At last, after a long time of tension, came the welcome news that the soldiers had arrived. The Riot Act was read, and the troops dispersed the mob.

It was a most serious riot, and was long known as "The Battle of Wakefield."

I may here mention a person who was very well known in his generation, and was

a friend of my husband's from Eton days, Sir Francis Doyle. He was afterwards appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He was most amusing, and his wit and fun were quite spontaneous; though some of his jokes might, possibly, have done service before, they were none the less racy. He always had a look on his face as if he was intensely amused at his own thoughts, and was, without exception, the most absent-minded man I ever met: as Sir William Cooke used to say of him, "Doyle! a man one could not trust to put on his own stockings."

He married Miss Sydney Wynne, Mrs. Milnes Gaskell's sister. Not long afterwards they went to stay with another sister of hers, Mrs. Lindsay, and there they told him that an aunt, whom he had never seen, was expected, and impressed upon him the necessity of being civil to her, as she was rich, and there were expectations from her.

The day she was to arrive, Lady Doyle had, unfortunately, so bad a headache that she could not appear, and was obliged to lie down and keep quiet. In the afternoon a carriage was heard driving up to the door: it was the aunt arriving. She retired at

once to her room, and did not appear till she was dressed for dinner. Her dress, which was very handsome, looked, perhaps, more peculiar then than it would have done in these days, now that old fashions are being revived. It consisted of a beautiful old brocade, with elbow-sleeves, and fine old lace ruffles. She wore black mittens and high-heeled shoes, and carried a gold-headed cane and large fan. Her white hair was turned back from her brow, and her face, which still showed some signs of good looks, was very wrinkled; but she had lost her front teeth, and her voice was rather quavering.

Sir Francis Doyle was formally introduced to her as her new nephew. She raised herself on tiptoe, and gave him a kiss, expressing great regrets at not seeing Lady Doyle. Sir Francis offered her his arm, and took her in to dinner, during which he exerted himself to the utmost to be agreeable to her, touching on every topic that occurred to him. Dinner was nearly over, when he felt a sudden sharp tap on the arm from the aunt's fan, and a familiar voice exclaimed "Frank, don't you know me?" The imaginary old aunt was Lady Doyle disguised.



## ADDENDUM.

[While editing these memoirs, I chanced on a little journal, written by my mother when only eleven and a half years old, which well deserves insertion here. It is a remarkable production for a child of that age, but presents an attraction greater than that of literary merit, in the strong resemblance which it bears, both as regards its style and the character of mind displayed by it, to her writings of sixty-five years later. Those who knew and loved her, and, perhaps, even the casual reader of these pages, will recognise, as easily in this infantile production as in her later writings, the depth of happy and intellectual enjoyment of the whole world around her, which characterised the writer throughout her life.

I have left uncorrected such few errors as there were in this journal. The original had, evidently, not been revised in any way since it was first written.—S. P.]

“ ANNA MARIA SPENCER STANHOPE,

“ Cannon Hall, June 3.

“ My journal, beginning with an account of our journey from Cannon Hall to London in the year 1836, a distance of 182 miles, with our own horses in six days.

“ We left Cannon Hall Monday the 14th of March. It was a fine day but rather showery, and there was a great deal of wind. The first place we came to was Barnsley, (a small town about 5 miles from Cannon Hall). It is a very pretty drive from thence to Barnsley, being a very hilly country. The wind was very high, and the clouds seemed to threaten us with a storm; but, as we went on, it became much finer, and the rain went off. We passed by Sir Francis Wood's, near the village of Hickleton. The road was not so pretty from Barnsley to Doncaster, where we arrived, after a pleasant drive, at about two o'clock, and had an excellent dinner; after which we left the Angel Inn for Barnby Moor. The whole of the country from Doncaster to Barnby Moor is very bleak and dreary, and appears like a cultivated common. We passed through the

small, but clean town of Bawtry, which is not far from Mathisey (?). It was late when we got to Barnby Moor, and, after a comfortable tea, we went to bed.

“The next morning we set off at seven o’clock, and were soon on our way to Scarthing Moor. We passed through the small town of Retford, and a little after we met some gypsies—a man and a woman, and some children, with a cart full of things, and a little thin, miserable-looking donkey, with a bed on its back, upon which were riding, quite merrily, three funny little bantams. Scarthing Moor is a very nice quiet Inn, for it is not in a town, but quite away from any other house. We had a pleasant breakfast, but, unfortunately, when it was time for us to set off, it began to rain a little, and we had a very wet journey to Newark, so much so, that we quite despaired of getting to Grantham that night; but, contrary to expectations, it cleared up after we got there, though it had certainly been a most dreadful morning.

“On entering the town we saw Newark castle, which is a very beautiful building, and, though now nothing remains but the old ruined walls to bear witness of its ancient

splendour and magnificence, yet these give sufficient testimony of what it once was. I must not forget to mention that Newark was one of the few places which, after the battle of Naseby, held out for Charles 1st, and was besieged by the Scotch army. That unfortunate Monarch, seeing that all was lost, and dreading to fall into the hands of the Parliament, formed the resolution of giving himself up to the Scotch, who, contrary to his expectations, delivered their unhappy sovereign into the hands of his inveterate enemies, the Parliamentarians, for the sum of 400,000 pounds. We had not a very good sight of these fine old ruins on account of the rain, which, however, soon stopped; and, after having dined at the Clinton Arms, we were able to proceed to Grantham in Lincolnshire.

“After having had fine weather most part of the time, all of a sudden the sky clouded over, and, before we had time to prepare for the storm, it began to hail with such violence that the horses would scarcely face it, and we did not know what to do. I do not think I was ever in such a storm; the wind blew very hard, and the hail came pattering in our faces; altogether it was very disagree-

able; but it scarcely lasted five minutes. As we approached to Grantham the road appeared as if it were cut out of a rock, the bank was so very high on both sides. Grantham is a very nice large town, and the Inn is quite splendid. We had fine large rooms, beautifully furnished, and very comfortable beds.

“On the following morning we set off; it was a fine day and we were not long in getting to Witham Common, which is about ten miles from Grantham. It is a delightfully clean place, and we all agreed in liking it exceedingly, particularly Miss Dawson, who found the bill very cheap. We had now eleven miles to go before we got to Stamford, where we were to dine. As we were coming along we saw a very singular-looking dwarf. We soon arrived at Stamford (a town in Rutland) and had a very disagreeable dinner, (for the mutton chops were very tough and burnt), and the house was not at all pleasant.

“We had a very delightful drive from Stamford to Wansford, as the weather was exceedingly fine, and we had only six miles to go. The Inn at Wansford is much nicer than the one at Stamford, and is very quiet.

We had a very comfortable tea in a nice little room, after which we went to bed. The next morning it rained a little. We had but six miles to go before breakfast: the rain went off, but the wind was very high. We stopped at a small town; but the Inn, though not very large, is better than the one at Stamford. We had a pretty good breakfast, and afterwards learnt that the name of the town was Stilton, from whence Stilton cheese comes.

“We next went to Buckton in Huntingdonshire; we went to the Angel Inn just opposite to Buckton Castle. The mutton chops were rather better than usual.

“The next place was Eaton, which is a very nice place in Bedfordshire, and there is a very good Inn. Eaton is only a village, though it is such a clean delightful place, and the country is rather pretty. We had very nice rooms, and the next morning, when we got up, we were glad to see it was a fine day. We left Eaton in good time, and were not long in getting to Biggleswade, where we breakfasted: it is about fourteen miles from Eaton.

“We had an exceedingly pleasant drive to Stevenage, as the weather was very fine, and

the country quite beautiful, for there were no pollard willows, which, in my opinion, spoil so much the beauty of a landscape. We got out and walked about a mile and a half up a long hill: the horses were very much tired, and Mark, also, got down and led them up the hill. It refreshed us very much to have a little walk, for we were beginning to get quite tired of sitting cramped up in the carriage. We were now no longer in Bedfordshire, but in Hertfordshire; as we advanced we found the soil very chalky, and on both sides of the road were hills, which, Miss Dawson said, reminded her very much of the White Horse hills in Berkshire. We now got to Stevenage, where we had a very good dinner, and afterwards went on to Welwyn, where we slept. It is a very noisy place, and we had the worst beds on the road. We set off early the next morning, as we had fourteen miles to go before breakfast. We were so very impatient to get to London after so long a journey, that the time appeared very long before we got to Barnet. We passed through Hatfield on our way thither, and saw the Marquis of Salisbury's house. There is a very large park, but the house is quite in ruins,

for it was, unfortunately, burnt down last year.\*

“I shall never forget how we enjoyed our drive to Barnet, the country was beautiful, the day fine ; in fact, all nature looked green and delightful. The prospect of soon reaching London, and of seeing Papa and Mamma, and everybody else, after having been shut up so long at Cannon Hall . . . , under such circumstances, this morning’s drive was truly enjoyable. Barnet is a considerable town in Middlesex, it was here the battle of Barnet was fought between Edward 4th and the Earl of Warwick. We breakfasted here.

“How shall I express how great was our joy when, after an apparently long drive of twelve miles, we at length came in sight of London. Though a clear day, the houses were scarcely to be distinguished from the . . . ., and Eliza exclaimed that it looked like a swarm of bees. We at length entered the City, and how shall I describe what we

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\* Hatfield House was burnt down in November 1835, not 1836, as has recently been stated. In the fire, Lady Salisbury was burnt to death. She was then eighty-six years old. It was this Lady Salisbury who had been so noted as a huntswoman ; she followed the hounds, and was mistress of them, until she gave up that post in her seventy-ninth year.—S. P.



felt, when we at length got to Langham Place, where we found Papa and Mamma ready to receive us. I cannot say how very happy we were to see them, Grandmamma and Aunts, after having been so long away from them. We dined at Langham Place, and, after we had stayed a little while there, Pinfold came to fetch us. Aunties walked part of the way home with us and Miss Dawson. We liked our new house in Baker Street very much, and our first night in London was very happy and comfortable; and we slept very soundly till morning.

“Having now finished a little account of the journey, I shall proceed without delay to give a short description of what happened whilst we were in London.

## “PART 2.

“March 20th, 1836.

“The first day we were in London was Sunday. After we had breakfasted, we got ready, and went with Papa and Mamma to Langham Place. We had a very pleasant walk and enjoyed ourselves very much, for all around us was novelty; and, indeed, how

could we but enjoy a walk with dear Papa and Mamma. We found the walk a great deal too short; but, when we arrived, we found Grandmamma and Aunts just going to church: Papa and Mamma went with them, and we went in to Aunt Isabella. We first read prayers with her, and afterwards amused ourselves as well as we could. When they came from church, we had a very good dinner, which we began to feel the want of, and after dinner we went to All Souls, Langham Place, which is a very nice church. After church we went home; Mamma and Aunt Frances and Aunt Maria went part of the way with us.

“We called at Sir William Anson’s, and saw the Miss Ansons. Miss Anson, the eldest, is eighteen; Anne, the second, is about thirteen, and is a very amiable girl; I liked her very much indeed; Louisa, the youngest, is just four days older than Eliza, and made an excellent companion for her. Mamma left us, and went alone home to Baker Street, and had tea with Miss Dawson, who had been by herself all day. I quite forgot to mention that after church in the afternoon, when we were standing on the balcony with Aunt Anne, we saw all the

Royal Princes galloping by, and amongst them the young Prince of Portugal, son of the Prince of Orange, who went over about a fortnight after, and married the Princess Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal. They were returning from a party the Duchess of Kent had given the night before, and to which Mamma had been.

“The next day, Monday, after breakfast we went to Mr. Lewis’s with Miss Dawson, and we left Mamma at Lady William Anson’s on the road, and, as we came back, we went in and saw Madelle. Beau, a French mistress, who gave the little Ansons lessons. Mamma liked her very much, and arranged for her to come on Wednesday, and give us a lesson. In the afternoon Mamma had settled for us to go again with her to Mr. Lewis’s. We stayed there some time, and saw Mr. Lewis and his three little boys; we stayed there some time, and brought home some beautiful sketches of his, and his three little boys’ drawing books. Mamma seemed very much pleased with what she saw of him. We next came to Madelle. Beau’s, 17 Manchester Street. We went to Cavendish House and some other places before we went home. It rained very hard all the afternoon.

“The next morning, Wednesday, Mr. Lewis came at nine o’clock to give me a perspective lesson (but in future I always went to his house), after which Madelle. Beau, also, came for two hours. Before I go on, I must mention that Mrs. Potter was our music mistress, and M. Luquit (a Frenchman) was our dancing master. Mr. Lewis, whom I have before mentioned, gave me lessons in perspective, and Madelle. Beau came four times a week to give us a two hours’ lesson.

“To return to my subject : in the afternoon, when we went out with Miss Dawson, we called at 30 Portman Square to see Mrs. Chandos Leigh, a great friend of Mamma’s, and to beg her to lend us the key of the Square, which her mother very kindly did ; she also gave us two tickets of admission to the Zoological Gardens and the Museum. We walked about in the Square, after which we returned the key. When we came in, and had got off our things, Lady Rosebery and cousin Fanny Murray came to see us. Lady Rosebery invited us to go and see her some day, in fact, she was in hopes Mamma would take us with her when she went to dine with her the next day. Mamma thought it would be too late, particularly as I had a

cold, but promised we should go another time. Mamma kept her word, for that same day we were soon either to go to Grandmamma's or to Lady Rosebery's: we could not settle which we should like best, but Papa told us he had broken off the engagement with Grandmamma, as she wished us to go to Lady Rosebery's to see the court dresses. Mamma took Mr. Lewis's book with her that evening.

"Thursday we got up in high spirits; Madelle Beau was to come in the morning, and afterwards we were to have gone at about ten o'clock to Langham Place to see the Guards pass; but, unfortunately, when it was time for us to go, it began to rain very hard, so that we could not walk there with Papa. It soon became fine again, but we did not go, as the streets were too wet. We therefore set off with Mamma at a little past one to go to Lady Rosebery's; but, unluckily, we were caught in a hailstorm, which, though it came with great violence, was soon over, and we got safely to Lady W. Anson's, where there were a good many people assembled. We saw Lady and Miss Anson dressed for Court, in white satin and pearls; we also saw Mr. Anson before he

went. We then went on to Lady Rosebery's, and were fortunate to see her before she went. Her dress was much handsomer than Lady Anson's, for it was composed of a very handsome blue satin and diamonds. We saw Lord Rosebery and Lord Dalmeny. We were very happy all day. Lady Harriet was there, with her children, James and Charlotte, such dear little things; we played with them. After dinner we amused ourselves with looking at the carriages coming from Court; we were lucky enough to see the riding by. This amusement was put a stop to by little James Dunlop leaning his head too hard against the window, by which means he broke a whole pane of glass, and we were obliged to quit the window. The little Dunlops did not stay very long after dinner, but in the evening the Miss Cambells (the Lady Primrose's cousins) came.

“On Saturday, at about ten o'clock at night, a dreadful fire broke out in Bond Street, and, for want of water to fill the engines, a great many houses were burnt, and many tradespeople ruined.

“Sunday passed as usual. Tuesday morning Mamma and Miss Dawson went to church (for it was Passion week), and we went for

the first time with Papa to Hyde Park. We had a very pleasant walk, and went almost to the Duke of Wellington's house, for the day was very fine. After dinner we went with Mamma and Miss Dawson to the Bazaar in Baker Street, where we saw a beautiful exhibition of wax figures, which were made by Madame Tussaud (a French woman). We were quite delighted, for they were so naturally executed that we found it difficult to distinguish the wax figures from real. It seemed as if a stroke of magic had brought us into the immediate presence of the greatest men and most powerful potentates of Europe, who have long been sleeping in their silent graves. Amongst others we saw Sir Robert Peel, O'Connell, Shakespeare, Dryden, and many other distinguished and celebrated men, besides the principal characters of the day; but I am afraid it would take too long a time to name them all; I must, therefore, content myself with mentioning a few. Amongst the Kings, there was, also, a figure of George the 3rd and his Queen; and, at the bottom of the room, George the 4th was seated on a throne, with Queen Caroline beside him. The Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg were also

there ; Louis Phillipe of France, Louis the 16th and his family, and several other French kings. On the other side of the room there was Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and, among others, Pitt and Fox, and Fame crowning both with laurels. But the most conspicuous part was two groups in the centre of the room, one containing the chief persons in the late war, such as Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Nelson, etc., etc. The other represented the coronation of the present King and Queen. Mamma said it was the image of the King. The Bishop of Norwich was crowning him, and behind were the emblems of Britania, Caledonia and Hibernia ; the whole had a beautiful effect, and was worth seeing. There was also an excellent representation of Fieschi and the infernal machine.

“That evening Madelle. Beau and the little Ansons came to drink tea with us at about five o'clock, and we spent a very merry evening together.

“Wednesday was very wet. We went to Mr. Lewis's. It became finer towards the evening, and we walked part of the way home.



“The next day was Mamma’s birthday, and we gave her a little candlestick, which we had commissioned Miss Dawson to get us the evening before. Mamma was very much pleased with it. In the afternoon we went to the Bazaar in Baker Street.

“The next day was Good Friday ; we went to Langham Place, and Miss Dawson went to her sister’s. It was a very fine morning, but the rain began about one o’clock, and it actually poured the whole afternoon ; notwithstanding which, Miss Dawson came home that night, and got quite wet, which made Mamma very vexed ; and afterwards she always stayed till Monday night, and, if ever it rained, she did not come home till Tuesday morning.

“Two days after was Easter Sunday ; in the morning it was fine, but a little before dinner a most violent hailstorm came on, and in a few minutes the tops of the carriages were covered with hail, and the coach was sent to fetch Grandmamma and Aunts from church. After dinner it was again fine, but too wet to go to church.

“Monday, Madelle. Beau came to give us a lesson ; she stayed to dinner, as Miss Dawson was out, and that same evening, after

M. Luquit's lesson, she was so kind as to call, on purpose to take us to drink tea at Lady W. Anson's; but, unfortunately, just as we were going to set off, Lady Lichfield called [with] her children, and Lord and Lady Harriet Anson, which made us a quarter of an hour later. (We stopped in Manchester Street for Madelle. Desportes, a friend of Madelle. Beau, who lived with her.) We amused ourselves very much. The following morning Miss Dawson came home; in the afternoon we went with Aunt Hudson to Mr. Dumerque's; she staid there, and we came back with Tanner; we stopped at a linen draper's in Bond Street, who said he remembered Mamma when she was less than five years old. Some time after we returned to Langham Place, we heard of Lady Anne's illness.

"Thursday we walked with Papa in Regent's Park. On Friday we went with Mamma to Langham Place, and afterwards we went again with Aunt Hudson and Miss Dawson to Mr. Dumerque's, who pulled out one of my teeth and two of Eliza's. We immediately went home, and the carriage took Aunt Hudson back. Mamma had promised us to have Punch that evening, but it was too late,

therefore we had it set up the next morning. It amused Eliza very much.

“Sunday morning we set off early, and in the afternoon went to church, and afterwards walked in Park Square with Aunties and the little Palmers, some children who lived in Langham Place, with whom we had made acquaintance.

“On Monday, before Madelle. Beau came, we went out with Papa; and in the evening we saw a very nice house in Edward’s Street.

“Tuesday, Mamma went with Miss Dawson and fixed upon No. 26 Edward’s Street as our future house; and Thursday was the day of our removal. In the afternoon we went in the carriage to Langham Place; there we met Lady Rosebery and Lady Anne and Louisa Primrose; we went with them and Aunties to the Diorama, where we first saw the interior of the church of Santa Croches at the break of day, and the village of Alagna, in Switzerland, during a snow- and thunderstorm. It was very natural and beautiful, for the smoke was seen rising out of the cottage chimneys, and the village was surrounded on all sides by high mountains, whilst the cottages were reflected upon the lake; but the wind began gradually to rise,

and a dreadful storm came on ; the thunder rolled, the snow fell in flakes, and the village was quite hidden in a thick fog or mist ; it gradually cleared up, and the church spire and the whole village appeared ; the mountains, and everything below, was quite covered with snow. It was very beautiful in its way. When we got into the carriage, Mamma settled to go to the Colisseum. Unfortunately the other carriage was gone ; however, we went alone : Aunt Hudson was with us. We first went through the saloon of Arts, and, as we were deliberating where to go, we were met by a very smart, dandy-looking man who accosted us with ‘ This way, ladies, if you please,’ and led us into a very small room with seats all round it. When we and two other ladies were seated, and the door shut, we were addressed with ‘ Sixpence, if you please, ladies.’ We were quite ignorant of what we were going to see, but gave the sixpence, and a minute after, to our surprise, we felt the room turning round, which was not at all pleasant, and we were not reconciled to our fate by the man’s assuring us that it was a very quick way of getting to the top of St. Paul’s, and spared us eighty-eight stone steps, and

we had only to ring a little bell if we wished to come down the same way. I thought the Panorama of London a surprising work of art, and was very much delighted with it, particularly when I learnt that my friend, Mr. Lewis, had had a hand in painting it. It took us some time to look about us, and we were very much amused, particularly as there was a very nice man who was kind, and explained everything to us.

“And here, I suppose, I must for the present conclude, as the limits of my paper will allow me to go no further; but at some future time I may perhaps continue a little account of what happened that day, and, indeed, what we did the remainder of the time we were in London.”

## CHAPTER XI.

My father had long been in very bad health, and had been ordered by the doctors to the South of France: but he did not like leaving his mother, to whom he was very much attached; for what was then so long a journey; so he decided to try Boulogne for a month, being attracted there by the fact that the consul, Mr., afterwards, Sir William Hamilton was an old friend of his. They had been fellow prisoners at Verdun, and he was a regular warm-hearted old Scotchman. His wife was French, a Verdun lady; a remarkably clever and agreeable woman.

It was in the spring of 1839 when we started, *toute la boutique*: carriages, horses, coachmen, governess, nurse, lady's maid, butler, cook, and all the under servants, even to two Yorkshire housemaids. We stopped a night or two in London, and then posted on to Dover, where, I think,

we stayed a day before embarking, as the sea was very rough. The gangway had been drawn in, and the paddle-wheels had begun to revolve, when a voice was heard from the shore, "Stop the boat, stop the boat." The boat was put back, and we saw, descending the steps, Lord Brougham, followed by Lord Opulston.

Lord Brougham told us that he was on his way to take possession of a house which he had just bought, on the banks of the Mediterranean; that it was the most absolutely solitary place that could be imagined, there not being another house within reach, only a few cottages belonging to a village called "Cannes:" that he was looking forward to not seeing an English face, or hearing an English voice, till he got back. He said he meant to be naturalised as a Frenchman. He then told us that he had had a very good breakfast, and had taken a berth, meaning to go to sleep, and wake at Boulogne; that he thought this the most satisfactory way of crossing the Channel.

So he disappeared. Lord Opulston had had no breakfast at all, and was going to try the system of starvation as an antidote for sea-sickness; which, by the way, proved

singularly ineffective. My father got into our carriage on deck, and said it answered perfectly, as it quite broke the motion, and was like going over a rough road.

We had a most fearful crossing, and, when we got close to Boulogne, it was found to be unsafe to attempt crossing the bar, which was then a very dangerous one: so we had to go on to Calais. It was as good as a play, when the boat stopped, to see Lord Brougham come on deck rubbing his eyes, saying, "Lady Elizabeth, can you tell me, am I awake or asleep? Am I dreaming? I embarked for Boulogne; and, surely, this is Calais port and pier! What does it mean?" He always specially enjoyed fun with my mother; she seemed to excite him to display his wit.

Sir Walter Scott says of him in his journal, "Brougham is certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met: to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gaiety and animal spirits, his humour, mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful information, and the facility with which he handles every subject from the most grave and severe to the most trifling, displaying a mind full of varied



and extensive information, and a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it—I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said the morning of his departure, ‘This morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more, went away in one post-chaise.’ ”

We saw this *multum in parvo* climb up into the diligence, and start for his solitary French home. If he could have had a vision of it in after years, as the centre of a large town, the most, fashionable resort of the English, I think he would not have gone on so happily to take possession of it.

We had to post from Calais to Boulogne. I remember we were much amused at the mixture of finery and dilapidation in our outfit, so unlike anything English. Four horses were harnessed to each carriage, but they were rough, shaggy, and uncombed; their manes and tails were plaited, and each had a fox’s brush on its head: they had large, untidy-looking collars, with bells hung all round. The harness was of rope, and kept constantly coming undone. The

postillions had enormous jack-boots, lined with white fur, and blue jackets trimmed with gold lace; not to mention immensely long whips, which they cracked as they went along.

We went to the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Boulogne, and stayed there a week, whilst a house was being found. We eventually took a large and very good house in the Upper Town, Parvis Notre Dame, just opposite to where the Cathedral was being built. This part was not then, as it is now, overshadowed and darkened by the Cathedral, as little more than the foundations of this were built, and we had in front of us an open airy space, where we found an interest in watching the progress of the building.

Just before we got to Boulogne a very interesting discovery had been made: a large crypt had been found, immediately under the foundations of the Cathedral: nothing was known about it, but it was believed to be very ancient: it was left open for people to see, as the discovery of it had caused great excitement.

When all was settled, we moved into our house. I went up into my bedroom, and opened the window. At the same moment

I saw all the workmen leave their work, running and calling out, "*Au feu! Au feu!*" Looking round, I found my room quite full of smoke. All our luggage was in the court, so the first thing to do was to lock the *porte-cochère*, and keep the people out. The Yorkshire housemaids had been sent in the day before we came, and, not understanding French grates, had lighted an immense Yorkshire fire on the hearth, and set fire to the house. The fire had been smouldering all night, and might have continued to do so still, but for my opening the window, when it burst into a blaze. It was a very serious fire, and a good deal of damage was done, which took some time repairing. I think we returned to the hotel for several days, before we could get into the house.

The Consul introduced my father and mother into all the best English and French society of the place. The latter was very exclusive, for, as a rule, the French did not mix with the English at all. The Boulogne of that day was a very lively, amusing place. It was essentially French; but there were a great number of very good English families established there for months at a time,

chiefly for the education of the children ; as masters were very good, and much cheaper than in England. Of course, there were also many *mauvais sujets* there, as it was specially advantageous for them ; but the line was so strongly drawn, that no one of that sort attempted to make acquaintance with the respectable inhabitants.

We had many young friends, and amongst them were some who afterwards filled a marked position in society : Lady Londesborough, Lady Wolverton, Mrs. Evelyn Shirley, and others. Lord Dundonald had a house with a very large garden at Capicure, and Sir James Lyon, who had been Governor in the West Indies, had the Château de Maquétra, a little way out of Boulogne. Lady Lyon, who tried to be a very fine lady, was the daughter of Coxe, the historian. We used often to go to tea at Maquétra, and many a merry game of hide-and-seek we had in the large garden there. It is now a convent.

My father had been particularly ordered to the South of France, as the doctors thought his lungs were affected, and he proposed, therefore, staying only for a month at Boulogne, by way of experiment :

the climate, however, though a northern one, had such a marvellous effect upon his health, that, instead of staying one month, we remained there a whole year; and, in the end, he lost his cough, and entirely and permanently regained his health.

We had a whole host of different masters, which we enjoyed. Amongst them were, of course, some characters. M. Noël, the master for French grammar and composition, lived out of Boulogne, and had four miles to walk in every morning: the consequence was that, by the time he arrived, he was very sleepy. We were quite prepared for this. He used to begin to rub his eyes, and say, "*J'ai mal aux yeux.*" We kept very quiet: in a few minutes it was safe; and out from under the table used to come our needlework and games, to return to their hiding place, whenever he began again to rub his eyes and repeat, "*J'ai mal aux yeux.*" Of course, French grammar did not prosper, and M. Noël had to be changed.

Then there was the greatest contempt between M. Léon, the fat dancing-master, and M. Cordier, the master for fencing and deportment. If they met, it was a perfect farce. They looked at each other with

supreme scorn, and used to remark to us, "*C'est le maître de danse ?*", the other saying, "*C'est le maître d'escrime ?*"

M. Cordier was a great favourite of ours : he was *décoré* ; one of Napoleon's old *Légion d'honneur*. He was, of course, devoted to the memory of the Emperor, and when the "Colonne," which was then being built at Boulogne, was finished, he was appointed its custodian. M. Léon used to produce a bright red silk handkerchief, soaked in bad Eau de Cologne, wave it on the top of his fiddle-stick, and say, "*Allons, Mesdemoiselles et Messieurs, rangez-vous sous le drapeau de Terpsichore !*"

My father's great amusement was walking down every day to see the boat come in ; and if anyone was on board whom he knew, he used to bring him up to the Haute Ville. In this way we saw many clever and agreeable people. My parents used, also, sometimes to give dinners, and often dined at the Hamiltons'. One day, I remember, they were asked to meet Joseph Hume. He was very conceited, and very proud of his French, which was atrocious. He settled that, as Mrs. Hamilton was French, the proper thing was to talk French, which he accordingly

did, to their immense amusement. I only wish I could fully recollect the conversation as it was told to us the next morning. Mrs. Hamilton offered him something good at dinner, "*Non, Madame, non ; je suis très-gothique (goutteux) : Mon pere était gothique, ma mere était gothique, et tous leurs enfants sont gothiques. Moi, j'ai avalé quatre médecins en un jour, mais ils ne m'ont pas fait de bien.—Quand je suis en Angleterre je vais voir tous les galères*" (*galleries*). "*Mais, monsieur,*" said Mrs. Hamilton, not taking it in, "*quelle horreur ! aimer voir les galères !*" "*Oh ! j'aime beaucoup les galères ; je vais voir tous les galères quand je suis à Londres.*" There was much of the same description. They were all ill with laughing, and the more they laughed, the more Mr. Hume laughed, never suspecting the cause.

My father was asked to decide about a road that was to be made outside of the town : he was to settle on the best line for it, and to give orders to the workmen. This amused him very much, and gave him a pleasant out-door occupation.

One day Prince Louis Napoleon landed by the boat, with his tame eagle, to conquer France ; or rather, expecting to find every-

thing at his feet, as its legitimate sovereign. *Veni, vidi, vici.* Instead of which he found himself a prisoner in the Castle of Ham. The French people laughed at this foolish attempt very much : they looked upon it as a most silly end to his career, and were very full of his obstinacy. They said “*Nous croyons avoir à faire avec un âne, mais nous avons à faire avec un mulet.*”

While we were there, there arrived from Egypt the finest mummy that had ever been sent to Europe, and it was put into the museum. The features were intact ; the hair, teeth, etc. quite perfect.

Amongst the other events of that year, there was a most wonderful tropical storm. As, I believe, nothing like it had been known in Europe, it is worth recording. It was in July. The weather had been generally very hot, but one day it was so stifling, that we felt we had to gasp for breath. After sundown a thunderstorm came on : but there was not a drop of rain, and it got hotter and hotter, till the air was like a furnace. The storm lessened, but still no rain fell. Soon after sunset a most remarkable sight was to be seen, and the ramparts were thronged with people who went to look at it : there were



six distinct storms going on at once, the clouds opening and presenting vivid fiery pictures. Besides this, there was a thing just like a catherine wheel revolving in the sky, and, every now and then, something that looked like a flaming sword appeared.

Everyone said they thought this was the electricity spending itself, and that the storm would pass over. The heat, however, continued insufferable, and still no rain; nothing to cool the over-heated atmosphere; and all was perfectly still.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a violent rushing sound was heard, and a sweeping wind took everything before it. With the wind, which blew windows and doors open, there fell large lumps of hail, the size of a pigeon's egg, each containing a hard kernel of ice in the middle. Every window in Boulogne, which had not shutters, was immediately smashed; and the sound of breaking glass, mingled with the wild roar of the storm, was indescribable. Sir James Lyon said that the sudden rushing wind was exactly like the coming on of a hurricane in the West Indies, but that he had never seen anything like it in Europe. Then the wind suddenly went down, and the

full fury of the storm burst upon us : it was as if the six storms had united in one ; there were, apparently, no distinct flashes and claps, but we seemed to be enveloped in an atmosphere of fire, and the lightning appeared to be very low down, as if it ran along the ground, while there was a constant rattle of thunder. The heat was perfectly stifling, and we did not know what was to come next, or how long the present state of things would last. There was still not a drop of rain.

About two o'clock in the morning we were all assembled together in one of the bedrooms, when suddenly the room was lighted up by a blue flame, and, simultaneously, there was the most terrific explosion, ending in a sound as if something were being riven into the ground : the house shook to its very foundations. My father exclaimed "The Cathedral has saved us!" : but it was not so : the thunder-bolt fell, not on the Cathedral, but in the court yard of the Castle on the ramparts, where all the gunpowder was kept. Had the Castle itself been struck, and the gunpowder ignited, it is probable that half the Haute Ville would have blown up. The next day the gunpowder was all removed,

and orders were issued that in future none was to be kept in the town. There was a lull for a few minutes, and then it was as if the windows of heaven had been opened at last, and down came the rain in perfect sheets of water. I have never seen nor heard anything like it; one could have fancied that the ground actually hissed. The air soon became distinctly cooler. We felt we were saved, when we heard that merciful rain; but the curious thing was, that most of the harm done was done by it, and not by the lightning.

Only one life was lost, a young girl in the country, who was overtaken by the flood and drowned; but the whole country was laid under water, trees were rooted up, and the Seine became a roaring torrent. Dreary was the sight from the ramparts the next morning! The whole place strewn with broken branches, the land like a lake, and the town, as if it had been bombarded, was boarded up in all directions, for there were not enough glaziers to mend the broken windows.

A meeting was called to decide whether the sluices of the Seine should be opened to drain the country; but it was much

feared, if this were done, that the result might be that the port of Boulogne would be destroyed. A young engineer proposed some other means of letting off the water, which proved successful.

In the early spring there took place the marriage of the Queen with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, her cousin. The consulate was illuminated and decorated with flags, and a ball was given by the Hamiltons, to which my father and mother went. We repaired to the ramparts to see the illuminations, which were very fine.

Our home at Boulogne was broken up soon after. My sister Eliza, and the younger members of the family, returned to Cannon Hall, with the nurses and governess, whilst my parents, my brothers and I, started for a tour.

We went in our own open landau with four horses ; my parents and I inside, the boys on the box, and Mitchell and the courier in the rumble behind. We first went through Belgium, stopping to see whatever interested us. The weather was delightful: it was early spring, and everything was bursting into green, and looking most lovely. We halted

to see Waterloo, and went over the plain. Brussels we were much interested in, but we did not stay there long, as my parents thought that, if the King heard of their being there, he would ask them to dinner, which would be a bore to them while *en voyage*, and would, perhaps, detain them longer than they wished. So we moved on to Chaudfontaine, in the pretty valley of the Vesdre.

From Aix-la-Chapelle, where we were much interested in seeing the Cathedral and the tomb of Charlemagne, we proceeded to Namur, whence we drove over to the Château de Brumagne, occupying a most lovely position on the Meuse. Here Captain Chaplin had several young Englishmen under his care, studying fortifications: amongst them was Edward Collingwood, our cousin, who had broken his leg; and the object of our visit was to see him, so that we might report to his father how he was getting on. We found him on the sofa, and convalescent. My mother walked with Mrs. Chaplin in the garden, and the boys and I, with the two (or three) Miss Chaplins, went a delightful ramble over the rocks on the bank of the stream, commanding a most lovely view down the

river. At the top of the hill we found a party of the pupils, who assisted us in running down the steep bank. We then went in to dinner : I sat by the Duke of Beaufort, or, as he then was, Lord Worcester, a gentlemanlike youth, with very good manners. About sunset of a most lovely evening, we started to drive back to Namur. The purple and golden light of the sky reflected from the hills and rocks was quite beautiful, and we had a thoroughly enjoyable drive.

The next day we embarked at Namur, on the Meuse steamer. We were fortunate in making acquaintance with a most gentlemanlike and intelligent Belgian, who gave us the history of every castle we passed. When we came opposite to Brumagne, we found the whole of the pupils assembled in an arbour in the garden to see us go by, and there was a general waving of hats and handkerchiefs as we passed.

At Cologne we got onto one of the Rhine steamers. It was a lovely moonlight night, and we made acquaintance with some very pleasant people. We were bound only as far as Bonn, where my father intended to look up a friend of former days, who lived there, Baron Börselager. On our arrival we

found the faithful Baron waiting for us at the landing stage. He seemed very pleased at renewing acquaintance with his friend of auld lang syne, and walked with us to the hotel, where he had engaged rooms for us, just overlooking the Rhine, with a view of the Seven Mountains.

Baron Börselager was the richest and most influential man in Rhenish Prussia. He and my father had been great friends in their youth in Paris. He had married Countess Belderbusch, a countess in her own right; she was now dead, and he was a widower with one little girl of about thirteen, to whom he was devoted, and who had been most carefully brought up. She had the prettiest manners, but had never been allowed to associate with any other children: so our advent was quite an event in her existence.

The Baron devoted himself to us. He was the most simple-minded, amiable of human beings, with a very German face, and a light Caxton wig. It was very interesting seeing, as we thus did, German aristocratic life in all its quaintness and simplicity. Every morning he used to send his servant to the hotel to propose some expedition for

the day, either walking or driving : he used to delight in going long walks, and in dragging my mother up all the mountains, "*C'est très-bon pour la santé.*" Then we always landed at some restaurant, where we had coffee and played under the trees. The little Baroness was always accompanied by her two governesses and her little greyhound "Jolie."

The Baron's sister, Frau von Romberg, had two daughters ; one was married to Baron Fürstenberg, the other to Count Metternich. Baron Fürstenberg had £30,000 a year, and a château on the Rhine. One day the Baron drove us over to this château, to spend the day there. It was a very interesting experience of German country life. Nothing could exceed the kindness of M. and Mme. Fürstenberg ; they drove us out in two carriages, one drawn by four magnificent Mecklenburg horses, the other by five most beautiful Russian greys. They took us to see *one* of his studs, consisting of thirty-five splendid horses of different nationalities. I was much amused to see each horse with its name and pedigree over its stall. We were shown everything about the place.



Another day the Baron took us in his carriage to Cologne, twenty miles off, where he showed us the Cathedral, and some Roman Catholic relics, priceless to the true believer. One, I remember, was one of the stone jars in which the water was turned into wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee.

Another expedition which I remember, was to the top of the Drachenfels, all of us being mounted on donkeys. Then we went by the steamer to the island of Nonnenwerth, where we were shown over the Convent, and rambled about the island, listening to the nightingales, and gathering handfuls of lilies of the valley, of which the woods were full. We then dined at Königswinter, and returned by the boat. We used sometimes to take a very long walk, and come back by the boat.

We often dined at the Baron's; his dinner was at two, and was a very long affair, as there were a number of dishes, which had to be partaken of in turns. Then came a sumptuous dessert, and when that was over, and before we moved from the table, cards were produced, and some round games played. I used to be amused at Anton, the Baron's head servant, who, when he walked

round the table handing any dish, used to stop to look at our hands, and advise us what cards to play; the Baron often addressing him as "My dear Anton." He was like part of the family, having spent his whole life in the Baron's service. The servants in a German establishment generally remain with their master through life, unless they become guilty of some very gross delinquency. About four o'clock we used to go down into the garden to drink coffee and myertrunk (?), which was served in a large bowl: this was a sort of aromatic lemonade, with pieces of orange floating in it.

In a letter written by my father to his mother, while we were staying with the Baron (May 31st), he says,

"One of the prophecies for 1840 has come true: At the *precise* time that was expected, the poor King of Prussia died. He was strongly impressed with the feeling that 1840—or, rather, that the years with 40 in them—were fatal to his House, and, more particularly, that he was not to survive *this day*: for upon this day there was to have been a great commemoration

in honour of Frederick the Great. Everything was arranged here for a grand ceremony : the students were to have marched past our part of the town in procession : the military were to have had a sermon preached in a field : and, in short, there were to have been various ceremonies. Yesterday an order arrived to suspend them all, in consequence of the state of the King's health, which, as this ceremony takes place only once in a century, was considered as tantamount to an announcement of his death ; and this has been confirmed this morning. What changes may take place in consequence, I know not : plenty of Sovereigns are collected in Germany."

My mother adds to the same letter—

"John is gone to see the Prussian troops swear allegiance to their new Sovereign. The steamboats look quite dismal, with their black eagle flags bound with a broad black border ; but I never saw the death of a Sovereign taken as coolly as it is here : indeed, the affair with the Archbishop of Cologne had made him very unpopular with the Catholics, and

the Baron prides himself on not having received the Crown Prince in his last visit here, as he had always before made a point of doing.\* All the foreign potentates and Emperors, even Napoleon and Josephine, used to sleep at his house. And a curious specimen it is, with its magnificent saloon hung with the *most beautiful* Parisian embossed white and rose-colored satin damask, but wanting paint in every part, and with a hole through the ceiling of one of the principal rooms. The Baron is like his house, a mixture of the most extraordinary simplicity, with the perfect manners of the *grand monde* and of the usages of society, when he chooses to put them on. He is the most amiable, attaching being I ever met with."

I heard the Baron say one day that he had the highest possible opinion of Franz Joseph, the Emperor of Austria. He was quite young, but he thought him clever, and a very superior man; and he said that, if he lived, he would make his mark amongst the Sovereigns of Europe. He said that

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\* The Archbishop of Cologne was related to the Baron.

when the Emperor was staying with him, he (the Emperor) told him the thing he most regretted was that he had not been educated at Eton. My father asked the Baron, what sort of a man Prince Albert was : he laughed, and said, "He is a regular Saxe Coburg : you will find out he has been managing you without your knowing it. He used very often to dine here, when he was at the University, and from the way he used to talk of the Queen, and of England, I felt sure that marriage would take place. When he was a student here, he regularly attended all the lectures, conformed to every rule of the College, and obeyed every order of the professors. They told me that they considered him the best and most obedient pupil they had, and thought that they governed him entirely, till they found out that it was themselves who were governed, and that he did exactly as he liked, and got his own way completely."

The little Prince of Prussia was at Bonn at this time, and we used to see him riding about every day on a very pretty little pony, with a groom behind him.

Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, also, was there as a student at the University,

and had rooms in a house looking into our garden. He is the present King of Denmark, father of Queen Alexandra.

And now a new interest sprang up : the Baron introduced us to the family of Professor Bischoff, the eminent Professor of Chemistry. They had large rooms in the Palace of Popplesdorf, attached to the University, and a little garden-house in the long avenue of Popplesdorf. His family consisted of Madame Bischoff, five children, (the two elder sons being by a former marriage), and Mlle. Ziegler, her sister. Madame Bischoff was a very devoted mother, and altogether a very charming person. My parents had been looking out for a safe place, where they could leave my brothers, when we went on to Switzerland ; but hitherto without success. One day Madame Bischoff said, "Why not leave them with me? I would take the same care of them as I do of my own children, and we have plenty of room." This plan presented many advantages : the only question was, whether Professor Bischoff would give his consent. There was nothing mercenary about the Professor, and his only objection was, that English boys were used to so many luxuries

that he was afraid they would not be comfortable with him. This objection was easily disposed of, and the thing was settled. They soon found themselves located in large airy rooms in the Palace, with young companions as associates, to talk German with all day long; and Professor Bischoff, finding that Walter was fond of science, arranged that he should attend his Chemical Lectures at the University.

Our table d'hôte at the hotel was very popular amongst some of the Professors, who often dined there, and it was very interesting to listen to their clever conversation. Sometimes, also, we had parties of the students: one day there was a large party of Prussian students, the aristocrats of the University, who took a fancy to Roddy, and insisted on drinking his health as "The little Englishman," my father having to make a sort of acknowledgment for him. The students (sad to relate) had to leave off coming, because the landlord would not give them three months' credit. There was one curious individual who generally dined there, whom my father called Peter Schle-mihl. He was six feet high, and wore an

oilskin hat on his head : he had a most singular countenance, like that of Charles XII., sometimes very stern, at others very pleasing, but somewhat cold. He was a Danish Count, a son or nephew of the minister Moltke : he was a little mad, spoke English and most European languages very well, and was very amusing.

One night we saw a most exciting scene—a torchlight procession of the whole University in honour of Professor Arndt, the old poet and writer of most of the German national songs. They passed our windows. It was a very dark night, and each student carried a lighted torch, while, with the whole power of their glorious voices, they sang in chorus the songs of Arndt ; “ No ! they *shall* not have it, the Rhine, the free, the German Rhine ! ” ; and another, “ What is the German’s Fatherland ? ” one of the conditions being, “ There where every Frenchman’s held a foe.” It was very inspiring. They marched on to Arndt’s house, sang in chorus under his windows, and each student threw down his torch, till there was quite a bonfire ; Arndt, meanwhile, bowing his acknowledgment from the balcony.



Another day, I remember, we went to see a marriage. Orange-flowers are not worn in Germany ; it is all the myrtle wreath.

And so the happy days sped by, and we had to start on our travels.

## CHAPTER XII.

WE took the steamer, and had two most delightful days on the Rhine. We slept at Coblentz, saw Ehrenbreitstein's "shattered wall," which looked far finer then than it does now: then left the Rhine at Mayence; saw Mannheim, Heidelberg, the Necker, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Frankfort, and Carlsruhe, exploring them as we proceeded. It was very interesting: the country was not overrun with English people as it is now, and we did not hurry, but saw everything on our road, working our way leisurely to Switzerland.

I copy a letter which I have found, written by my father to his mother, as what was written at the time will give a more correct account of our doings than I could give from memory.

"Thank God, our journey hitherto has been most fortunate, though directed more by chance than by anything else.

“ We entered Switzerland at Schaffhausen, and much disappointed we were with the celebrated falls. We stayed there for a day, and then proceeded to Zurich, and were much pleased with the richness and beauty of the country round the lake. We did not, however, explore it as much as we ought to have done, as Anna Maria was not quite well, and Eliza was afraid of venturing on the steamboat: but the weather afterwards turned out so fine, that we got into a little boat with a man and a boy, and proceeded most gallantly, till a storm began to gather, and we found it wiser to turn back: but before we got far, a violent thunderstorm burst upon us. The ladies behaved very well. We were obliged to make for the shore, and got into a public house, where the landlord produced slippers, and our stockings and shoes were dried: after which we returned to Zurich, and determined to be satisfied with what we had seen of the lake. We had a beautiful view of the sunset. We went from there to Lucerne; and were much delighted with the scenery, which is wildly beautiful. Unfortunately we missed the steamboat by a minute,

and, therefore, were again obliged to have recourse to a boat. We saw that end of the lake, but were forced to give up the attempt of seeing more, and dined at a comfortable little inn, beautifully situated at Gusau, and got back, after having completely knocked up our rowers. Frances will cry out, 'How stupid,' when she finds nothing about the Righi: but to speak the truth, though she may think it to our shame, we did not even attempt the ascent, to Anna Maria's great sorrow. Eliza is not at all disposed for ascents, nor am I any more so: I like much better looking at a mountain, than fancying myself delighted with the view from the top of one, when I am shivering with cold: besides, I neither feel myself equal to a ride or a walk of several hours, and am very much afraid of the change from heat—violent heat—to cold. However, in this case we were most fortunate: two Germans, whom we had met at the table d'hôte, passed us *en route* on their way up, and overtook us at Lucerne: they met with torrents of rain, and had to stay the greater part of the day on the mountain. An Englishman and his young wife were not a little

impatient, and, to the great astonishment of the natives, set off under a pouring rain, and the people at the inn could talk of nothing but '*Cette pauvre Anglaise ; c'était bien singulier.*'

"We next had a very pleasant drive to Thun, stopping at a most curious Swiss village for the night. All the houses were of wood, but so very large and handsome, that they looked as if they had been suddenly produced by an enchanter's wand: the country the whole way was beautiful, and we were very much pleased with Thun. We found the inn nearly full, and there were two ambassadors there, according to Bruno's [the courier] information. We walked to a sort of summer-house on the top of the hill, from which we had a beautiful view of the sunset. The mountains, indeed, looked finer than they do upon a nearer inspection. We came on here (Interlachen), and, leaving some of our things behind, proceeded without halting to Grindelwald. We were overtaken by a storm, but still had time enough to proceed (though in fear and trembling, for the storm was hanging on our rear), to the further of the two glaciers, with which we

were much delighted, though a little disappointed. It was curious to go on to the ice, streaming with perspiration, and to go into a cave in the glacier, where the effect of the light was extremely beautiful. However, I did nothing but pop in and out, for I trembled at the thoughts of the cold."

My mother adds a line to this letter, and says :

"You would have smiled to see me carried down the precipices to the glacier, which I thought so disagreeable, that I soon abandoned my *chaise-à-porteurs* to Anna Maria, and scrambled down on my feet. The ice cavern of azure blue was quite warm, so completely was the air excluded, and was the most beautiful thing I ever saw. I did not pass a very comfortable night at L'Aigle Noir at Grindelwald, as we were at the foot of the Wetterhorn and its glaciers, and heard, alternately, the thunder roar, and the avalanches falling, with almost incessant lightning, and a wind, which would have unroofed the houses, without the heavy stones, with which they are all protected. However, it was well worth a little nervousness to

pass a night in such scenery, and no evil happened to us, except having my face unmercifully stung by the mountain flies. In crossing the Albis, I lost John and Anna Maria, who were walking, and had to make their way over cornfields, at the edge of precipices, etc. However, as it was in the middle of the day, with a bright sun, I did not feel much alarm. Yesterday we met a large *char-à-banc*, with a quantity of tourists, who cheered us as we passed."

One day my mother felt something hard under her bed, and, on looking the next morning, she found she had been sleeping on the rock: the chalet was built on the mountain side, and a great piece of rock had been built into the room.

When we were in this part of Switzerland we visited a most remarkable cave, the Grotte de Balme. Instead, however, of trusting to my own memory, I will quote my father's journal, written by him at the time, prefacing his description of our visit to the Grotto by an account which he gives of Sir Hudson Lowe, who, as will be seen, had an unpleasant connection therewith. Just after

my father's escape from France in 1813, he joined Lord Cathcart's mission, which was then at Strasburg. An armistice had been signed, and Lord Cathcart's head quarters were at Reichenbach: the rest of the party were established in different villages near. My father says:

“Our life here was monotonous enough. We rode about, lounged about, and dined every day with Lord Cathcart, who now kept a *maison montée*. In a cottage nearly opposite to that in which I lived was Colonel Hudson Lowe, who had come to the head quarters upon some mission to Lord Cathcart, and was waiting till the business was transacted to return.

“We arranged that, if he got his *congé* in sufficient time, we should travel together, but, as day after day passed without his business drawing to a termination, and as I began to feel more and more anxious to be at home again, I resolved not to delay my journey any longer on his account.

“Colonel Lowe was a man of very singular manners, which were cold to the very greatest degree, almost repellant. I



had, indeed, always supposed him to be a German, so little did his appearance resemble that of an Englishman. It was a common amusement amongst the young attachés of the English staff, when they had nothing better to do, to call upon Colonel Lowe, on purpose to quiz him: but they were apt to receive back more than they gave. I understood that upon one occasion, for it was after I had left Reichenbach, Lord Cathcart mortally offended him, by placing him and several others at the side table, on the occasion of a large dinner-party that he gave. Colonel Lowe at once marched out of the room, and it was with some difficulty that Lord Cathcart succeeded in soothing his irritated feelings. He took rather a fancy to me, principally, I believe, because I was going to travel in Greece, and he felt for that country a warmth of attachment, of which the coldness of his manner led me to suppose he was scarcely capable. He devoted much of his time to study, and seemed particularly attached to that of Geography.

“From these traits in the character of the Colonel, there will be no difficulty in

discovering Sir Hudson Lowe of St. Helena fame.

“I was subsequently told by Sir James Campbell, under whom he had long served, indeed, whose aide-de-camp he had, I believe, been, that these peculiarities were artificial; that he used to dress himself with them, if I may use the expression, as a fine Parisian lady dresses and forms her face into the shape which she thinks most becomes it: he certainly did not, like her, *paré* himself with smiles. As his name is historical, I speak of him without hesitation; but, whilst describing his peculiarities, it is but fair that I should justify his character: for, if Sir Robert Spencer’s account is to be believed, and of that no man can entertain a doubt, never was man’s character more undeservedly traduced. ‘I should be the last man in the world to vindicate Sir Hudson Lowe’s character, unless I knew he deserved it,’ observed Captain Spencer: and, certainly, so staunch a Whig, the brother of the then Whig minister, Lord Althorp, was the last man I should have expected to have heard taking up the defence of a man so universally disliked by his party. Sir Robert

told me that he had himself been at St. Helena, and that, from what he had collected, was fully satisfied that everything had been done on Sir Hudson Lowe's part to make Napoleon's residence at St. Helena as comfortable as circumstances would allow ; but that there was evidently a preconcerted plan, on the part of the Emperor and his suite, to get up every sort of grievance, in order to create a sensation in Europe, and prevent the interest felt in his favor from dying away.\* He said that Sir Hudson Lowe had kept a detailed journal of everything that had occurred ; that he (Captain Spencer) had access to it, and that he should detain me all night if he were to relate to me half the anecdotes that it contained. He said that at one time the principal grievance was, the little progress that was made in building the house at Longwood ; Napoleon complaining that every obstacle was

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\* It is to be regretted that opinions such as these, as to the character of Sir Hudson Lowe, formed by men of sense and discrimination, who knew him well, and who had no personal or political ends to serve by perverting the truth, were not known to Lord Rosebery, before he drew that biassed and flippant picture of him, which he has presented to us in his "Napoleon : the Last Phase."—S. P.

thrown in the way of its completion. After this, the work proceeded with still greater rapidity. But this did not suit the Emperor; he was afraid of losing so convenient a grievance: so he, all of a sudden, took to shooting at a mark to amuse himself. The balls flew about the workmen's ears, who made a remonstrance on the subject to the Adjutant. The latter went to the Governor for orders, who told them to leave off their work, as soon as Buonaparte began shooting. This was just what the Emperor wanted: he complained that the workmen neglected to proceed with the buildings at Longwood, in consequence of orders that they had received from Sir Hudson Lowe. The Governor replied that he could not allow the work to proceed at the risk of the men's lives, but that if General Buonaparte would leave off shooting, the work should be forwarded with the greatest despatch. The Emperor flew in a rage, gave up his shooting, declaring that he was not allowed to take the amusements and exercise necessary for his health.

“A general cry of indignation was raised throughout Europe against Sir Hudson

Lowe for his savage cruelty in breaking to pieces a plaister bust of young Napoleon, which had been sent to his father to shed a ray of comfort over the melancholy hours of his captivity. The fact was, that it contained a letter. It had been calculated that it was the safest vehicle that could possibly be adopted, and that even the hardest heart could not help entering into his feelings as a father. But, either Sir Hudson Lowe knew his captive too well, or had received some private information as to what it contained, and had the bust broken in pieces; when he discovered the letter. Mme. Bertrand upon hearing it from him, burst out laughing, and said, ‘*Vous nous avez découvert.*’

“Sir Robert Spencer gave me, as a proof of Sir Hudson Lowe’s anxiety to contribute to Buonaparte’s comfort, the following anecdote :—Napoleon, having been much pleased with a pony-carriage that he had seen, sent to the Governor to desire that he might have a similar one brought out from England by the first ship. Sir Hudson Lowe immediately mounted his horse, and rode to the house of the Major, to whom the pony-carriage

belonged; not finding him at home he desired to speak to his wife, and told her that he particularly wished to have the pony-carriage, that he would give her husband any price that he chose to put upon it. The Major of course acceded to the Governor's wish, and the pony-carriage was immediately sent to Napoleon. Another time the Emperor took a fancy to a particular sort of fish, and expressed a wish to have it as often as it could be procured: Sir Hudson immediately sent to the market to lay an embargo upon all fish of that sort for Napoleon's table.

“These are all of Sir Robert Spencer's anecdotes that I can now call to mind, but I will add another that I heard in Switzerland two years ago. Whilst my daughter, Anna Maria, was exploring the Grotte de Balme, not feeling sufficient curiosity to accompany her, I amused myself with conversing with the woman at the cottage, to whom was entrusted the charge of the Grotto. She was complaining of various misfortunes that had befallen her, and instanced the following as the most distressing, one that had occurred two or three years before. I must first mention,

that the Countess Bertrand had some time previously visited the Grotto, and feeling, I suppose, that inclination, so common to travellers, of leaving behind them some traces of their visit, and, perhaps, not ill-disposed to associate her name with that of one whose memory was so dear to her, she took out her pencil, and wrote on the wall :

“Honneur à Napoléon,  
“La France te révére.

“La Comtesse Bertrand, t'ayant suivie  
partout.”

“One day, as the custodian was sitting in her cottage, a carriage with four horses drove up to the door : a gentleman got out, and desired her to conduct him to the Grotte de Balme. She did so, and, having left him there for a short time, upon her return, she found that he had occupied himself in effacing this inscription of Mme. Bertrand's. She rated him soundly, telling him that it was not the action of a gentleman. During this conversation, three young travellers entered the Grotto, one, who had been there the

preceding year, having told her daughter at the cottage that he knew the way, and could serve as guide to his companions. Upon looking round the Grotto, he turned to the woman, saying, "Madame, I do not see the inscription I saw here last year written by Mme. Bertrand : where is it ?" "*Monsieur vient de l'effacer,*" she answered. Their eyes were immediately turned upon the stranger, and a mutual recognition instantly took place. The stranger was Sir Hudson Lowe ; the young travellers, Louis Napoleon, young Count Las Cases, and the third, the son of a distinguished Parisian lawyer. At what a place, and in what a moment did they meet !

"The young men rushed with fury upon their oppressor, who was now in their power. A violent altercation ensued, but, as it was carried on in English, the guide could not understand what passed, but she heard Sir Hudson declare in French that "he was not as bad as they supposed, as he only obeyed the orders of his Government." They bade him prepare for instant death, and dragged him to the borders of the lake, which forms one of



the greatest curiosities of the Grotto. In vain were his supplications and prayers: three times she saw his head hanging over the water, into which he was about to be precipitated. She threw herself on her knees before them, and made use of every argument in her power to induce them to spare his life, dwelling upon the position in which she would be placed, when found with the body of a rich Englishman, whom she had conducted to the cave, whilst they, who had committed the deed, would have totally disappeared. At length she succeeded in mitigating their fury: they consented to spare Sir Hudson's life on one condition—that he should meet Louis Napoleon on the following day. She saw him shake hands with Sir Hudson, whilst he used these words: "*Demain, sur la Flegère.*" But Sir Hudson had had enough of it, and had no inclination to put his life again into the hands of such rash and exasperated opponents. As soon as he got back to the cottage, he put himself into his carriage, and set off to Geneva as fast as he could go. The affair became public; a commission was ordered by the

Piedmontese Government to enquire into the circumstances of the case, and the Grotto and cottage were shut up, I think, for two months; after which the woman was allowed to pursue her usual vocation.

“I have given the story as near as I can in the woman’s words, but I can hardly bring myself to believe that three young men, so distinguished in birth and situation, could have really contemplated the commission of such a murder, or could have for a moment entertained the idea of satisfying their hatred of an individual by an act of such cowardly vengeance. I am more willing to suppose that their only object was to derive some satisfaction from the terror into which they put poor Sir Hudson.”

There was to be a *tir national*. We met the procession going to it, and a very interesting one it was, with all the banners of the different Cantons flying, and all the men of each Canton in their respective national dress.

We went to Geneva, and stayed there a little time, going frequently down the lake

in a steamboat. Our old friends, Sir John and Lady Katharine Boileau, had a villa near Geneva, and we used to go expeditions with them and with Lady Vernon. Lord Vernon had gone to the *tir national*. I remember one day, when we had been dining at the Boileaus, we had a perfect race to get back to Geneva before the evening gun was fired, when the gates of the town were shut.

On our way back we slept at Basle, with the swift-flowing Rhine under our windows. The next morning we got up early, and went on board. There we found a very pleasant little *société*, including a French Count and Countess de Gasparin, with whom we had made acquaintance in Switzerland (I think on the Lake of Geneva), a clever and amusing doctor, named Conquest, and an invalid sister of the Bishop of Ripon.

So dense a fog came on, that it was impossible to see an inch before us, and the stream was so strong, that it would not have been safe for a large boat like ours to proceed: so the anchor was dropped, and there we had to lie motionless in the fog. Dr. Conquest had extended his tour to the

very last day, and had made engagements to see six patients on his arrival in London; so nothing could have been more inconvenient for him than to be delayed in this way, and it was excusable that he should lose his temper in consequence: he stalked about the deck at last in a perfect fury, exclaiming, "*C'est une chose inouïe, je ne le souffrirai pas : vous payerez pour ceci ! J'intenterai un procès !*" "*Bon, monsieur, vous avez raison ; intétez le procès ! mais il faut l'intenter au brouillard : nous n'avons rien à y faire !*" We lost half a day before the sun came out, and we were able to proceed ; and it is to be hoped that Dr. Conquest's six patients were none the worse for having to get on without him.

At Königswinter a very handsome young Prussian officer, whom we knew slightly, came on board. He went up to my mother, and, with a graceful bow, took her hand, raised it to his lips, and kissed it. Such were the manners of that day. He was very tall, and his svelte figure was set off to great advantage by the becoming Prussian uniform. Another foreign greeting, of a somewhat different character, awaited us when we walked into our hotel at Bonn :

our former little waiter suddenly caught sight of my father, and, giving a scream of delight, seized him by both hands, and shook them nearly off.

We found there a message from the Baron, asking us to dine with him, and meet my two brothers and Mlle. Ziegler. We went to Popplesdorf the next day, and found both the boys well and happy, and very much improved in their manners, albeit a little Germanised. My brother Roddy, I remember, showed his collection of butterflies to my father, and pointed one out to him as "an immensely seldom butterfly." My other brother, Walter, had gone in for beetles.

After staying a few days at Bonn, we travelled back to England, crossing from Ostend; and, after sleeping one night in London, we went on to Cannon Hall.

Travelling in Switzerland was very different then from what it is now. There were no railways or funiculars, no omnibuses or great caravansaries, one exactly like another, filled with nothing but English and Americans. In those days you saw the country through which you passed in

its every-day, natural state, the people living their own lives in repose, still unspoilt by a constantly moving herd of travellers. Everything around was new to one, full of its own identity, and not ground down to one general level. The Swiss were then a most honest, simple people, very religious, and very fond of their country. The spirit of Tell and of Hofer was not yet extinct. The chalets were very clean and comfortable, and the life in them afforded endless variety: sometimes we would be sleeping in one on the top of a mountain, the next night in one in the valley: the table d'hôte was literally what it professed to be: the master of the house presided, gave you the best he had, and told you all the news of the country round. Sometimes his wife or children were there, and often, when we drove off, flowers and fruit were put into the carriage. Our coming was a great excitement, and they parted from us with regret. What made a great difference was that, instead of the remarkably ugly, ungainly and ill-dressed figures, which you now see working in the fields, then every creature, man, woman or child, wore the picturesque Swiss dress. You

could tell whenever you got into a new Canton, by a complete change in the dress: and all day long one heard the jodeling answered from every hill and valley.

One day they dressed me up in one of their fête-dresses, which are heirlooms: it was a most beautiful costume: the front of it and the sleeves being white, with a black velvet bodice over it, covered with silver chains and ornaments, and gold and silver coins. I went in to my father as a Swiss girl, carrying something for him.

When we went any mountain climb, we had a *char-à-banc*, a light wooden car with planks put across for seats; sometimes a whole procession of *char-à-bancs* started together, and, with the tinkling of the bells on the horses' heads, it was very gay; there were also *chaises-à-porteurs*, for use in places where a horse could not go.

I have also travelled through the Tyrol and the Pyrenees, when they were free from the taint of foreign travellers, and were still unspoilt. My brother Walter and I went all through the Tyrol *en voiturier*, stopping at the peasants' houses, dining under the trees, and living a life of the most delightful independence, and of constant

change. We engaged our coachman and horses for the whole time, and never went more than three stages a day; so we had time for walking, sketching, botanising, and doing just as we liked. With the exception of three Englishmen, whom we kept meeting, we seemed to be the only English travellers in the country, according to the books at the inns.

So unsophisticated were the people, that they had never even heard of tea: we took our own, and they asked if it was medicine. When we tried to explain to them how we made it, and what we wanted to make it with, the results were most amusing: off they went, full of zeal to supply our requirements, and in one place they brought us two soup-plates full of tepid water, with which to make it. Another day a maid came in, very delighted, with a flowerpot, which, she thought, was just the thing. It was so hopeless, that, at last, my brother took the tea down to the kitchen, and made it himself by the fire, all the peasants coming round to see the operation.

We fared very well in other respects, with trout, just out of the lakes, and the best of cream, milk and butter, and good meat.



In the Pyrenees, where I went after I was married, one was even more out of the world than in the Tyrol. In those days the borderland mountains were shared by French and Spaniards, and not an English face was to be seen. The peasants spoke nothing but Basque, of which my husband and I could not understand a word. The men were dressed in coarse white blankets, thrown over their shoulders, and very wide sombreros. We rode on mules, which were most gaily decorated, and furnished with Spanish saddles. Such French tourists as there were, always travelled in close carriages. Mr. Scott, the consul at Bordeaux, warned us we should not find such a thing as an open carriage anywhere, and advised us to buy one for our use : this we did, and sold it afterwards, when we were leaving. We went many expeditions into the mountains, and were amused with the way in which the French did their exploring. They always went in large parties, got up in what they considered proper style ; the men dressed for effect, with bright sashes round their waists, and other sashes on their wide-awakes ; their mules very smartly ornamented with trappings and bells : while the

ladies rode on Spanish saddles, covered with red cloth. Their riding parties looked very gay, if not very business-like.

One day, I remember being in the passage of the hotel, when a *chaise-à-porteurs* was put down by four Spaniards, who had brought it over the mountains: inside was a large white figure, completely swathed in linen; nothing to be seen, even of the face or eyes. This huge figure got out of the *chaise*, and the men began unrolling fold after fold. I looked on, full of curiosity; when, suddenly, out skipped a smart-looking French girl, dressed in a riding-habit. This was the orthodox way of conveying her over the mountains from St. Sebastian in Spain.

At the small town of Bigorre, where we arrived in doubt as to whether we should obtain any eatable fare, we were agreeably surprised by having a most *recherché* and excellent dinner set before us. On enquiry we learnt that the brother of our hostess, who had cooked our dinner, was the famous Francatelli, who had been *chef de cuisine* to Louis Philippe for fifteen years.

I was much amused at the sister of our guide, who was our housemaid. She was

a most hopelessly vulgar-looking girl, fat, awkward, and blowzy, with a red face, and fat red arms. These she put akimbo, and said, "*Oui, nous sommes pauvres, mais nous sommes nobles: c'est une famille de trois-cents ans.*" The *sangre azul* of Spain!

## CHAPTER XIII.

ONE day—I think we had been up to the moors—we were very tired, and had gone to bed early. We were all awakened out of our first sleep, by an extraordinary noise and bustling in the house: a Sheffield fly had driven up, and out of it had got Professor Bischoff, Madame Bischoff, his son, Karl Bischoff, Mlle. Ziegler (Madame Bischoff's sister), and my brothers, Walter and Roddy, having posted all the way from Sheffield. They had stayed four days in London, but this had been kept secret, as their arrival at Cannon Hall was to be a surprise for “the dear father and mother:” and a surprise it certainly was! Roddy had represented in vain to the Bischoffs, that, if they arrived unannounced, they might find the house full. The boys also told us that they had, in spite of their remonstrances, gone to the city to take up their quarters, because they thought “the City”

*must* be the most fashionable part of London. They made their appearance in London in some extraordinary Polish garments, called *Katzavickas*: Madame Bischoff's was a long pelisse, reaching to her feet, with a cape and sleeves; it was of the most lovely rose-colored stuff, trimmed with Chinchilla: Mlle. Ziegler's was of the same make, only of very rich, dark blue, watered silk, trimmed with dark Russian sable. Roddy and Walter remonstrated with them, and told them they could not possibly go out dressed like that, or they would have a mob after them. They were very angry at this, and said that they had worn them in Berlin, and in Vienna; and why could they not wear them in London? So, after my brothers and Karl had started on a most delightful expedition with the Professor, sight-seeing in the town, the ladies sallied forth in their Polish dresses, to captivate the world. But they soon returned, furiously indignant, with a large mob at their heels. It must be remembered that, in those days, anything novel in the way of dress was a much greater wonder than it would be now.

The Professor and Karl stayed at Cannon Hall a short time, and then left to go to

Scotland, where the Professor was to examine some mines. During their absence the ladies remained with us. One morning, after breakfast, they appeared, arrayed in the Katzavickas, and said they were going for a walk ; but they would not tell us where they were going. Luncheon came ; but they did not appear : the afternoon wore away ; but there were no signs of them : dinner came ; and still they did not return. It was getting dark, and we were becoming seriously alarmed, having settled that they must have been lost ! After dinner my father sent men in different directions with lanterns to look for them, though, indeed, that was not of much use, as we did not know in which direction they had gone. At last, late in the evening, in they walked, looking very white : they had walked off to Wakefield, quite ignorant of the way, on a pilgrimage to see the "Vicar of Wakefield." Fortunately, Dr. Sharpe, the then vicar, was at home, and was quite equal to the occasion, for he promptly produced some cowslip wine : he knew that all through Germany the idea of English literature is, Shakespeare, and the "Vicar of Wakefield." I do not know whether our visitors were ever quite

clear as to whether they had really seen Dr. Primrose, or not; but, doubtless, they would give out in Germany that they had done so! They dined at Wakefield, and then set off to walk the ten miles back to Cannon Hall. They had walked twenty miles altogether before they got home.

The Professor could not stay very long in England, and, when he returned to Germany, Madame Bischoff and Karl went with him. Mlle. Ziegler remained at Cannon Hall till we left, as she wanted to learn English; she gave us German lessons in return.

While she was there, the Bishop of Ripon came for a short visit. In the evening, my sister Loui came into the room: "Make a cradle (meaning a courtesy) for the Bishop, my dear," said Mlle. Ziegler; while Loui's puzzled look, and a twinkle in the Bishop's eye, delighted us. Then Mlle. Ziegler, with her head and her long curls on one side, looking very sentimental, said to the Bishop, "It is very disagreeable walking in the woods here; they are so full of livers, you cannot get away from them." The Bishop looked as if he were exercising no small amount of self-control to prevent laughing. She

had been getting up some sentences for the benefit of the prelate, and had asked us what the English for Brombeeren (brambles) was: we had told her "sweethearts:" but she had looked this up in the dictionary, and had settled that its synonym, lovers, sounded much more refined, and so had employed it for the edification of his lordship.

Longley, then Bishop of Ripon, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and Archbishop of Canterbury, was our friend of many years. He confirmed and married me. My father used to say that he was "Butter in a lordly dish." He, certainly, never forgot for a moment that he was a Bishop; but, even if there was a slight amount of acting, the result was altogether so perfect, that you could not wish anything different. He was very handsome, with a fine head, a refined and holy expression, a very well-modulated voice, and the most courtly and perfect manners.

Mrs. Longley was certainly not one's ideal of a wife for him, but she was, at any rate, a very good foil. Without being refined, she was the most thoroughly natural person I ever knew, with true Irish warmth of heart, and always saying just what came into her



mind. She was Miss Parnell, Lord Congleton's daughter. She told me that the first time she had any tender thoughts for the Bishop, was when she was staying at Harrow, and saw Dr. Longley, then Master of Harrow, clear a five-barred gate in pursuit of some of the boys. She turned to her cousin, and said, "After all, Dr. Longley is not so old." "Who ever thought him old?" was the answer.

He was a wonderfully active man, and a very good rider. When he was at Harrow, there was a regular rebellion and barring out. The Doctor was on the upper floor, and, when he came out of his room, he found the stairs all boarded up, and the young rebels standing on the landing below. He immediately sat down on the planks, and slid into the midst of the boys, who received him with a cheer.

One day I was walking in Hyde Park with my father, and we were talking of the Bishop, when, suddenly, we were startled by his riding up to where we were. My father exclaimed, "*Parlez du soleil, vous voyez ses rayons.*" "There is another version," said the Bishop, meaning, "*Parlez du diable, vous voyez ses cornes.*"

The incumbent of Silkstone, Mr. Millett, was a first cousin of the Bishop, and the Longleys used to stay there generally on every alternate visit to our part of Yorkshire. This did not suit Mrs. Longley, who did not like losing her visit to Cannon Hall, of which she was particularly fond. On one occasion they were at Silkstone, and we were asked to dine there: in the middle of dinner the Bishop said, "Now, Mr. Stanhope, I will give you a hundred guesses: what have I been doing?" "You've been cutting down my trees," said my father immediately. "How could you possibly guess that?" said the Bishop, very much astonished. "Why," said my father, "I knew there was a fall of timber in the wood close by, and I knew your active habits: I concluded you would want some exercise after the Consecration, and cutting down the trees was just what would suit you." The Bishop then told us that he had gone into Silkstone Fall for a stroll, where he found a man cutting down trees, and had asked him if he could give him an axe; which he did; and the Bishop set to work with him. The man told him that he had been at the Consecration in the morning, and had seen the Bishop: he told

him all about the ceremony, and what he thought of the Bishop, without finding out that he was talking to the Bishop himself.

We knew the Archbishop of York very well, and used often to visit at Bishopthorpe. Archbishop Musgrave was a big, rough, burly man, with a large head, and something approaching a bottle-nose. He had risen from the ranks, and, it was said, had worked at the tailor's bench. He was very hard-headed, and clever; very natural, and quite above any ecclesiastical parade. My father delighted in him. There was a double bond of union between us and the Musgraves. Mrs. Musgrave, the Archbishop's wife, was a sister of Lord Waterpark, (who had married my cousin, Eliza Anson), whilst Miss Musgrave, the Archbishop's niece, was our governess at Cannon Hall; and a very common-place little person she was.

Mrs. Musgrave, or, as she was almost universally called, "The Empress Catherine," was a very tiny, but a very pretty little thing; always dressed "*à quatre épingles*" in the loveliest brocades; and, in the evenings, wearing a long train. She had a gardener

who had lived with the Duchess of Sutherland, and every night he placed on the table a most lovely bouquet for her, such as he had been in the habit of making for the Duchess.

It was most amusing to see the rough, unpolished Archbishop with his little wife : he seemed to be completely lost to everything else in his admiration of her, in his interest in her beautiful dresses, and in everything belonging to her. He was entirely without a thought of self, but was really a very determined man, when left to act for himself. It was said in the diocese that everything he did right, was his own doing ; and that everything he did wrong, was the doing of the Empress Catherine.

Once when we were staying there, and the York races were coming on, the Archbishop suggested to my father that he might like to go to them, but, as it would not quite do for the mitre to be seen on the course, he could not lend his own carriage for that purpose ; but if we would go in *our* carriage, and use *our* harness, he would send *his* horses, and *his* servants in plain clothes. Thus it was arranged. I do not remember anything about the events of the day, but

I know that we enjoyed ourselves, without creating any episcopal scandal.

The Archbishop used to be very amusing in his confidences to my sister Eliza and myself. He said that when they went to stay anywhere for a consecration, etc., Mrs. Musgrave's gowns had to be so carefully packed, and took up so much room, that his lawn sleeves came very badly off; and that, as they often arrived only at the last moment, he had to go into church, looking all tumbled and untidy. Then, he said, if it was at a village where the consecration was to take place, the pulpits would be of deal, and often only half-finished, with a great nail sticking up here and there, on which the unfortunate lawn sleeves were sure to catch, with a tragic result; when, on his return, instead of getting comfort from Mrs. Musgrave, he would be received by her and her maid, one as bad as the other, with a regular scolding; the unlucky remnants of the sleeves being held up to view, with the oft-repeated information that they cost four guineas. So he had made a bargain that, when it was a simple village consecration, he should have sleeves made

of muslin, and reserve the lawn for the more fashionable affairs.

The Archbishop told me that once, when he was going to stay somewhere, he found that his servant had put him up a pair of slippers all in holes, which he had told him to throw away. Not long after, a very smart pair of slippers made their appearance, worked by the young ladies of the house, who, he supposed, had treasured the others as a *holy relic* !

The Archbishop's brother, Archdeacon Musgrave, was a man of a very different stamp. He was terribly afraid of risking his dignity, and had none of that natural ease of manner and good-nature, which, with the Archbishop, was so noticeable, and which became all the more prominent, when he had attained an assured position. The Archdeacon was, however, unlike his brother, a very good-looking man: he had very handsome legs, of which he was particularly proud, and always encased them in the finest silk transparencies that could be procured.

The Archbishop used to say, "My brother is a *much* greater man than I am: you must

*never* forget that he is an Archdeacon. He is a great dandy, and, when he comes here for a few days, he brings more luggage than I should take, if I were going to France."

There was one great inconvenience at Bishopthorpe: the steamers were continually going up and down the Ouse, and all the rooms, when the windows were open, became filled with a dense, dirty smoke. The Archbishop, consequently, petitioned that the smoke should be turned off while the boats passed his Palace. The first day that this was done, the officers quartered in York went by in the boats, and, as they passed the Palace, the funnels were lowered, the bands played on the decks, and the officers all saluted. It was rather a pretty sight. We stood at the open window, and the "Empress Catherine" bowed her acknowledgments.

Longley, then Bishop of Ripon, and Mrs. Longley came to stay there for a few days during one of our visits, and we were amused at the ecclesiastical stir which their coming made; one special alteration being that we had prayers in the evening, which we had not had before. Mrs. Longley, I remember,

had a black lace cap on with some red poppies in it, and, while looking enviously at Mrs. Musgrave's beautiful dress, she said to me, "My dear, it is *such* a pity that the Bishop will not allow me to wear artificial flowers; these came from the fields: that is where I have to go, when I want to look like other people."

The mention of these ecclesiastical dignitaries recalls to my mind Mr. Sandford, the brother of the Bishop of Gibraltar. He came to Cannon Hall in his capacity of school-inspector. In the morning, when he wanted to start for the schools, he could not find his hat anywhere, and, after a regular search, it was found in the bushes, wet through with the heavy dew: how it got there I do not know, but he could not wear it, and so he started without a hat. He went to the upper part of the park; but there he lost himself in a dense fog, and got completely wet through, wandering about in the long grass. At last he caught sight of the school; but he was so soaked, that he had to take off his coat to have it dried, and had to borrow a pair of the girls' stockings and shoes, before he was able to enter on his office.



Her Majesty's Inspectors consider themselves very important people, and very often behave as such. In his address to the school, Mr. Sandford asked the boys, "What am I?" "A man;" answered one of them. "Yes, I know I am a man, but what sort of a man?" "Varie oogly," was the reply.

His brother the Bishop once said to the children, "I wish if there is anything you do not *quite* understand, or that puzzles you, you would just tell me, and ask me to explain it." After a pause one of them said, "Please, my lord, how was it that the angels wanted stairs to go up and down to Jacob, when they had wings?" The Bishop was fairly nonplussed, and did not know what to answer: he got out of the difficulty by saying, "Think a little, and if any reason occurs to you, let me hear it." "Please, my lord," piped a shrill voice from the back of the room, "perhaps they were a-moultering!"

Archdeacon Watkins, once when he was inspecting them, was very grand and patronising, and addressed the boys with, "Now, my dear boys, living as you do in the country, I think you ought to know something of the nature around you," (feeling

sure that they knew nothing of it,) “you ought to study the trees, their forms, and the differences of their foliage; you should know their names. Now, can you tell me the names of any trees?”

“Apple-trees, pear-trees, cherry-trees, walnut-trees, gooseberry-trees,” etc., etc., was the too-ready answer.

“Well, yes, yes; but can you tell me the names of any birds?”

“Cock-robins, Spinks, Dickey-dunachs, Tomtits,” and a number of others, whose local names the Archdeacon had never heard before.

Flowers were then attempted, but with the same result, there being a chorus of voices shouting out, “Daffydownillies, Sweet Williams, Marygolds, Perrywinkles,” and a host of others; till the inspector thought it hardly safe to give the reins to Yorkshire boys.

The clergyman once asked the children what was the difference in our Saviour, when he descended from Heaven, and when he ascended into it again. One of the boys answered: “He war a boy when he came down, and he war a man when he went oop.”

I was told that, when my husband was quite a little child, he was sitting one very windy day by the window, when the dust was flying in eddies, and was heard to sigh deeply, and say, "Oh ! poor Adam and Eve !" His mother asked him what he meant, when he said, "Don't you know ; it was said to Adam and Eve, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,' and just look how they are blowing about !"

One of my children said to me, "I know that God made heaven and earth, but where was He when He made it ?"

## CHAPTER XIV.

As I was now just seventeen, it was decided that I was to come out, and to spend the winter at Holkham with my parents: it was also arranged that the rest of the family, with the servants, were to be settled there at the "Inn," a large house just within the park gates. This was a delightful arrangement for me, for it enabled me to spend the day with my brothers and sisters, and to take long walks and drives with them, as we had a carriage at our disposal.

My mother, from the time of her marriage, had spent half of every year at Holkham, and, having been always very much respected and looked up to, still retained much of her former position there; so her time was very much taken up in looking after the guests, and she very wisely considered me to be far too young to be turned independently into a house of that sort. Of course, had I spent the whole day at Holkham, I should, probably, have much more to record now; as it was, my time was spent in the following

manner:—I breakfasted in the schoolroom at eight o'clock with Margaret Coke and her governess, Margaret being on her invalid couch: I then went to my father's room, and read with him. Afterwards, I walked to the Inn, either with him, or with our footman, and spent the rest of the day there, till my grandfather and my aunt Anson called for me at the end of their drive, and brought me back. My father would generally be out shooting, for, on the days when there was no battue, he used to go out independently, wherever he pleased, having a keeper who had been told off to attend to him specially.

Had I not spent that winter at Holkham, I never should have realized the enthusiastic way in which my grandfather was worshipped by those around him: and well did he, whose whole life had always been spent for others, deserve the love bestowed upon him.

My mother used to tell me that in former years, when he was unhampered, and his purse-strings not drawn for him by others,\*

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\* *I.e.* before his second marriage. In a letter to me on this subject my mother says:

“The following occurrence will illustrate my reasons for holding this opinion. My grandfather and Lady

his noble liberality and romantic generosity knew no bounds: she used to say that he would have shared his last crust with any friend who wanted it.

From my earliest childhood I was devoted to him, and he considered me as his special favourite. This now became much more marked, and I believe that my being there added a peculiar element of happiness to this, the last year of his life. I remember Edward Coke saying to me one day, "Anna Maria, I really and truly believe that my father cares more for his granddaughter than he does for all of us put together: you are certainly more to him individually than any one of us is."

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Leicester were staying with us in Harley Street the year that I came out. There was a dinner-party one day, and the ladies had gone up to dress, leaving my grandfather lying on the sofa in the library. I was with him; and he suddenly pulled out his purse, looked round very uncomfortably, and took out a ten-pound note, which he gave me, saying, 'Don't tell Lady Leicester.' He looked as if he had done more than he ought to do, and cautioned me a second time to say nothing about it. But I told my mother the next day, and she seemed very much annoyed, saying, 'In former days he would not have been satisfied with a hundred pounds for his favourite grandchild on her first coming out.' There was something wrong somewhere." —S. P.

I can better understand it now, perhaps, than I could then. Lady Leicester was quite taken up with things in which *he* took no interest: as for his sons, he was certainly fond of them collectively, and I have heard him speak with pride and admiration of Edward—and no wonder, for he was six foot high, with a fine figure, and so splendidly handsome that he was considered the handsomest man of his time, and was always very steady and good; a son for any father to be proud of: Wenny, the youngest, he spoilt, and used to call “Little Benjamin our Ruler.” But a young family, consisting of a number of boys, whom he saw only during their holidays, and of an invalid girl, poor Margaret, whom he seldom saw at all, represented an idea in his life which could not possibly pretend to vie with the recollection of *her* (my mother), who had been the object of his care and love from her earliest\* childhood, and the friend and companion of the prime of his life.

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\* My mother was only four years old when her own mother died: both her sisters were then married women, and so my grandfather's affection was naturally centred upon her.—A. M. W. P.

That recollection I forcibly recalled to him, and in a way that nothing else could. He used often to say to me, "It's your mother over again. My darling, you are so like your mother, that, when I have you, I feel as if I had got her back." Often, also, would he say, especially when something had displeased him, "You are a dear, good little soul; I wish all the world were more like you," or, "I wish others would take pattern by you." He never missed an opportunity of shewing me his strong affection: every day was I made aware of it by his every action: while, for my part, I worshipped him.

One day—it was the audit-day—all the tenants were dining in the audit-room, and the gentlemen of the house-party were dining with them. My grandfather had not been down to any of these dinners now for a long time, but this evening he announced his intention of going with his granddaughter to see his tenants, for he always treated me as if I were the daughter of the house. Nothing could have delighted me more; and the tenants were very excited at the thoughts of his coming. But, alas, at



the last moment he was prevented, as they said it would be too much for him: though I think that it would have given him peculiar pleasure to have gone. I went down to a little room next to the audit-room, and there I heard the tumult when his health was drunk: benches and chairs were knocked about; cheers were given which threatened to bring down the roof-tree, and then, all in chorus, they sang the spirited song of "The Old English Gentleman,"—

"Like a good old English gentleman,  
One of the olden time."

As may easily be imagined, the various relationships in my mother's family were of a very perplexing character, her elder sisters being some 30 years older than she, and her half-brothers and half-sisters, some 30 years younger.\* I remember that one day at Holkham, Lord Huntingtower, who had just

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\* Mr. Coke was 68 years old when his son and heir was born. On his entering the House of Commons on the next occasion after that event, he was received with hearty cheers of congratulation. There was an interval of 52 years between the births of the eldest and youngest of his children. The present Lord Leicester has followed the example of his father very closely: he has been married twice, and has two separate families; his youngest child was born to him when

arrived, was sitting by me, and said, "I suppose you are a relation, and can tell me all about these people: I wish you would, for I do not know any of them." "Oh! yes," I said, "with pleasure; I can tell you who they all are. That is my mother; and that is her brother, sitting next to her, (pointing to Edward Coke, who looked like her son); that (pointing to Wenny, then a little boy) is uncle to the old gentleman sitting near them (Lord Rosebery); that is Lady Rosebery, and she is niece to my mother (being just the same age as she was); and that is my father, sitting next to his mother-in-law (who was much younger than he was):" and so I rattled on through the whole party, which sounded far more extraordinary than any description here can give the slightest notion of. I burst out laughing, and said, "Now I have told you who all the people are, and how they are related to each other;

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he was 72 years old; and there was an interval of nearly 50 years between the birth of his eldest and youngest child. There is an interval of no less than 103 years between the birth of this youngest child and of that of her aunt, Lady Andover. Lady Anson's family was, also, a large one, and gave rise to further complications, owing to one of her daughters having married Lord Rosebery, while another had married his son.—S. P.

and, I think, you will consider us as a very peculiar family."

The Duke of Sussex generally spent the greater part of each winter at Holkham, usually staying there about two months. He sent word on this occasion that he should arrive on Sunday, during the afternoon service. On Sundays, the services were always alternated; one week, the morning service was held at the church, and the next, it was held at the chapel in the house, the chaplain officiating, and all the village people attending. The afternoon services were similarly alternated. This Sunday afternoon, the service was at the church, and the carriage came round, as usual, to take us to it. As we were going along, my aunt Anson began fidgeting, because no one was left to receive the Duke of Sussex on his arrival: but my grandfather said, "If the Duke of Sussex chooses to come at this hour, he has no right to complain of my not being there to receive him." When we got back we found the Duke, with his wife, the Duchess of Inverness, in the saloon.

The Duke was, like Saul, a head and shoulders taller than the people. He wore

a magnificent diamond order, and a black velvet skull-cap. The little Duchess was good-temper and good-nature itself. She was very small and common-looking, and appeared very ridiculous by the side of her magnificent husband. When she was dressed out in the evening, in stiff, shining, silver and gold brocades, she looked just like a little queen on a twelfth cake.

The Duke had twice defied the law, by morganatic marriages : he had been married first (1793) to Lady Augusta Murray, Lord Dunmore's daughter : she always called herself Duchess of Sussex, but the marriage was not acknowledged by any of the royal family, being shortly afterwards declared null and void, and was dissolved in 1794. She had two children, a son and a daughter. When the son went to court, it was doubtful how, and by what name, he would be received. George IV. came forward, shook hands with him, and said, "How do you do, Sir Augustus d'Este?" D'Este being, of course, their family name.

The second Duchess was Lady Cecilia Underwood. She was the daughter of Lord Arran, an Irish peer, who had married his children's governess. She first married Sir

George Buggins, a city knight; and, after his death, travelled about with the Duke of Sussex, under her maiden name of Lady Cecilia Underwood. Many people were still inclined to look coldly upon her, but at Holkham they knew that she had really been married to the Duke, (though only after she had lived with him), as the marriage ceremony was performed by a friend of my grandfather, Archdeacon Glover. It seems strange that, whilst Lady Augusta Murray, who had in every way a better right, was never acknowledged by the royal family as the Duke's wife, Lady Cecilia Underwood, was not only acknowledged, but was created a Duchess with one of the Duke's royal titles of Inverness. She was devoted to the Duke, and injured her eyes by constantly reading to him in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke.

A few days after they came to Holkham, there was a dance for the tenants in the Statue-Gallery. We were dancing the Triumph, or some country dance, and the Duchess of Inverness was dancing with Sir Archibald Macdonald, who was equerry to the Duke. Unfortunately her foot slipped on the parquet floor, and she fell; but being

very light, Archie never noticed what had happened, and went on capering all down the room, dragging the poor little Duchess along the floor. The Duke did not see the occurrence, as he was in the saloon, playing whist ; and she came up to me, and showed me her arm, which was frightfully bruised and hurt, saying, "My dear, do not mention a word about it to anyone, for if anybody knows and talks about it, it is sure to get round to the Duke, and he would be very angry with Archie." So the Duchess and I kept our own counsels, and it went no further.

The Duke always breakfasted at ten o'clock, and my mother presided at that breakfast : Lady Leicester breakfasted with my grandfather at nine.

The Duke seemed to me to be very agreeable, though he was fond of an argument. One day I heard him say, that, for eighteen years of his life, he had kept a journal, and that, as he had put everything down as it occurred, there were many very curious and interesting things in it. It was full of anecdotes about people, many of whom were still alive, and he thought of the mischief that it might make, if, in the event of

his death, it were to be published unrevised; so to avoid this, he burnt it himself, and from that day never wrote any more diaries.

He was a great student of theology; but he said, "My knowledge of the Bible is nothing to my father's: you should have seen *his* Bible; it was marked all through." He said that the only sermons he ever read were Arnold's sermons for the Rugby boys; he thought them most excellent, and had read them so often, that he knew them almost by heart.

He pretended to wish there should be no ceremony observed towards him, but, in reality no one was quicker than he to notice the slightest breach of etiquette in those about him. He always said we ought to sit down when he was there, but I noticed that he did not like our doing so, unless he had specially told us to. I have seen him look very disgusted when Mrs. Anson, presuming on being a beauty, reached out her hand to him without getting up. One day I remember, he amused himself by sitting down, and deliberately yawning, for the fun of making us all yawn; for, of course, yawning in the very face of royalty was highly incorrect.

One night, at dinner, the Duke seemed very much amused at something: presently he called out to my mother, who was sitting opposite to him, "It's very becoming, ma'am: we can all see that it is quite new, and what it cost!" She had a new head-dress on, and the card, with the price on it, was sticking up in front. A somewhat similar thing happened a winter or two before, when the Duke of Sussex was there: my father had a new coat sent down from London: it was of blue cloth, with brass buttons, and the buttons were all carefully done up in silver paper. My father put it on just as it arrived, and went down to dinner: he was received with a shout of laughter, Lady Leicester exclaiming, "Impossible not to like a man who comes to dinner with his buttons all in silver paper!"

The Duke of Sussex declared that he intended to leave his body to a hospital for dissection; and a very good caricature of him had been drawn as "A Royal Subject." It had just arrived, and my father was looking at it, when the Duke came into the room: he tried to smuggle it out of the way, but it would not do: the Duke had seen there was something not meant for



him, so, of course, he asked to see it, and my father was obliged to hand it to him. He looked at it for some moments, and then gave it back, saying, "Much better, I think, than being buried in the dreary vaults at Windsor, amongst those *rascals*, my ancestors."

One day the news arrived at Holkham of the birth of the Prince of Wales. The Duke was very anxious that he should be called "George": he said that he was very much afraid they would call him "Albert"; but that it was not an English name, and as such, was not a fit name for a King of England. At dinner, that day, I sat by Archie Macdonald, who, filling his glass, and, standing up, said, "Sir, here's to the health of the Prince of Wales." We all filled our glasses, and drank it too. But the Duke was very angry: he said, "Archie, you know very well that that's not the proper way to drink the Prince of Wales's health. You know it ought to be drunk standing." "But I did stand, Sir," said Archie, "I drank it standing." The Duke paid no attention, but went on, "You know quite well, that it is not the right way to drink the health of the Queen's son, sitting: it is better not to do a

thing at all, than to do it disrespectfully." Archie turned to me and said, "That is not meant for *me*, it is meant for all of *you*. He knows well enough that I stood, and he will put it all right with me as soon as we are alone."

Sir Archibald Macdonald was wonderfully musical, and used to play the violoncello most beautifully. He was Lady Leicester's nephew. His mother, Lady Sophia Macdonald, was a Keppel; his father, Sir James Macdonald, died of the cholera, and he was left without father or mother, or any near relations. He was a ward of the Duke of Sutherland's, his grandmother being the late Duke of Sutherland's daughter. Both his grandmother and great-grandmother were daughters of Dukes of Sutherland. His grandfather, Sir Archibald Macdonald, was in a high position at the bar, and bought Woolmer Lodge, near Liphook.

Old Sir Archibald was a great friend of my father's in his young days. He said one day to Sydney Smith, "I shall come some Sunday, to hear you preach in St. Paul's." "If you do, I shall name you from the pulpit," was the reply. Undeterred by this threat, Sir Archibald went to St. Paul's.

After Sydney Smith had entered the pulpit, he looked hard at him, and was then seized with a wonderful fit of sneezing; "Ar -chie, Ar -chie, Ar -chie:" after which he proceeded to deliver a very excellent sermon.

One afternoon when I was at some party with my mother, I noticed her sitting on the sofa beside an old gentleman, with whom she was deep in conversation. Presently they got up, and went in opposite directions: a few minutes later, the lady of the house came up to her laughing, and said, "That old gentleman has been to me in ecstasies, telling me that he had seen the face of an angel, but that he did not know her name." It turned out to be Sydney Smith.

But, to return to Holkham. The Duke used to retire early, and Archie used to make a great show of being a very devoted equerry: he danced off with two lighted candles, and walked backwards, carrying them before the Duke: this was in the hope that he might have the excuse of bringing them back, and so get back himself to the drawing-room; but, more often than not, he got caught, the Duke telling him to come to his room, where they used to sit up smoking and gossiping till a late hour.

At dinner, my grandfather and Lady Leicester, with the Duke and Duchess, always occupied the centre of the table. When dinner was over Lady Leicester left the room with the Duchess, and most of the ladies followed shortly afterwards. But there was a little ceremony to be performed every night, before I was allowed to leave the room : from whatever part of the long table I had been sitting at, I had to go round to where the Duke and my grandfather were standing together ; I then courtesied to the Duke, who shook hands with me, and he, looking round for my grandfather, who could not see very well, used to put my hand into his, saying, "Coke, here is your granddaughter." My grandfather then took both my hands, kissed me most affectionately, and said, "God bless you, my darling." This took place every night, and I was never allowed to leave the room till the ceremony had been performed.

When Lady de Lisle died,\* the family went into mourning, as she was my grandfather's niece ; but, for me, the mourning was, neces-

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\* The de Lisles lived at Penshurst. Lord de Lisle was the representative of Sir Philip Sidney, as I have mentioned elsewhere.—A. M. W. P.

sarily, a very slight one. I wore a white muslin, with a black or white sash, jet ornaments, and black mittens, instead of white kid gloves. Mittens were then often worn, particularly in mourning, and, owing to the slightness of my mourning, they formed rather an important item in my dress. I went as usual that evening, and courtesied to the Duke, but he did not take my hand, or say anything to me, though my grandfather kissed me as usual. The next night the same thing happened: I could not imagine what I had done to displease him, so that he would no longer take any notice of me. The following day at dinner he said, loudly enough for every one to hear, "I can't bear those new-fangled things that some ladies are taking to wearing on their hands, like stockings with the toes cut off." I sat convicted; and some one said to me, "Well, he may call himself blind, but I think he certainly can see through a stone wall," for I was sitting quite at the other end of the long table. The next evening, I took care to put on white kid gloves: I was then most graciously received, and had the usual shake of his hand, which was never again omitted.

One day, when it was wet, a large party of us, piloted by Lord Albemarle, started to go all over the house. This was rather a favourite amusement, when there were any people there, who wished to see the pictures and the rooms. There are two state rooms, the north and the south ; in the north room is a beautiful plaque of Augustus Cæsar over the mantelpiece, which, it was always remarked, bore an extraordinary likeness to Napoleon. This room was the Duke's bedroom, and there, to our amusement, we found the ducal stockings, warming at the fire : holding up one of them, Lord Albemarle exclaimed, "This is the biggest stocking in the British dominions." The Duke was in a little sitting-room close by, and probably overheard this ; at any rate, he called us in, and we found him enveloped in smoke, with the little Duchess reading aloud to him.

The Duke had a black servant, dressed in an Eastern dress with a turban, who always guarded his room when he was in it, and, I think, slept on a mat outside, during the night. There was a very good story, though I am afraid I do not remember it fully, of a lady's maid, who had lost herself in the

house, and, after wandering about the passages in despair, and trying several rooms, at last got to the Duke's room, and had her hand on the handle; when, up sprung the faithful blackie, and sent her flying down the passage, screaming out that the devil had jumped out of the floor, and was going to seize her.

A French lady's maid, I remember, was found by some gentlemen one day, seated on an old cannon, which there was in the guard-room, crying bitterly, having lost her way, and having given up all hope of ever finding it again.

The cellars at Holkham were considered well worth seeing, and it was said that there were as many bricks underground as there were above. We, of course, went down to them. Suddenly, from behind one of the pillars, appeared a figure, candle in hand, which made one think of Daniel Lambert. I thought that he must be a friend of the butler's, and was much surprised when I saw my mother greet him affectionately. It was Mr. Hamond of Westacre. Mrs. Hamond had come with him, and I was much interested in seeing her, for she was the daughter of Lord Byron's boyish love, Miss

Chaworth, the heiress of Annesley (Mrs. Musters). She was the "favorite child," on whom the well-known verses were written, when Byron saw her,

"When late I saw thy favorite child,  
I thought my jealous heart would break :  
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,  
I kissed it for its mother's sake.  
I kissed it, and repressed my sighs,  
Its father in its face to see ;  
But then it had its mother's eyes,  
And they were all to love and me."

I remember Colonel and Mrs. Wildman, with her sister, staying at Cannon Hall. He was a great friend of Lord Byron's, and had bought Newstead Abbey from him. He took the greatest pains to keep it up in the state it was in when Lord Byron owned it. My Uncle Philip was a very great friend of Colonel Wildman's, and often stayed at Newstead : there was a picture there of a man in armour, which they declared was wonderfully like my uncle, and one day they dressed him up in a suit of armour, and sent him to walk along the road to Nottingham, much to the consternation of the natives.

My mother and sisters went to stay at Newstead once, where they occupied some of the large state bedrooms opening into



each other. My mother and my sister Alice were sitting up reading rather late, when they were very much astonished at hearing the sound of a garden-roller, dragged backwards and forwards under the windows. She was just going to call my sister Loui's attention to it, when Loui came into the room in a great state of excitement, having just been reading Washington Irving's account of Newstead, in which he relates that, at twelve o'clock at night, there was sometimes heard the distinct sound of a garden-roller being dragged backwards and forwards in the garden.

There was, also, another ghost connected with the house, in the shape of a lady in white, who occasionally made her appearance: but they did not see anything of her.

Colonel Wildman, when he was at Cannon Hall, had a servant who was the son of Lord Byron's page, and at the same time we had a footman who had lived with Walter Scott: so we had high poetical connections downstairs. Sad to relate, the footman seemed to have imbibed a greater taste for mountain dew than for poetry; and my father once found him lying all his length on the stairs, with the coffee-tray as a pillow.

There was a great deal of high life below stairs at Holkham. My mother's maid asked her one day to tell her what courtesy meant? She said that Lady Anson's maid walked before Lady Andover's, but they were both Viscountesses, and Lady Andover was the elder sister : yet, when she asked the reason, she was told that one went by courtesy : she did not understand it, and wanted my mother to explain it to her. My aunt, Lady Andover, told me she once overheard her footman say to another, "Exchange cards, Mitchell." The servants were always called by their master's names. One day, when I was sitting in our carriage at the door, the footman having been sent into the house for something, I heard the following scrap of conversation between him and another servant, "Well, Stanhope, if you see Rosebery, just ask him if he has cleaned Keppel's boots."

## CHAPTER XV.

It was the custom at Holkham to dine in the south dining-room till a certain date, when the party for the winter began, and then to move into the north dining-room. Up to that time, any one who came, was received as a family friend, and not as a visitor, and, whoever they might be, no alterations in the *ménage* were made on their account, my grandfather remarking, "What is good enough for me, is good enough for my friends."

There was a large party at Holkham all that winter, and a constant coming and going of guests. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford were there for some time. They were both charming, and she had been very beautiful. She was Lady Anna Maria Stanhope. She never could quite make out how it was that I had not been her godchild, and persisted that there must have been some mistake; she would say to me, "My dear, I

think it was a great omission on the part of your father and mother; you *ought* to have been my godchild, when you had the same name." The Duke told us that the Duchess had had a terrible accident: she had run the risk of being burnt to death, and he thought that her life had been saved mainly by her own patience, and the extreme sweetness of her temper.

What the Duchess delighted in, was having tea every day at five o'clock in her own room with my mother, when they used to talk of all things past and present. In those days this was looked upon as a very strange proceeding: tea had not become installed amongst the meals of the day. However, it was no new institution with the Duchess of Bedford, for I have seen an old book of my mother's, which she had when she was Miss Coke, in which there was a delightful caricature of one of these teas, with likenesses of those who used to frequent them. Lord Albemarle was the secretary, in a poke bonnet and a large shawl; Sir Robert Adair, the diplomatist, was there, and he, and all the other gentlemen likewise, wore bonnets and shawls: Lord Albemarle had just been promulgating his code of laws, which were

written on the next sheet in the book ; but all I remember of them was, that each member was restricted to six cups of tea. Under the table, seated on high stools, were some black velvety cats, supposed to be spitting at each other, labelled with their names, Malice, Envy, Ill-nature, etc. ; anything to illustrate the harmony of the tea-table. The Duchess always had her teas when in Belgrave Square, to which we had a general invitation ; and she always seemed delighted to see us.

Amongst the other guests whom I remember at Holkham that winter, were Lord Gosford and Lord Spencer. The latter was a great agriculturist, and, also, a bibliomaniac, his own library at Althorp being one of the most noted in England. His wife, Lady Althorp, had not lived to become Lady Spencer. She was a most charming woman, and he never got over her death : he always wore mourning for her, and would not allow anything in her room to be touched ; the book which she had been reading, and the work she had been doing, all remained just as she had left them.

Mrs. Henry Baring, Lady Suffield's mother, was, also, at Holkham for some time : she

was a very clever, agreeable person, and had a fine voice, and great musical ability: she used to sing us some beautiful old English songs, now long forgotten. She had a wonderful necklace of black pearls, which had been taken from the hilt of Murat's sword.

While mentioning some of the many guests at Holkham, I must not omit the Hostes. They were a Norfolk family, a gallant, high-spirited race, many members of which had distinguished themselves in the Navy. Jane Hoste, my mother's early and life-long friend, was a singularly fine character; a friend worth having; as she was possessed of unusual elevation of mind, and was very clever and amusing. She married Mr. Burroughes, M.P. for the county, and brought him ten thousand a year, and two estates in Norfolk, Burlingham and Hoveton.

Young Sir William Hoste was one day dining with us in Harley Street, just after he had come back from Paris, where the Commune was reigning supreme; and he told us that he was standing somewhere in a crowd in the Paris streets, when, suddenly and unexpectedly, Rachel appeared, carrying the Tricolor flag, and singing the Mar-

seillaise. She went round the crowd, and then suddenly wound the flag round her, and, screaming, more than singing, "*Allons, enfans de la Patrie*," led the way, while the excited mob followed, shouting, yelling, and singing. He said he never saw so thrilling a scene; that he felt perfectly carried away by it; that he followed in the crowd, and so completely lost his self-control, that he believed he would have joined in any deed of blood. Thus were the passions of the multitude worked upon, till they were in a state of ungovernable frenzy.

Sir Edwin Landseer was often at Holkham. He was just like a Skye terrier, with little twinkling eyes, and rough, untidy-looking hair, hanging down on each side of his face. He was very amusing, but not a man for whom one could feel much respect. I remember one day finding Lady Georgiana Hill, Lady Leicester's sister, making the most extraordinary faces: Landseer had told her that she had a fine "snorting" nostril, and she was, in consequence, practising snorting.

I remember Landseer telling me, when I was sitting next to him one day at dinner in London, that a short time before he was in

his study, somewhat overcome by the heat and the closeness of the weather, when, between sleeping and waking, he heard a voice say, "There is a lion at the door." He was returning to the land of Nod, when he heard the same voice say, "It is quite true, it is at the hall-door, in a cab. What am I to do?" He roused himself, and went out to see what it meant; and there he found a cab with a lion in it, but, fortunately, a dead one. The driver told him that it had just died at the Zoological Gardens, in a very emaciated state, after an exhausting illness; and the authorities had sent it off immediately to Sir Edwin. Landseer got it into his studio, and immediately set to work on it. He told me that he worked steadily at it for thirty-six hours. I forget under what title his picture was exhibited, but it was one of the most striking ones at the Royal Academy—the dead monarch, lying alone on the wild, bleak mountain top.

Sir Francis Chantrey was a valued friend of ours, both at Holkham and at Cannon Hall. He was so true, so simple and straightforward, so genial and warm-hearted, that no one could help respecting and liking him. He stayed twice at Holkham that



winter. The first time, he was in very good spirits, and I remember him telling us the story of how he got his first start in life.

His mother had a small farm near Sheffield, where he spent his boyhood. One day she was going to give a dinner-party; she had been very busy all the morning, cooking the dinner herself, but came to her son in a distressed state of mind, as she had made such a beautiful pie, but found that it looked so plain, and was quite spoilt for want of some ornament on the top. He said that he would see what he could do: and, accordingly, set to work, and modelled in paste a sow with a litter of little pigs, by way of ornament. The dinner came, and the pie was much appreciated, both inside and out. Amongst the guests, there was a gentleman who was a man of education, and he was so struck with the evident genius displayed in the modelling of the pigs, that he took the boy up, and gave him the advantage of a suitable education. That was the beginning of his success in life.

I have often heard Chantrey say that "he could follow the plough as well as any man in England."

One day, when we were in London, we went to see him at his studio in Eccleston Square. He was in his working dress, busy on a colossal horse, which was intended for a Square in one of the principal towns in India. I remember him stooping down, and picking up a piece of clay, which he gave to my brother Roddy, saying, "There, my dear boy, that's what I began life with."

My father told me that, some years before, when Chantrey was at Holkham, working at his bust of my grandfather (one of the best of his works), he came to him, and asked him to have a look at it, and to suggest anything which he thought might be an improvement. My father ventured to ask whether he thought a little light through one of the curls, might not be an advantage; and he said, he felt quite nervous when, without answering, Chantrey took up his chisel, and drove it straight through the marble. Luckily, it was a decided improvement.

One winter, a few years before, when Chantrey was at Holkham, my father was walking round the lake, and met him coming up to him with a face of glee: he had just killed two woodcocks at one shot. He

carved a bas-relief of them in marble, which he gave to my grandfather. My father wrote the following verses (the first of many scores of verses which have been written on the same subject), which were placed on the marble pedestal on which the woodcocks rested in the library :—

“Two woodcocks fall to his one shot,  
The joyous Chantrey smiled to see,  
And pitying gave them immortality.”

My father was so pleased with the word “joyous:” he said, “that is just what *did* describe him : ‘the joyous Chantrey.’”

Chantrey’s special pleasure was taking children to the play for the first time. He took a box for us to see Macready in Richard III., and he himself accompanied us and our parents. We were very well up in Shakespeare, and, never shall I forget how I hung upon every word ! To me it was not acting ; it was all reality : the people were as real as if I had known them all my life. No second time did I ever feel quite that same illusion : I can recall my feelings now ; and if Chantrey wished to give me pleasure, he certainly succeeded ; for the recollection of what I felt that one, unique evening, has lasted me through my life.

Chantrey had tea for us in a room adjoining our box, and he was most delightful and amusing.

Child as I was, I remember that I did not like the way Macready ranted out, "So much for Buckingham;" it seemed to me to have no meaning. Also, I did not like the way he mouthed, and yelled up and down the stage, "A horse, my kingdom for a horse." I thought it very unroyal, and not like a brave man! I asked my father about it, and he told me he thought it very bad, and that Macready certainly did rant. He told me that he had seen Kean as Richard III., and that he never ranted the words "A horse," but brought them out as if it were a most natural exclamation; also, that, in the other passage, he used to place the fingers (two fingers) of his right hand in the palm of his left, and in a whisper, but a whisper that could be heard throughout the house, say, "*So much for Buck-ing-ham!*" He said the house was breathless to hear it. He always put a special emphasis on the syllable "ing" in Buckingham, and at the same time jerked his hand back in a manner which expressed the most sovereign contempt. It was a point made by the genius

of Kean, which was missed, or rather marred, by Macready. Still, Macready was considered the best actor of that day.

I remember the pleasure I experienced some years afterwards in seeing Perlet act in Molière's "L'Avare;" but even that did not approach the enchantment of my first play.

Chantrey used to give most delightful, well-selected breakfasts in Eccleston Square, to which my father and mother were constantly invited. One day my mother said to Lady Chantrey, "How delightful it must be for you to have all these clever people constantly coming!" "To tell you the truth," was the answer, "I find it a monstrous bore."

In spite of Lady Chantrey's opinion, her breakfasts and dinners were very amusing. Amongst the many people whom I have met there, I may call to mind Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison. They were both very conceited, and he always seemed much more taken up with his fashionable acquaintances, than with the Silurian deposits; though, no doubt, *when* one got him on to his own subject, he was very interesting. He showed us a magnificent malachite vase, taller than

himself, which had been given him by the Emperor of Russia : but he evidently valued it more on account of the exalted position of the donor, than for its own sake, or as a mark of appreciation of his own abilities.

Sir Sidney and Lady Smith, we used also to meet : they were the great attraction in London that year, having just come back from the war in India.

Then there were Lord and Lady Lovelace : she was Byron's daughter, and looked like a poet ; though they said she used to boast that she had never read any of her father's writings.

The mention of Byron's name recalls to my mind Mrs. Somerville, and, also, Lockhart, with what Scott calls his "hidalgo air." He was very tall and dark, with a cold Spanish expression on his handsome face. His daughter was a pretty, fair, English-looking girl : she always appeared on her father's arm, and they formed a very striking contrast to each other. One day after dinner, my mother said to me, "You *are* to be envied, having had such a long conversation with Lockhart." "Not at all," I answered, "he would talk of nothing but French polish ; I suppose he thought my

intellect to be just up to that, and to nothing beyond."

I was much surprised at reading Sir Walter Scott's opinion of Mrs. Somerville. He was disappointed in her when he met her, as she did not tally with his preconceived notion of what she ought to be; and he accuses her of frivolity, flirting her fan, tripping about on her toes, opening and shutting her work-box, and, in short, of behaving like all the rest of the world. It appeared to me that such censure was quite undeserved, and that the real beauty of her character lay in her unpretending simplicity. She was a true woman, and, in spite of her genius, she never pretended to be anything else; her pleasures and daily occupations were those of her sex; and her religion, like everything connected with her, was bright, happy, and, above all, natural. She was devoted to her daughters, and enjoyed staying with them in Italy, and studying works of art. She was very fond of needle-work, and used to do some beautiful things in it. Someone was asked, who was the cleverest woman he had ever met? He promptly answered, "No doubt about it, Mrs. Somerville;" but, correcting himself,

he added, "at least I am not quite sure: a Mrs. Grieg, whom I once met, was, I think, her equal: but those two were by far the cleverest women I have come across." This said as much for Mrs. Somerville's ability, as for the acumen of her admirer, for *she* was Mrs. Grieg before she became Mrs. Somerville, having first married a Russian, Waronzoff Grieg.

Another celebrity, whom we used to meet at the Chantrey's, was Babbage, with his squash, frog-like head, his immovable features, and his yellow parchment complexion. I thought that I had never seen such a typical fossil before, and imagined that his thoughts must be inextricably entangled in his calculating machine. After a time, however, I noticed that he was only a semi-fossil: that there was an expression on his face, which did not altogether belong to the calculating machine. At last he came up to me, and said, "I want to give a party: but, before sending out the invitations, I wish to ask you if you will promise me that you will come to it. If you won't give me that promise, I shall not give the party." The promise was not given, nor the party either.



But to return to Chantrey. He and Lady Chantrey were first cousins; they married because they were the only relations each had in the world. She was totally inferior in mind to him; but, though quaint and original, she was one of the most generous, liberal-minded and unselfish of people; every one liked her.

It is, perhaps, not generally known, but Chantrey painted very well, in a Rembrandt-like style, with fine effects of light; a sort of chiaroscuro. I have seen several of his heads: the drawing was beautiful, and the colouring very fine.

He left Holkham while I was there, but, later on, returned to it again. He was then very ill, and suffering from ossification of the brain. I never saw anything so sad. His once fine, clever, joyous countenance had become dull and heavy, almost idiotic-looking; while his eyes were quite lustreless. He was impressed with the idea that he was overwhelmed with debt; that he had not a penny, and would die in gaol. No argument could rouse him from this state of miserable depression: it was so sad; especially when one knew that one stroke of his chisel would save him from such a

fate as that. My father used to devote himself to him, and used to take him round the lake, and for walks, making me come too, to help in trying to cheer him. He left Holkham, and it was arranged that he was to return again on a certain day. When that day came, we expected him to dinner; but he did not arrive; and the next morning a letter informed us that his troubled spirit was at rest. He died on the morning of the very day he was to have been at Holkham.

His studio was thrown open to the public: it was brilliantly lighted, and full of his works, finished and unfinished; and there, on a low bier, surrounded by the creations of his genius, lay the dead body of Chantrey. They said that it was a most affecting sight.

His works were subsequently sent to Oxford, he having bequeathed them to the Museum there: but Lady Chantrey made an exception in the case of a study of a bust of my grandfather, and had it sent to my mother, at her earnest request.

Poor Lady C.\* found that keeping a house,

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\* I imagine that this anecdote refers to Lady Chantrey, but it is entered only as a rough note.—S. P.

and having servants to look after it, was a great trouble ; so she settled that she would give it up, and live quietly at an hotel. She took rooms at an hotel at Brighton, and found herself very comfortable there for a time. One morning, as she was standing by the fire, she suddenly felt a stab in the back, and, looking up into the glass in front of her, saw the maid of the hotel standing over her with a knife in her hand. She rang the bell violently ; luckily, assistance came at once, and the woman was taken into custody. Lady C. was much shaken, and was ill for a long time afterwards. I asked her what could have made the woman do such a thing : “ Oh ! my dear,” she answered, “ I think she was very fond of me, and thought that the kindest thing she could do for me, was to send me to Heaven at once.” But Lady C. did not appreciate this sort of kindness, and gave up the experiment of living at hotels.

## CHAPTER XVI.

SPRING was now coming on : the Obelisk Wood was full of the sweetest smelling violets, and the park, and the walk round the lake, were yellow with daffodils. But we were to leave : a house in Harley Street had been bought, and was to be furnished ; for I was to come out ; after which my grandfather and Lady Leicester were to pay us a visit. So we left Holkham, greatly to my regret, while all the rest of our party remained on at the Inn.

We went first to pay a visit of a few days to Lord Braybrooke, at Audley End. It was a fine place, with a hall extending the whole height of the house. The park was very pretty, with some fine trees in it, and in the pleasure ground there was a large aviary, quite full of the most beautiful gold and silver pheasants.

Lord and Lady Braybrooke were people who stuck to their own friends, and did not care for the friends of the world. Never a

year passed, that we were not asked to their house.

After a very pleasant visit, we went on to London, where we found nothing but bare boards in the house : but the furnishing went on much more rapidly for our being there. Then my grandfather, Lady Leicester, and little Margaret, came and stayed some time with us ; and, after they had left, the party from the Holkham Inn joined us.

I went to Court with my mother and Lady Leicester, and we gave many large dinner-parties, asking all the friends who wished to meet my grandfather.

A ball was to be given in Harley Street for my coming out. My mother went for a drive, and left me to send the invitations to the young gentlemen : when she came in, she found me in a dreadful state ; I had just discovered that, instead of sending out the invitation cards, I had sent her visiting cards, with my name upon them, but no "dancing." There was nothing to be done. The result was, the intended guests all came and called, to return the visit. They made great fun about it, and wanted to know what they were expected to do, saying that they had all put the cards up in their

glasses. The joke went all round London, and, I think, it helped to start the ball merrily.

The momentous day arrived, and, amongst the first comers, was my aunt Andover (in a pair of black cotton gloves), escorted by her husband, Sir Henry Digby. Then who should walk in, but old Lord Jersey, quite by himself; and, a few minutes after, appeared Sir George Anson. It was most amusing to see my aunt Andover, looking very handsome, very placid, and very pleased, seated between the two lovers of her younger days, while her husband stood unconcernedly in the background.

Presently the door opened, and in a loud voice was announced, Mr. Malkin. A little man with black hair and spectacles marched up to my mother, and, making her a bow, said, "Pray, ma'am, is this Dr. Fiddlerun's house?" "No, sir, it is *not* Dr. Fiddlerun's house," said my mother, drawing herself up with great dignity. The Malkin turned on his heels, and disappeared, leaving us all in perfect convulsions of laughing. The next moment Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar came up to my mother, and said, "I must apologise to you, Lady Elizabeth, for having

come under a feigned name, and not in my own person. You see, they *will* shout out Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, which is very disagreeable ; so I came with my friend, Mr. Lloyd, and sneaked in as his brother." Prince Edward was a great favourite in his regiment, and, I was told, if there was a dinner or festive gathering at which he was present, the officers used to begin by calling him "Your Serene Highness," but soon got to "Prince Edward," and before long ended with "Saxe-Weimar." He was the nephew and heir of the Queen Dowager.

When the ball was at its height, about three o'clock in the morning, a deputation of ladies came up to my mother, representing to her that the polka had never yet been danced in London, but that there were six ladies in the room who knew how to dance it, and that everybody was so anxious to see it : would she object to its being danced for the first time at her ball ? She gave her consent most readily, and I never saw anything like the excitement the dance caused. Lady Jersey, the Duchess of Bedford,\* and

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\* I remember that the Duchess of Bedford wore a necklace of magnificent uncut diamonds, quite priceless, but very ugly, as they looked like large pieces of glass.—A. M. W. P.

all the fine ladies, whose names I have now forgotten, climbed up, and stood on the benches, so that they might see better. The six ladies who danced were, curiously enough, all in deep mourning; as some one observed to me, it was like the dance of the chimney-sweeps. It is almost impossible at the present time to give an idea of the extraordinary *furor* caused by the polka in London. In these days, if a new dance is started, in three or four evenings the whole room will be giggling it, *tant mal que bien!* no one thinking of the dance, but all dancing something they call by its name. But it was very different then. Quadrilles were the chief dances; there were very few waltzes, and many people did not waltz at all. Those who knew the polka, and they were very few, were the only people who dared to dance it, while the other people looked on, and did not attempt to learn it: gentlemen would only dance it with the partners whom they knew, and with whom they had practised it. Everyone who danced the polka at our ball, became, from that moment, marked people of fashion, and remained so: they could do what others could not!



Our polka was the beginning of Lady Pollington's career—"pretty Poll," as she was called in London. She was Lady Rachel Walpole, and, just out of the school-room, she had recently married Lord Pollington, Lord Mexborough's son. She danced beautifully, and, at one part in the polka, she used to call out, "Spear," and dance on tiptoes. Then there was Lady Georgina Lygon, who became Lady Raglan; also Miss Cavendish, and the two Miss Macleods of Macleod.

The history of the Macleods was remarkable: they were great friends of my grandmother and aunts, who had known Mrs. Macleod in her youth. Their brother was the Laird of Macleod, and lived at Dunvegan Castle, in the Island of Skye. They and the Macdonalds were hereditary enemies. We often met them at tea in Langham Place, and used to think them very handsome, particularly Roma. They hardly went out at all, having no invitations, and knowing very few people. They lived in a little lodging, and were so poor that they could hardly manage their dresses for the evening.

Mrs. Macleod had been a very pretty, merry, English girl, when my father first

knew her. She married; and was transported at once, as the Laird's wife, to the wild solitude of Dunvegan Castle. She threw herself forthwith into the life before her, and brought her children up as true Highlanders. She told us that the thing which distressed her sorely, was that, when she was going to give her first dinner-party, and the neighbouring Lairds were expected, some one said to her, "Now you must be careful not to call them by their names, but by the names of their places: you must not, for instance, think of saying "Mr. Campbell!" "But how *can* I say 'Saddle, will you have some mutton'? or, 'Muck, will you have some haggis'?"

Some people thought Mary Macleod the handsomest of the two daughters, but I always admired Roma, so called, because she was born in Rome. She was tall; and her beautiful, perfectly colourless face, seemed to have but little of this world in it: she looked like a beautiful spirit: her eyes were full of soul, and had a far-off expression in them, which was unspeakably touching. She used to make me think of Flora McIvor working at the shroud of Fergus!

A story was told that she was engaged to some very charming person, and that one day, without knowing of his death, she met his funeral! This was, most probably, a pure invention. It was, however, an extraordinary thing, that from that one ball of ours, the Macleods, who previously knew no one, and went nowhere, suddenly became the fashion and the rage in London: no party was perfect without them, and their likenesses were in all the Books of Beauty, and in every print-shop in London. They went to the Queen's fancy ball; Roma, as the White Lady of Avenel, and Mary, as Mary, Queen of Scots. At parties, they used often to stand up with their mother, and, without any accompaniment, sing the popular songs of Scotland, some of which were very amusing. When they sang, "My heart's in the Hielands, my heart is not here," they looked as if they felt it, heart and soul.

How they managed to afford to go out so much, I do not know: but it was all day, and every day; morning, noon, and evening, that they were at some entertainment: it was as if they *dared* not relax for a minute: a strong person could hardly have stood it, and one could not look at Roma without

feeling that her mother was killing her. I used to think how very much handsomer she looked, when, in the days of her retirement, she used to go to tea in Langham Place, than now, when she looked more ghastly and haggard from day to day, and utterly worn out ! At last her health gave way, and it was the next year, I think, that we heard she was dying of consumption. She was attended by Dr. Ferguson, and, over the death-bed of Roma, he and Mary Macleod became engaged. The medical profession did not rank then as it does now, and he was old enough to be her father : a widower with four children. Poor Mrs. Macleod used to exclaim, “ And Mary, who was the proudest of my children ! ”

The morning after our ball, my sisters, Ally and Loui, who slept in an attic at the top of the house, declared that they were both awakened by a very beautiful lady, covered with diamonds, coming into the room with a candle in her hand ; that she looked all round the room, and then walked out again. We told them they must have been dreaming ; but it was not so. The “ beautiful lady ” was a *très-grande dame*,

Madame de Flahault, who had been for many years the Ambassador's wife at St. Petersburg, and was Baroness Keith in her own right. The house in Harley Street had belonged to her father, Lord Keith, and she was quite determined to see her old bedroom again; so she had gone upstairs, and had managed to do so. Her daughter, who was a very pretty person, married Lord Lansdowne.

One day we dined with Lord Stanhope. He was quite a character, and looked like a barber's block, with large features, just as if they had been cut out in wood: a brown scratch-wig, a snuff-coloured coat, and a very long, peculiarly-cut waistcoat, completed a peculiar exterior. He was very fond of everything German, and was the kindest-hearted and most benevolent of human beings. Lord Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Harrington were the elder branches of the Stanhopes, my grandfather being a younger branch. Lord Stanhope and my father mutually delighted in each other, and he used always to call my father "*Mon cher cousin.*" After Lady Stanhope's death, there was nothing which used to please him so much as coming, with his little dog, Löwe,

for a long stay at Cannon Hall. Lady Stanhope, who was Lord Carrington's daughter, was an excellent woman, but very out-spoken. Their only child was the great beauty, Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, afterwards Lady Dalmeny, and mother of the present Lord Rosebery. On Lord Dalmeny's death, she married the future Duke of Cleveland. She was one of the Queen's bridesmaids. She had a wonderful talent for art, and used to draw outline illustrations for ballads and works of fiction. One evening, I remember, she took me up to her room after dinner, and showed me a quantity of clever, and very interesting etchings done by the Queen.

The Queen was very fond of her, and saw a great deal of her in the early part of her reign, often going out riding with her. One day the Queen was particularly anxious for a ride, and sent for Lady Wilhelmina to come with her: but Lady Wilhelmina could not have her horse, and was obliged to *refuse*. On which the Queen said to Lady Stanhope, "Poor thing, won't she be very disappointed?" "Its good, ma'am, for young people to be disappointed," was Lady Stanhope's uncourtier-like answer. Whether the Queen took the sentiment home or not, I do not know!

I was told a story about the Queen, but by whom I do not remember ; I think it was by one of the officials, who saw her get out of the carriage on her return from her first opening of Parliament. He was struck with the extremely quiet dignity of her manner, while crossing the rooms in the Palace at St. James's ; and, as she passed through a door, which led up a staircase to her own apartments, a wish came across him to know whether this stately dignity would be maintained, after she had passed out of sight of others : he managed to satisfy his curiosity, and, at the foot of the staircase, saw her roll her train round her arm, then take up her dress all round, and, like a girl, as she was, run up, two steps at a time, calling loudly to her dogs.

Another story I was told, which I thought very remarkable. I forget who my informant was, but I remember that he had had it straight from Lord Melbourne himself. When the latter was Prime Minister, in the early days of the Queen's reign, he was surprised one night after dinner, while crossing the courtyard at Buckingham Palace, to see a female figure going out of the gate : some-

thing, too, struck him as familiar about her ; so he followed her, and found that his surmises were correct : it was one of the Queen's attendants ; either a Lady-in-waiting, or a Maid-of-honour, I forget which. He asked her what she was doing. " I am leaving the Palace," was the answer, " and I shall never enter the gates again." " What do you mean ?" asked Lord Melbourne. " I mean that I am not going to stay anywhere, to be insulted by anyone." " Who has insulted you ?" " The Queen : she is in a passion ; she has insulted me ; and I am not going to stay : I am going to leave the Palace this very evening, and shall never return." " You are going to do no such thing," said Lord Melbourne, " there is not going to be a revolution in the country for you. You must tell me exactly and truthfully what has happened." She did so : he listened attentively, and then said, " Go back to your room, take off your bonnet, do not say a word to anybody, and wait till I come." She did as he desired her. Lord Melbourne then went to the Queen's room, and told her what had passed, and what had been said to him, concluding, " Now, ma'am,



there is only one thing to be done, you must *apologise*. If you will consent to do this, I will bring her here, and the whole thing will be put right in a few minutes." The Queen, who never opposed the mentor of her youth, consented. Lord Melbourne took the attendant to the Queen's room, the Queen apologised, and the whole thing was soon put straight.

I remember Stanley, the Bishop of Norwich, saying to us, that, when he was first presented to the Queen, he was determined to look her through, and to decide for himself what stuff she was made of; "and," he added, "she stood my gaze, and gave me back a firm and unflinching look." One must have known the Bishop, rightly to judge what his gaze could be! He had the most piercing eyes I ever saw: his face was thin, his hair snow white, and he had the most extraordinary, black, penthouse eyebrows. The wish of his heart had been to be a sailor, and, when he was made Bishop of Norwich, the first thing he did, on arriving in his diocese, was to climb to the very top of Norwich Cathedral. From this he got, and always retained, the name of Jim Crow; and, sometimes when he appeared in

public, there were heard the irreverent strains of a now almost forgotten song,

“Turn about, twist about, and do just so;  
Turn about, twist about, jump Jim Crow.”

These stories about the Queen remind me of an anecdote which Mr. Bertie Wynne told me. He was in Regent Street at eight o'clock one morning, when a French woman came up to him, and asked if he could speak French. She was in great distress, and wanted to get to some part of London, but did not know where it was, or how to get there, and could not speak a word of English. Mr. Wynne told her to go to a corner close by, where the omnibuses stood; to look out for one with the name of her destination on it, to get in, and give the conductor the fare when she arrived there. He waited, curious to see the result of his instructions. He saw her in an animated conversation with an old gentleman, who took her to the right omnibus, helped her in, and told the conductor where to put her down: the old gentleman then raised his hat, and walked away. Mr. Wynne went up to the omnibus where the woman was sitting, and asked her, “*Connaissez-vous ce monsieur?*” “*Ce bon veillard? non, je ne le*

*connais pas.*" Mr. Wynne said, "*Ce bon veillard, c'est l'oncle de la reine. Il est fils de notre feu roi, George trois.*" It was the late Duke of Cambridge.

We went to most of the best balls and parties in London. I remember one most lovely ball given by Lady Charlotte Guest in Spring Gardens. There was a large tent with refreshments, and from it a passage and steps, all lighted with lamps, led into the gardens, which were also brilliantly lighted; and beyond them were seen St. James' and the Green Parks, from across which we could hear the bugles, and the music at the Horse Guards. I remember standing in the tent, close to old Lord Huntly, Lady Charlotte's father, who was nearly ninety, when a champagne cork flew up to the top of the tent, and came down with a rebound, hitting him on the nose so violently, that he was almost stunned for the moment by the blow and by surprise.

One night we went to a party at Lansdowne House, where the gallery was beautifully decorated. I recollect seeing there a little boy, or what looked like one, with long red hair, and dressed in a kilt. "Who is that?"

I asked ; my father replied, "The Duke of Argyll." "What, that! That, MacCallummore! That, the great Argyll!"

On another occasion we went to a beautiful ball given by the present Lord Salisbury's father. He was an old friend of my mother's, and a most charming-mannered person. I remember there was an enormous glass dome over the whole ball-room. The house was pulled down by the present Lord Salisbury, and a new one built on its site in Arlington Street.

I have already mentioned Mr. Bland of Kippax: at the time of which I am now speaking he was dead, and his son, Tom, was in possession. We had told Lady Rosebery, who was not quite indifferent to mundane advantages, that Kippax had been built with a view to the front of the house being as long as that of Wentworth House, and that, to effect this, the stables and offices had been joined to the main building. I was sitting by Lady Rosebery at Lord Salisbury's ball, when Tom Bland came up, and had a long talk with me. Lady Rosebery did not take any notice of him at the time, but, as he moved away, it suddenly struck her who he was, and she seized my arm say-

ing, "Dear, dear; but that was the man with a front as long as Wentworth House!"

I remember there was another ball that made a great sensation. Sir Benjamín and Lady Hall (he was afterwards created Lord Llanover) had a large acquaintance, but not a large house; so they engaged the Hanover Square Rooms for their ball, and, instead of the usual standing-up supper, they had a number of little round tables. You engaged a table of whatever size you wanted, and invited any friends you chose to join you. It was the first time that such a thing had ever been done, and the scheme proved very popular.

My mother and I used in those days almost to live at the Roseberys'. My cousin, Lady Louisa Primrose, was my great, I may say, my only real friend. We had many interests in common, and she was certainly far too clever for her *entourage*. She had a most glorious contralto voice, and used to sing the songs of Charles Edward, as I have never heard them sung since. I fancy I can hear her voice now!

"We'el may we trust him to bear himself dauntlessly,  
Scotland can witness fra' heroes he springs,  
Noble his bearing, untainted his gallantry,  
Worthy the son of a hundred Kings."

Another song referred to Charles Edward, when, in disguise, he crossed over from Kingsborough with Flora Macdonald :

“ There’s ane bonny maiden,  
There are twa bonny maiden,  
Crossed over the Minch,  
And crossed over the Main ! ”

One day we were to dine in Piccadilly (at the Roseberys’), and when we got there, luckily rather early, the servant told us that Lord and Lady Rosebery had just received a command to dine with the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and had gone there. They left word that they would be very much obliged, if my father and mother would do the honours for them ; and the consequence was, that we had a remarkably merry dinner, — which was not altogether a usual occurrence in that house.

I forget whether it was during that year, or at some other time, that all London was in a state of commotion, as a phantom coach had made its appearance. It was a very handsome vehicle, drawn by four white horses ; but old fashioned, of the time of George the third : the coachman and two footmen were in the dress of that period, with cocked hats, powdered hair, and bag wigs. It used

to drive slowly into the Park at Hyde Park Corner, and then down one of the drives. It created a great sensation, and was quite the talk of the day; numbers of people going into the Park on the chance of seeing it. I saw it myself once. The mystery was at last solved, and it was discovered that it was done by some medical students at St. George's Hospital, by means of various mirrors and lights.

One evening, I remember, we were very much horrified at hearing them calling out in the streets, "Murder of Mr. Henry Drummond." We knew him very well, and, only a few evenings before, had had a conversation with him at some party at which we were. A more amiable and inoffensive person never existed. He was mistaken for Sir Robert Peel, and was shot, instead of him, in the streets.

One day, when we were dining out in London, we met the Stanleys, and were ushered into the room at the same time as they were. After dinner Miss Stanley came up to me, and said, "Oh! Miss Stanhope, I have had such fun, I have been personating you all dinner-time." I am afraid I was not much flattered, as she was a good many

years older than I was, and peculiarly ugly—the Dean in petticoats; only, with the addition of a red nose! She went on: “I have been sitting by Mr. Cholmondeley, who began talking to me about Holkham: I saw the mistake at once, and was determined to lead him on. This was easy, as we had been at Holkham last winter: and I went on talking as if I were a relation of the family, till he asked me some leading question, which any relation must have known how to answer. Then he was quite non-plussed, for he found that I knew nothing about it. He looked very much surprised, and tried Yorkshire as the next topic: with the same result. I had just been staying with my brother, who has the living of Doncaster, so I knew all about the country: but, when mention was made of Cannon Hall, I knew *nothing*. Having hopelessly mystified him, I began to talk of my brother, and said, ‘I believe you are a great friend of my brother’s?’ His answer was, ‘I dare say I am; but who *is* your brother?’ Then the explanation followed.”

This Mr. Cholmondeley was a regular *bête noire* to me: I did not know him personally, but was continually coming into



contact with him, and always under some unlucky circumstance. My next adventure connected with him was at a ball, where he was my *vis-à-vis* in the quadrille. The room was lighted by uprights with oil lamps, fixed on the walls; and I noticed that the upright opposite me was loose, and that every time Mr. Cholmondeley banged against it, he made it still looser. At last, down it came; and five oil lamps, with all the burning oil and the broken glass, crashed on to the floor at my feet. My dress was spoilt; but I was only too thankful that no greater damage was done, and that they had not come down on my head.

Another adventure in which Mr. Cholmondeley figured, was during one of our subsequent visits to Tatton. We were asked every year regularly for the Knutsford Ball. Tatton is a very fine place, and belonged to Mr. Egerton, now Lord Egerton of Tatton. The house is large, and there is an immense, but very flat park, with a fine mere, as they call it in Cheshire. The park is full of cattle, the land being let for grazing, which renders it by no means very safe for walking.

The ball at Knutsford, a little town about a mile off, was a very good one. When it

was over, and the carriages were being called, Mr. Cholmondeley suddenly appeared, and, calling to the coachman of a carriage, which was just driving off, to stop, he opened the door, and handed me up the steps. I had almost got in, when I saw, to my horror, that it was full of nothing but men. Mr. Cholmondeley had heard our carriage being called, and thought that I was being left behind.

The following day we all went in a very large party to Knutsford, to see the salt-mines. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton had had it all lighted up for us: and a very beautiful and interesting sight it was. We went down in a bucket, lowered by machinery, four of us at a time, with a miner to steer it, and ward off the empty one, as it passed us. Then we were each given a lighted torch, and were led all over the workings. The mine was very large, and the roof very high, and it all sparkled and glittered, like so many diamonds. We walked about with our torches, and saw everything; amusing ourselves just as we liked. At last Lord Howe suggested that it was time to go, and asked me to get into the bucket, which was standing on the ground. I did so. At that very moment

Mr. Cholmondeley gave a loud shout to call some of the party to come, and the man at the top of the shaft hearing this, thought that it was a signal for him to start the machinery, and the bucket began to rise. Lord Howe was in a great state, and tried to get in, but could not manage it; then the miner endeavoured to climb in, but I was already too high up, and *he* could not reach it. He called out to me that now I *must* go up alone, but, whatever I did, I must keep tight hold of the chain, and not let go of it for a moment: that the bucket would swing a great deal, being so light, and that I must try, if possible, to prevent the empty bucket from knocking against mine. As I was nerving myself for my perilous upward journey, all the party got together at the bottom of the shaft, and, with one voice, they called out "Stop!" so loudly, that the man above heard it, and stopped winding. Thus I was saved from an experience which might have been a very unpleasant one.

We used to be asked regularly every year, when we were in London, to the Queen's Ball, which was probably very different then from what it is now. We always started

directly after dinner, so as to be in good time. Those who arrived before the Queen all stood in the corridor waiting for her: and punctually at half past nine she appeared on Prince Albert's arm, while we all courtesied as she passed. If we were not there before the Queen's arrival, a little more ceremony was observed in introducing us. The Queen enjoyed herself very much, and took part in the dancing, but danced quadrilles only. It was most amusing to see her dance. The fashion of walking, instead of dancing, was then coming in, and people went gliding and slipping about, never thinking of doing the proper steps: not so the Queen: her idea of dancing was to conscientiously do all the steps she had been taught as a girl, *Pas de Basque*, *Pas de Bourrée*, *Chassée croisée*, etc. She wore her gown very short, showing her ankles and sandalled shoes.

When the Queen had danced in one room, the Court all moved down the gallery towards the other ball-room, the band playing "God save the Queen," and all the people standing on either side, so that she and Prince Albert might pass slowly between them, bowing right and left all the way.

Sometimes the Highland fling and sword dance were danced before the Queen, by the Highlanders, dressed in their kilts, and accompanied with loud shouts.

The supper was very handsome, with a grand display of gold plate.

A very little thing seemed to amuse the Queen. I remember once she stood up to dance a quadrille, and Julien, the great band-master of those days, struck up a waltz instead: as soon as he was aware of his mistake, he raised his bâton, all set in diamonds, to stop the music, and in doing so he struck the chandelier: the White wand advanced on the other side, and, in a zealous frenzy, threw up *his* stick, and followed suit by striking the chandelier under which he stood; the two chandeliers tinkling together in chorus. This pleased the Queen, and she laughed considerably.

Punctually at two o'clock the Queen and Prince Albert used to leave the rooms, and the ball was over, everybody going down into the hall to wait for their carriages.

Private balls were then very different from what they are in these days. Originally, nothing was danced but country dances: after the peace, quadrilles were introduced

from France, but for some time it was only a few people who knew how to dance them. When my father arrived in London after his travels, being a beautiful dancer, and a pupil of Coulon's, he established a dancing-class in Grosvenor Square, to which numbers of young ladies came, he acting as *maître de dance*, and teaching them. These little meetings were very popular.

Soon, to the quadrilles, there was added an occasional waltz; but many people could not waltz, or did not approve of it. I was never allowed to waltz, and was confined to quadrilles. After each dance, the partner brought his young lady back to her mother, and made his bow: there was no such thing as sitting out, and one never danced twice with the same person at any ball.

A feature of those days, which now no longer exists, was the number of beautiful private concerts which used to be given; and the number of excellent singers who used to appear at them. Grisi, Persiani, Albani, Mario, Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, and young Lablache: these were all stars of the first magnitude.

Those who have not heard Lablache are not likely to hear, or see, anything like him.

His height, his great size, his large head, with a crop of white hair sticking straight upright; his deep, magnificent voice, and the look of inimitable fun and good-nature in his face, rendered him unique. They all went to "Papa" Lablache, as they called him, to help them in any difficulty, or to settle their quarrels.

One evening, I remember, Lablache and Albani were singing the laughing song; always a trying performance. First Albani, and then Lablache, nearly gave way, and then they both broke down together, and laughed in good earnest: the other singers soon joined in, and then everyone in the room began laughing, while those in the adjoining room, hurrying in to find out what had happened, were seized with the infection, till the whole assembly was in a convulsion of laughing; and all, apparently, about nothing at all.

END OF VOL. I.





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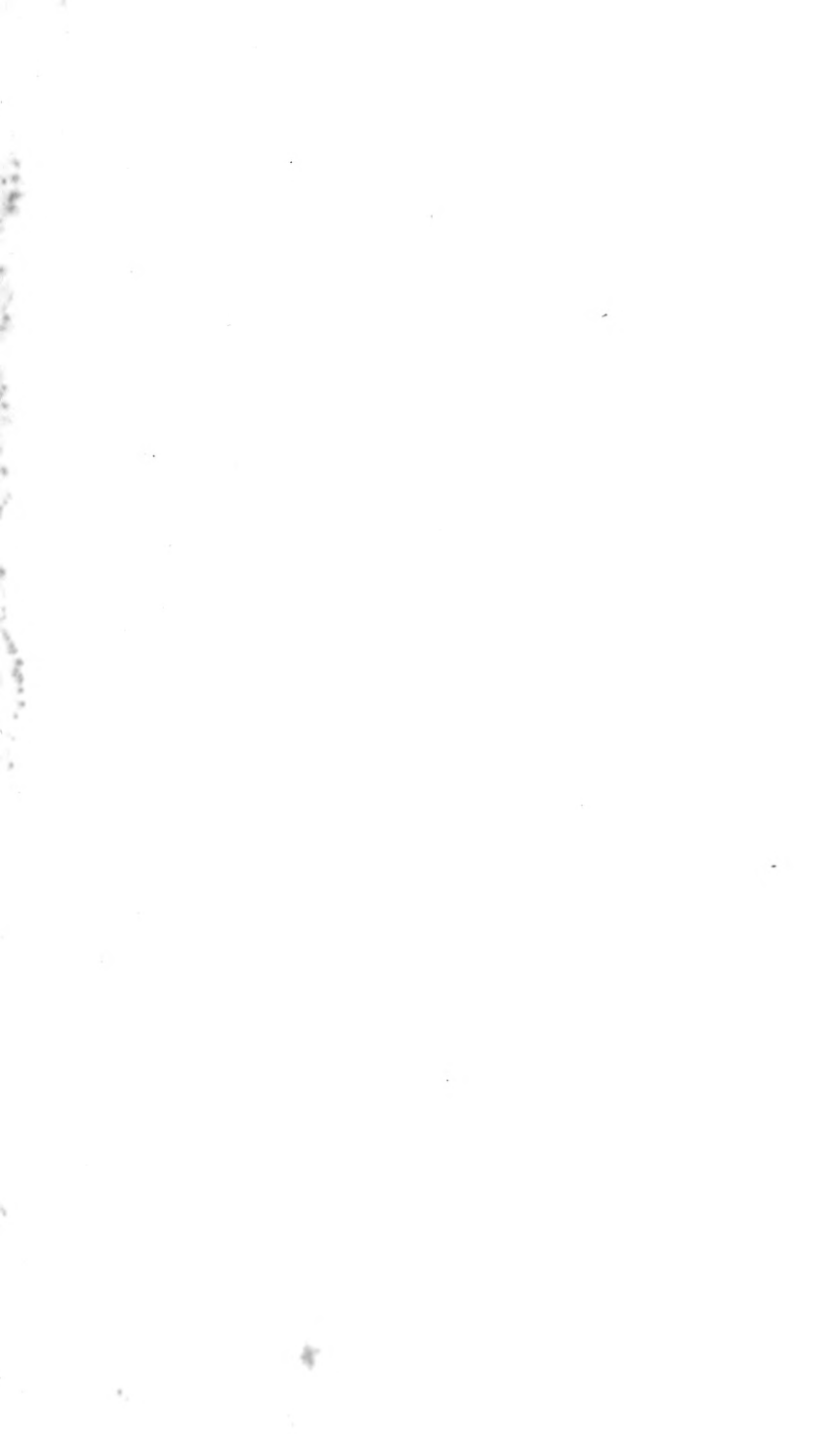


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